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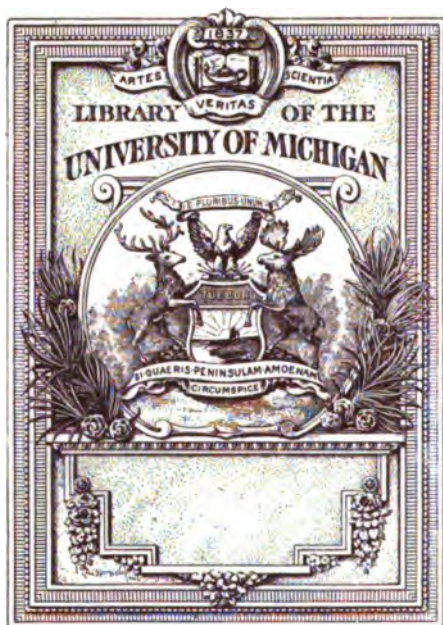
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THE

# American Monthly

M A G A Z I N E .

"True Liberty."

VOL. V.

NEW SERIES.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY GEORGE DEARBORN AND CO.,

NO. 38 GOLD STREET.

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1838.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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A PERIOD of more than five years has elapsed since the establishment in New-York of that Magazine, whose title this journal now bears. A longer period has passed away since the first appearance of the New-England Magazine, and a still longer since the American Monthly Review was regularly issued in Boston. The latter periodical was merged in the New-England Magazine two years before that became united with the American Monthly Magazine. In this triple union the last-mentioned name was retained as the most general and expressive.

This journal is now, indeed, both a Magazine and a Review ; for, in addition to Original Papers, it contains full, though concise, criticisms on the most interesting new books published in this country, as well as of republications of trans-Atlantic works. It is proposed hereafter to render the Review department still more valuable by analytical notices of English books, which possess a strong literary interest without being deemed by publishers sufficiently popular to be presented to American readers. The most celebrated productions of Germany, France, and Italy, will also be spoken of ; and translations of remarkable passages given in these pages. An acquaintance with many of the most attractive foreign works of the day can only be acquired through the expensive editions which find their way to us, or through the reprints of Foreign Reviews, which are strongly biassed in their opinions by national or political prejudice. Their number and extent also forbids any thing like a single and comprehensive view. A journal, which should afford such a view, which should take a general survey of the

domain of literature, and reduce it, as by a camera obscura, to a small but correct picture; so that for each number, a clear, though brief knowledge might be derived of the ongoing of the Republic of Letters—such a journal would be estimable beyond price to the American community. Men engaged in important business cannot, had they the opportunity as well as the inclination, read the many books and periodicals necessary to a passing acquaintance with elegant letters. The labor of careful perusal belongs to the conductors of journals like that described, and in that the desired information should be distinctly and luminously conveyed. No effort will be neglected to render this journal valuable in the light of a concise comprehensive review of general literature.

But the chief excellence of a magazine should consist in its Original Papers. In forming each month a spirited and agreeable variety of articles on topics of immediate and practical, no less than of universal interest, which impress the understanding as well as engage the fancy, the Editors are assisted by a coterie of authors, on whose abilities they confidently rely, and of whose attachment to their journal they are justly proud.

It is not an object in these introductory remarks to tire our readers with a long manifesto, or to make professions more easily expressed than performed; but to set forth, deferentially, a few of the claims of this Magazine on the continued and increased support of the literary and POLITICAL community. Some have expressed doubts upon the expediency of joining Politics and Literature, and call the junction an ill-formed marriage. In these doubts there seems to be "no just cause or impediment." At least we would not, if we could, forbid the banns. We can behold nothing incompatible with the best pursuits of both in the maintenance of true and lofty Political Principles. It may, indeed, be considered a desecration of literary talent when it is employed to further the arts of the Demagogue, to assist Innovation, or to cover the destructive designs of Radicalism.

But, to contend for the conservation of the principles of the founders of our liberty, to advocate the doctrines of the framers of the Constitution, to assert the preservation of that sacred

instrument against the rage of faction; in a word, to oppose manfully the present administration of our National Government, is surely a noble task. Entering into no particular exposition of our opinions, we will cause them to be comprehended by a short but expressive monosyllable—a word in which four letters are so happily combined as to express all that is right, all that is true, all that is triumphant in politics at this moment throughout our country—WHIG.

The following kind but unsolicited testimony to the plan of our journal, we give, with the omission of a flattering expression, from a letter addressed to the proprietors.

"I consider," writes a highly distinguished Whig, "the enterprise of combining sound political matter with literature worthy of all commendation, and entitled to the support of every man who feels right, and believes that thorough information among the people is essential to the maintenance of our Republican Institutions. The pages of a magazine afford greater opportunity, and the leisure of the editors and the writers for such a work more time, for thorough and profound discussion of great political principles than the columns of a daily newspaper, or the haste and turmoil in which their editors are always immersed. The example of the English and Scotch periodicals affords us a safe precedent. Such a Magazine will furnish a reservoir not only for Editors all over the country, but for talking men. \* \* \* \* \* If I could approach any of the Whig General committees, I would urge them to make known and insure its wide circulation."





# THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1838.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will "the author of Old Houses," either favor us with his real address or some assumed name, which would carry safely to his hands a written missile without peril of its death and burial in the tomb of all the epistolary Capulets at the General Post Office?

All communications should reach us before the 20th of each month. "Scenes in the Life of Joanna of Sicily," arrived too late. It will grace our next number. The request of the fair author shall be instantly complied with. We know of but one thing that could give us equal satisfaction with the sight of her last communication, viz: the receipt of another.

The following are on our reserve list for publication. A MEMOIR OF THE LATE JOHN WELLS. PHILIP OF POKANOKET. THE GAINS OF A LOSING BUSINESS. LEAVES FROM A LADY'S JOURNAL. RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SOUTH. FRENCH CLAIMS. GLANCES AT LIFE. ESSAYS FROM THE FIRESIDE. FRENCH PAINTING AND SCULPTURE IN 1837. CULTIVATION OF THE SUGAR BEET. THE FLIGHT OF YUEN. THE FORTUNES OF AN AMATEUR RAGAMUFFIN. THE CRAZY MAN. Out of a "sea of verses," by which we are inundated, we shall draw up only a few pails-full of phosphorescent water. We have vowed a vow and this is the record, that we will no longer (except so far as we ourselves may yield to the temptation), contribute to what Mr. Buckingham, of the New England Magazine, used to call "the natural stock of bad poetry." We entreat small bards to confine their Muse to the precincts of Albums. The *columns* of our Magazine, rising from the plain Doric, and branching off and leafing out into the ornate Ionic and Corinthian, are yet too light for the burden of modern hexameters and pentameters.

"Mediocribus esse poetis,  
Non Di non homines non concessere *columna*."

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## PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

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THE  
AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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JANUARY, 1838.

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THE AGE OF COTTON.

OUR respectable predecessors of the far distant past—those whom we call the ancients—divided the course of time into certain distinct portions or ages, upon which they bestowed appellations that were intended to signify the characteristics of the generations to whom they were the present. In their nomenclature, the progress of time was set off into four divisions, to each of which was given the name of a metal, between whose qualities and the general features of the portion which it was employed to designate, a certain analogy was discovered, or at least imagined, by the exuberant fancy of the poets. To the first and most simple age—that in which mankind exhibited a state of mere vegetative existence—was applied the epithet *golden*; although it is not easy to discover, now that the world is better advised touching the properties of that all-powerful metal, wherein consisted the resemblance. This was the age of simplicity, and innocence, and ignorance. The faculties were no farther exercised than was requisite for the gratification of the mere physical wants, and these were few and easily satisfied. The earth yielded her fruits spontaneously, or to the most inartificial culture; and, the divine art of cookery not having been yet invented for the alternate stimulation and solace of appetite, men ate and drank solely to appease the actual demand, and, no doubt, passed most of their time, like children, in sleeping; for it is hard to conceive what else they had to do. This was the age of peace—for there was little or nothing which

men might covet from each other, and of course nothing to serve as foundation for a quarrel—the age of justice, temperance, tranquillity, and dulness; the creative elements of society, improvement and progression, were not as yet in motion; and it was an established principle, that men could not by possibility know as much as their grandfathers.

Then came the *silver age*—when mankind began to feel the impulse of desires and wants, and of consequence to employ the faculties. The arts then were in their dawn, and the striking discovery was made that the fingers and the intellect are creative. Men built themselves rude dwellings, made garments of divers fashion, and sought to obtain from the earth, by regular cultivation, both increase and variety of its productions. Of course the laws of *meum* and *tuum* began to be understood, vaguely; and also of course, to be violated. It was an age better than that of brass which followed; but less pure, simple, and innocent than its golden predecessor.

The *brazen age* was that of heroic war, in which men had made considerable progress in arts and refinement, but had acquired a taste for knocking each other on the head; which they indulged, not through animosity or for rapacious motives, but simply as an employment imagined honorable.

Last came the *iron age*—of rapine, injustice, tyranny, and fraud; when the mighty oppressed the weak, and the crafty despoiled his unsuspecting neighbor, and every man laid violent hands upon every thing which his eyes coveted—if he dared. In short, without going extensively into detail on the subject, it may be remarked generally, that the characteristics of humanity were by no means amiable, or fitted to encourage a feeling of respect in the mind of the observer.

These, then, were the four divisions of time imagined by the ancient poets; but there is more of poetry than philosophy in the distribution; and, even if it were correct to the extent of its application, the subsequent lapse of some odd thousands of years, effecting most extensive and radical changes, has rendered a new partition necessary.

In regarding the broadest and most general features of human existence, we conceive that it may be justly portioned out into three not imaginary, but real and substantial epochs, the third of which has as yet but little more than commenced; and to these may be applied the terms *possessing*, *destroying*, and *producing*; or, if it be desirable to employ the material nomenclature of the poets, the first two divisions may be represented as the age of gold and the age of iron; the characteristic symbol of the third we shall perhaps discover in the progress of these speculations.

The *golden age*, or age of possession, we designate as that extending from the creation of the world to the downfall and extinction of the Roman Empire; and its characteristic is derived from the habits of the patriarchal times, which for a succession of centuries were universal, and continued to prevail throughout the greater portion of the earth's inhabited surface until long after the Trojan war. This was the time of unimproving enjoyment—the time of nomade wanderings, and living in tents, and subsistence almost exclusively by pasturage. The arts as yet were not in being, or, few and simple, were only in their infancy—limited to the production of the merest necessities, simply for the personal use and consumption of those who practised or invented them. The riches of mankind were flocks and herds, and wives and children; and property in land was confined to the time and extent of actual possession. The creative faculty, by which man imparts increase of value to the natural substances provided for his use by the Creator, was as yet inactive, or employed only in rude, imperfect efforts; the accumulation of wealth was in quantity or numbers only, not in the improvement of quality, or of adaptation for use and enjoyment. The earth and its products were abundant for the sustenance of the human race in its then existing numbers; and the combination of necessity and mental restlessness had not yet suggested, to any great extent, the practicability and the advantage of causing grass to grow where none grew before, and of subsisting a thousand on the same space which, in its native state, could only subsist a hundred. In a word, commerce and manufactures were as yet unknown; and even agriculture, the first employment of mankind in the order of time, was scarcely beginning to be practised.

To this epoch of negative merit succeeded the real *age of iron*—the age of activity misdirected, of elemental commotion, of strife, ambition, chivalry and war. Its limits it is not easy to determine with precision, but they may be stated with sufficient accuracy, as coinciding antecedently with the downfall of the Roman empire, and subsequently with that of the Emperor Napoleon. The characteristic of this long succession of ages is a state of warfare; for although the arts of peace were already somewhat advanced, here and there, even before the commencement of this iron age, and although many of them were carried, during its continuance, almost to their very highest point of as yet attained perfection; although great cities were built, and noble institutions founded, and laws established, and nations enriched by commerce; although science and literature accomplished their most splendid achievements, and the great principles of moral and intellectual truth were educed from the chaos of spe-

culcation and analysis ; although mankind, in short, had attained the highest state of energy, mental and physical, of which the human intellect and frame are capable, they had not yet achieved the great discovery—the sublime principle of human existence and association ; they had not yet found out that the elements of true greatness and enduring prosperity are not military strength, increase of dominion, the renown of conquest and the terror of ambition, but peace, commerce, and the most extended and intimate national relations. The centuries that elapsed between the time of Alaric and that of his Corsican rival in ambition, were centuries of continued warfare ; and so pugnacious was the temper of mankind, so thoroughly was the spirit of contention and bloodshed impressed upon the age, that the hostility of any two potentates or nations, however petty and inconsiderable, was almost inevitably sufficient to bring on a general and protracted war ; and the study of rulers and people was, not so much to keep themselves aloof and mere spectators of the fray, as to invent or discover pretexts for plunging headlong into it.

Whether we consider the early ages of chivalry, when

“ The knight at the dawning pricked forth in career,  
And was brought home at evening, pricked through with a spear,”

when brave warriors strolled along the highways and by-ways of this fair world, in mere search of casual and causeless battles, and the business and glory of man were accounted to lie chiefly in hasty blows with sword or battle-axe ; or the succeeding time of rapine, when stout barons kept their hordes of retainers in pay, in order to levy contributions on all who were not able to defend their possessions with the strong arm ; or the following era of civil wars, when the modern organization of society was in progress of establishment, through a succession of fierce and bloody strifes ; or the final subdivision of the iron age, when the ambition of monarchs and the frantic loyalty of subjects combined to keep the trade of human butchery in full activity—throughout all these centuries, we find that war and bloodshed were the characteristic of the time ; the history of the world is one continued narrative of horrors, in which man was at once the agent and the sufferer. The very awards of fame bear witness to the martial spirit that ruled the world. It is the renown acquired in battle that immortalizes the great men of the iron age ; the names that stand out most broadly and brightly illuminated on the page of glory are those of conquerors and warriors, such as Charlemagne of France, Richard the Lion-heart of England, the Black Prince, the great

Gustavus of Sweden, Frederick of Prussia, Marlborough, Turenne, Napoleon, and Napoleon's illustrious victor. Thousands upon thousands perished on the battle-field, that one might live in song and story.

But this rabid appetite for blood, this insane propensity of destruction, is fast diminishing. Already it has ceased to be the characteristic of humanity; and the age of *production* has commenced. The energies of the human frame and intellect are now devoted, more extensively than at any former time, to the creative processes of multiplying and modifying the natural products of the earth, for the enlargement of comfort and the melioration of society. With reference to the human family itself, it may be said that the first, or golden age—which, as to the animal and vegetable products of the earth has been otherwise denominated the age of possession—was also the age of *increase*; that which followed it was the age of organization, when the forms and principles of society were in the course of arrangement, through commotion and discord; and now we have entered upon the age of *employment*. The eyes of men are at last opened to the great truth, that the real source of prosperity and national greatness—the mainspring of progression—the fountain of encouragement to art, science, literature, all that meliorates and ennobles human life and character, is the once-contemned pursuit of commerce. This removes or overleaps the moral, not less than the physical barriers that separate the nations, and in its beneficent operation brings all tongues and people into one vast brotherhood of mutual want and mutual supply. This is the great vehicle of civilization, bearing to every nook and corner of the earth, and planting there, the inventions and improvements, physical and moral, which exalt the spiritual and improve the temporal condition of humanity. For, as upon every variety of soil and climate the Almighty has, in wisdom and benevolence, bestowed some peculiar products, so also has He bestowed upon all his created intelligent beings the capacity to enjoy, and the desire to possess, those products; and it is the province and the end of commerce to equalize possession and enjoyment throughout the millions of mankind, by conveying of the superabundance existing in one region to supply the want which He ordained, for a wise and gracious purpose, in another. And in this process of supply, originating, as it does, in the mere desire of physical gratification, every element of moral improvement and elevation is excited to activity, and provided with the means of accomplishing its destined purpose.

Nothing can be more obvious to the now enlightened eye of reason than that physical civilization, or the combination of de-

mand for the conveniences of life with the supply of that demand, is the basis of all other civilization; that every general improvement in the condition of mankind is inseparably connected with the especial improvement of the physical condition, or elevation of the standard of comfort among the mass of the people. Yet this truth has never been extensively perceived until within the present century, and even now the knowledge or recognition of it is by no means universal. Still more limited in time and extent has been the understanding of mankind, that commerce is the true and efficient agent in effecting this improvement of the physical condition. The desire to possess has always existed, but ages upon ages have rolled away before men learned that, to become beneficial to its widest extent and in its highest degree, this desire must be gratified by exchange, and not by robbery; and therefore was gunpowder invented long before the steam-engine; therefore has the progress of geographical discovery been made a curse and a reproach to the human race, by such atrocities as those of a Pizarro in South America, of a Cortez in Mexico, and of the slave trade on the coast of Africa.

But the discovery has at length been made, and the knowledge of it is spreading, as on the wings of the wind, from land to land throughout the earth. The invention of the steam-engine made it first dimly perceptible to the minds of the practical philosophers—that is, the enlightened merchants of the age. But another and still mightier agent was destined to perfect the knowledge and make it universal. The steam-engine was the instrument by which the great and important truth was forced upon the eyes of the observant; but there was yet wanting a power to give this instrument its full and irresistible activity. And the power was not wanting long.

In 1782 Mr. Watt obtained his patent for the invention of the steam-engine; and in 1783 the democratic principle was set fully and freely into motion, by the unconditional recognition of American independence on the part of England. Indeed, the coincidence was yet more close and remarkable between these two events, destined as they were to co-operate in effecting the grandest and most extensive revolution that has marked the history of man; for although the recognition of independence was in 1783, it was virtually established in 1782; and all that remained to be done was mere formality. The spinning-jenny had been patented by Arkwright in 1761, and cotton had been spun by machinery even so far back as 1730; but steam was necessary to the full development of its capabilities; and when the application of this agent was effected, there was yet wanting an abundant and inexhaustible supply of



the material. It had been cultivated for exportation in South America early in the eighteenth century, but the first importation of cotton into England from the American continent, was almost coeval with the invention of the power-loom and the application of steam to this great branch of manufacture. The first exportation of cotton from the United States to England was in 1787, when the democratic principle had been but four years established, and was yet struggling with the burdens and embarrassments entailed upon the new republic by the war in which it had achieved its existence. In four years more its whole export of cotton had risen to 200,000 pounds; in 1836 the export to England alone was the enormous quantity of 290,000,000. The increase of population in the United States, from 1790 to 1830, was 227 per cent.; the increase on the amount of trade with England in the same lapse of time was 252 per cent. The dealings between Great Britain and the United States in 1836 were a shipment of cotton alone to the amount of 50,000,000 of dollars, in round numbers, against more than 60,000,000 of importations from England; and this stupendous traffic was the growth of less than sixty years!

There can be no occasion to ask what was the agent in the building up of this amazing commerce, which is without even the shadow of a parallel in the history of man. It was that magnificent branch of industry which, in the language of McCulloch, the political economist, "bore England triumphantly through the dreadful contest with Napoleon, and gave her wealth and power sufficient to overcome the combined force of all Europe, though wielded by a chief of the most consummate talent;" and which has, in less than a quarter of a century, created on the continent of Europe a consumption exceeding six millions of bales per annum; and in this country has raised the consumption, from 100 bales in 1808, to nearly 240,000 bales in 1836. The manufacture of cotton has achieved this mighty work of employment, supply, and intercourse, with all the meliorations and improvements with which it must of necessity be attended. The AGE OF COTTON has commenced; and from the stupendous movements and performances even of its opening years, we may attempt at least to form an idea of the mighty revolution it is destined to effect in the social, intellectual, moral and physical condition of mankind.

The nearest stage of this great revolution in point of time, and the most distinctly prognosticated in the current of events, is the decadence of England as the first commercial country in the world. The sceptre of commercial empire is falling from her hand. Not so much the ambition of Russia as the great moral necessity of despotism for the advance of civilization

among the barbarous hordes of Asia, is rapidly and surely narrowing the field in which the enterprise of the merchant-island has sought and found its greatest and most profitable development; the manufacturing rivalry of France and Germany competes with the industry and skill of the island-workshop; while the vast extent, the fertile soil, and the democratic principle of America, in fatal concert, are rapidly building up a more than rival in wealth and power to the once-acknowledged island-queen. America combines within herself all the elements that must give supremacy over England—the field of consumption, and the instruments of competition, and the material without which neither can be employed to highest profit. The material sovereign of the world is destined to be cotton; and in the production of this sovereign North America possesses the virtual monopoly.

The commercial empire of the world belongs to the United States, and they will seize it. The course of events throughout all the earth is tending with an accelerated rapidity to this natural consummation. England will struggle mightily against the doom, but her struggle will be neither long nor effectual. Already has the united power of democracy and cotton made one fierce and almost successful assault upon her dominion, and but that its force was counteracted by the pernicious blundering of the government at home—which, instead of seconding, threw every obstacle in the way of the attack—the sun of England's commercial greatness would ere now have set, and her glory have been centred in the past. The assault was indeed made prematurely; the conquests that had successively been gained were not sufficiently secured—the citadel was stormed before the outworks were firmly in possession of the besiegers. Yet premature as was the attack, and hindered as it was by the wickedness and folly of the public servants to whom democracy had temporarily confided the administration of her power, it was violent enough to shake England to her centre; and although she did not fall, the foundation of her commercial supremacy was so fiercely shattered that it can never be restored to its former strength and firmness. And the attack will be renewed; not from any hostile or even ambitious purpose in the assailants—for there was none such in that already made—but in the natural course and order of events. The repulse was fearful in its consequences to the assailants; but although broken and scattered, they have not been destroyed, nor is their power annihilated. Even now they are gathering for another rush, with forces better organized and preparations more complete.

And is it supposed that these things are unknown and unforeseen in England? Not so; albeit the perception of the truth as

yet is very far from general. There are and have been eyes to see, and voices to declare, that "Westward the star of empire holds its way," although the million do not know, and will not believe, the interpretation of the saying. Fifty-five years ago a noble British statesman\* prognosticated to his peers, that "whenever the British Parliament should recognise the sovereignty of the thirteen colonies, the sun of England's glory was for ever set." Four years earlier another English nobleman† declared, that "from the instant when American independence should be recognised, the British empire was undone." And yet three years before, the great Lord Chatham, in his last speech to the House of Lords, uttered the same warning, almost in the self-same words.

The million in England have forgotten these portentous admonitions, or, if remembering, will not believe, for in them the idea is so firmly rooted of England's unquestionable and enduring supremacy in wealth, in power, knowledge, refinement, every thing worthy and admirable, that they cannot conceive the possibility of change—their minds cannot take in the supposition of England's ever holding the second rank to any country under heaven. But the statesmen have a vague and fearful suspicion of the coming truth; and the writers for the press, and all whose education and habits qualify them for taking accurate general views not wholly obscured by pride and national conceit. And therefore they hate America with the most intense of hatreds—that of fear. Benevolent and amiable enthusiasts on both sides of the Atlantic may utter beautiful sentiment on the mutual duty of affection, and friendship, and respect, or may delude themselves with the belief that time is wearing away the mutual feeling of dislike; but there is not, and there cannot be, a realization of their fond imaginings, until long after the great battle shall have been fought and won. Not a battle of destruction and bloodshed, but of commerce, enterprise, employment, and production. It is the destiny of America to overshadow England—and of England, until the work is done, to hate America. But America may feel and may exhibit the cruel magnanimity of conscious precedence. Young, vigorous, and triumphant America will have compassion and forbearance to bestow on ancient, haughty England. And in the mean time she may well endure the insolence of England's journalists and writers—their sneers and execrations. These are but the offspring of mortal hatred and

\* Lord Shelburne, father of the present Marquis of Lansdowne.

† Lord George Germaine.

most anxious fear, wearing the thin disguise of supercilious dislike.

Such is to be the operation of the two great powers, now rising *pari passu* to the highest pinnacle of energy and development—DEMOCRACY AND COTTON; one moral and the other physical. They are destined in their proper season to rule the entire world: for when the despotisms of the Eastern hemisphere have wrought their appointed work, in the elevation of existing barbarous and savage nations to the fitting point of inchoate civilization, they will change their form, and put on that of pure democracy. The sage doctors of political economy tell us that despotism and democracy are the antagonist principles of social organization; but the doctors of political economy are—not wise men. They reason upon names, and not upon the elements of which names are merely types or shadows. The contrast between despotism and democracy is only in the *mode* of action, not in the action itself, or in its consequences. In despotism the will of one, or rather of the few—for as it is impossible for one to see all, and know all, and direct all, without the intervention of many instruments, so it is impossible for that one to escape reaction from those instruments—the will of the few controls and sways, not the will but the ability of the many; in democracy the will of the many controls and sways the ability of the few; with this difference, that there is almost universally, in democracy, a nearer approach to equality of numbers between the rulers and the ruled, than in a despotism. In either case, however, there is absolute command on the one side and absolute submission on the other.

The true antagonist of democracy is the limited monarchical government, like those of France and England; the government of checks and balances, in which several contending principles or powers are arrayed against each other, and in which there is never absolute control or absolute submission.

Government may be likened to a circle, democracy and despotism being represented by points moving at opposite sides of its periphery; and limited monarchy, by one moving in the line of its diameter. Although the first two are apparently in extremes, yet their motion is accordant, and the lines which they describe must inevitably run together, provided the motion be continued long enough. But the line of monarchy is at right angles to those of both the others, and it can but run across them, let it be continued to eternity. An accelerated velocity, given to either form of absolutism, must infallibly cause it to overtake and identify itself with the other. The natural issue of despotism, when it has run its course and can be endured

no longer, is first anarchy and then democracy; the natural issue of democracy when urged to its extreme, is nothing more or less than despotism.

Both are eminently favorable to the development of all those principles and powers which constitute or acquire national greatness, provided their administration is guided by wisdom and sagacity. The moral elements of national greatness are individual enterprise, and a disposition on the part of the government to foster, to encourage, and assist that enterprise. If these elements combine in due proportion with the necessary physical attributes, the nation must be eminently great and powerful; and if either the moral or the physical requisites be wanting, national greatness cannot be attained; but if the physical requisites exist, and either of the moral be deficient, the march of the people to greatness will be slow and uncertain, or be not at all, according to the proportion between the deficiency on the one hand, and the sufficiency on the other. Thus we see in Russia a government of the highest energy, and very far from wanting in sound judgment, literally driving the nation on to eminence and power, although clogged and impeded by the general inertness of the people, whose characteristics are fortitude, industry, patience, and perseverance, without enterprise. On the other hand, we see in the North American republic, individual enterprise and activity of the highest grade, moving on with unexampled rapidity to the summit of greatness and power when assisted by judicious government; and when hindered by the mismanagement of those whom the democracy has appointed as its agents, still moving forward in their career, although with a retarded pace—then breaking down the organization which interposes obstacles—and finally pushing on again, with an acceleration of impulse which more than compensates the temporary hindrance. And this is not the least among the great moral lessons of the age in which we live—THE AGE OF COTTON.

## AN OCTOGENARY,

FIFTY YEARS SINCE.

### CHAPTER I.

"A gentleman he was of the old time,  
One of those relics of the golden past  
That stand among the things of modern times,  
Like column-shafts, taken from ruins hoar,  
Yet perfect in themselves, to grace the halls  
Of our secluded mansions—"

*Victorine, a MS. Drama.*

It is now something more than fifty years ago, that I was an under-graduate at Harvard College. My home was in a remote part of New England, which, in those days before railroads were imagined, and before even stage-coaches were introduced, was practically as far distant as the most remote of the last batch of new States is at the present day. My intercourse with my family was necessarily confined to two or three short visits during the course of my college life—one of which I accomplished on foot—and to a straggling letter, which now and then came lagging along in the saddle-bags of the mail-carrier, and which by a wonderful coincidence, scarcely less remarkable than the consentaneous decease of Adams and Jefferson, sometimes fell into the hands of its lawful proprietor. Whatever may be the sins of the gentleman who now presides as tutelary genius over the mail bags of the nation at Washington, I believe that no one who remembers the way in which the epistolary intercourse of the country was managed half a century ago, would care to exchange the system of which he is the head, for the good old plan which encumbered the days of the confederation. I truly believe that the ingenuous youth, who are relegated by their anxious sires to the universities of the petty princes of Germany to learn how to act the part of republican citizens, and who often return spectacles for men and angels, wiser than their masters, with beard and hair streaming more meteor-like than theirs, and transcending even the transcendentalism of the newest school of Philosophy, in short, as Tacitus says, "Germanis ipsis Germanior!" I say, I truly believe that these rising hopes of our country are more

liable to be regularly and easily interrupted in their more important pursuits by the arrival of long-drawn-out epistles, full of the exploded doctrines of the New England school of philosophy and religion, though three thousand miles removed, than I was at a distance of little more than a hundred and fifty.

Be these things as they may, whenever one of these loitering missives did arrive, it was sure to contain, among much excellent advice and sound instruction, an injunction to take the earliest opportunity of visiting old Colonel Wyborne, a distant relative of the family, and one to whom my father was under serious obligations for good services done him before the Revolutionary war compelled him to retire from Boston. Like a foolish boy as I was, I postponed complying with this repeated injunction from year to year. I felt a natural awkwardness about going near twenty miles to see an old gentleman, of whom I knew nothing with certainty except that he lived in the most complete seclusion, and whose reputation for eccentricity, much exaggerated by common report, made me rather nervous about my reception. I much preferred spending my holidays in the congenial society of my dear old Aunt Champion, and begrudged the monstrous piece that a visit twenty miles off would cut out of the longest of my available vacations. But at last my continued negligence drew down upon me a severer rebuke than I had yet received, when I was on my summer's visit during my junior year; and I was laid under the parental command (in those days the highest earthly authority,) to devote the ensuing Thanksgiving holidays to a visit to this venerated relative. Upon my return to College I made it my earliest business to write an apologetic letter, excusing my long delays, and asking his permission to pay my respects to him during the Thanksgiving week. In due course of time I received a cordial affirmative, couched in the most courteous and condescending language; disclaiming any right on his part to expect such a sacrifice of time and pleasure on mine; but at the same time giving me full credit for my readiness to make it, and expressing the warmest pleasure at the idea of seeing once more in his solitude the son of his old and valued friends. The elegance and urbanity of his letter, as well as its spirit and fire, prepossessed me strongly in favor of the venerable writer; and though I could not but be conscious that I did not deserve all the commendations that he bestowed upon me, yet I resolved that my conduct should be such in future that he should have no reason to think them misplaced. My curiosity was now awakened with regard to his character and history, and I lost no time in endeavoring to learn what I could re-

specting them from the kind oracle, to whom I have before alluded.

On the very next Saturday I found myself sitting opposite my excellent Aunt Champion, separated from her, as she sat in her high-backed arm-chair, only by the small mahogany table from which the cloth was just withdrawn by the faithful Dinah, revealing its polished surface and carved edges; and which reflected, in its rosy depths, the images of the aspiring decanter, rising with a graceful swell from its firm base to its tapering neck, filled with the rich vintage of the most fortunate of "the islands of the blest;" and decorated, as were the wine-glasses—perfect cones, resting securely on their apices upon the tall stems—with a galaxy of stars and festoons of ribbons with fluttering bows. The beams of the afternoon's sun, struggling through the leaves of the garden trees, shone aslant, with a pleasant autumnal glow upon the carpet just behind her chair. My good Aunt, when she filled her glass, and half in jest and half in earnest, gave her invariable toast, "THE KING!" (a political heresy, which the sterling excellence of her wine went far to palliate,) looked like some dame of a former age, who had burst her ceremonies and returned to upper air to reveal some ancestral secret to her youthful descendant. Having duly drained my glass in honor of His Britannic Majesty, (for my excellent relative, orthodox in all points, abhorred heel taps,) and incontinently replenished it, I held up the brimming beaker to the light, and admiring the rich hue of the liquid ruby—glowing with a richness and depth of tint which might have put to shame any cathedral window in the world—I sighed, and betwixt game and earnest, said, "Ah, my dear Aunt, we must make the most of this good wine, for it is now hard to find. The confounded Revolution has demolished half the cellars in the country."

"It is so, indeed," the good lady responded; "it was but last week that I dined with Governor Hancock, and I assure you the wine was scarcely drinkable. Indeed, his Excellency apologized for it, by saying that his cellar had gone to the Devil during the war, and that he was but just getting it to rights again. As for his wine having gone to the Devil, I could easily account for that, for the biggest part of it had gone down the gullets of the Sons of Liberty; but that he should have been so besotted with party madness as to have neglected to keep up the well-earned fame of his cellar, is amazing! He who was acknowledged to have the best in the province! I could almost pardon his treason sooner than this abominable folly!" she said, and consoled herself with an emphatic pinch of snuff.



"It is, indeed," replied I, "a sad defect in his character. It was not so in the good old times of the Royal Governors!"

"Bless you, my dear boy; no, indeed! that it was not," rejoined my good Aunt. "Why, the cellars of the old Province House were a perfect history of the colony; they were the very archives of good-fellowship. The old grey-headed negro butler, who was transmitted from one Governor to another for many years, had a history for every pipe and bin; and many a good story could he tell of the merry times of Burnet and Pownal. Ah! they were sad fellows, and had a set of royster-ing blades about them! All this, you understand, however, was under the rose; and their revels were so managed as to give as little offence as possible to their righteous subjects. It was pretty well understood, however, that, like old Noll, they were more given to seeking the corkscrew than the Lord."

"Our gentlemen, too," said I, "have lost much of the spirit which honorably distinguished their fathers, who would have submitted to a reproach on the fair fame of their ancestors as on that of their cellars. These confounded politics have distracted their attention from matters of real importance."

"True enough! True enough!" rejoined Mrs. Champion. "And there you have another blessed consequence of this glorious revolution! What can you expect of men who make a boast of despising their claim to an honorable descent? They deserve to drink bad wine for the rest of their days. Cellar-Pride cannot long outlive Family-Pride." She ceased and sighed.

A short pause ensued, which I profitably filled up by sipping the genial juice with the reverence which the thought that it was the last of a generous stock was fitted to inspire. My dear Aunt sat silent, tapping her snuff-box with her fruit-knife, and evidently absorbed in sad meditation on the degeneracy of the times, and on the change which had stolen over the little world in which she lived, and tinged with a more sombre hue the evening of her days.

Willing to divert her mind from this melancholy abstraction, I reverted to the subject immediately before us, and throwing an air of sympathy and interest into my manner, I inquired:—

"Pray, my dear Aunt, what may be the history of this good wine?"

"This wine!" she replied, starting from her reverie, "this wine is the Quebec wine; so called from the circumstance of its having arrived in harbor on the same day on which the news of Wolfe's victory was received. My husband immediately christened it with the name of that glorious battle, and always, as long as he lived, nursed the infant liquor with pe-

culiar care. One pipe of it, I remember, he forthwith, on the very day, despatched to John Wyborne at Sanfield."

"What," interrupted I, "old Colonel Wyborne! He is the very person I wanted to ask you about; and this is certainly a pleasant introduction to my inquiries. Pray, Aunt, what manner of man was he? For I am going to spend the next Thanksgiving holidays with him."

"John Wyborne! He is a nobleman of God's own creation; a man of ten thousand. I have known him from his boyhood, and have never known a man on whose mind and body Nature had more plainly stamped GENTLEMAN. However, I have not seen him for these twenty years; for since I laid down my carriage on your uncle's death, I have never been to see him, and it is more than twice that number of years since he was in Boston; so that it is not unlikely that time may have made some inroads on his outer man; but I will answer for the freshness of his mind and his heart."

"I think you may safely do that, my dear Aunt," I replied, "for I have proof of it under his own hand and seal;" saying which, I produced his letter to me, and by my Aunt's request read it to her, she having mislaid her spectacles. Her eyes glistened as I proceeded; for the characteristic animation, and point, and high-breeding of the letter evidently awoke recollections and feelings which had long slept, and carried her back to the days when they were both young, and hopeful, and happy. When I had done, and restored the epistle to my pocket-book, after a moment's musing she said:—

"Ah! that is like him: that is like John Wyborne: what a man was lost to the world when he forsook it! That was the only mistake he ever made; except, indeed, his taking the wrong side in the late Rebellion.

"I have heard," said I, "that he is the least in the world of an humorist, though no one seems to know much about him. Do you know what induced him to give up the world and retire to Sandfield in the prime of his life?"

"Oh, yes," she replied; "I know all about his history; but as to his being an humorist in the usual acceptation of the word, I do not believe a word of it. I have sometimes thought that a distinction should be made in that order of nature between the bad humorists (by far the largest division) and the good humorists. The first are a set of selfish, peevish wretches, the torment of their wives and servants, and the annoyance of their neighbors; who think that the reputation of oddity which they have cultivated, will cover and excuse the multitude of their vexatious, though petty, iniquities; the second class is composed of men of the finest natures and gen-

dest dispositions ; whom some unlucky crook in their lot has put a little out of conceit with the world and its ways, and who, withdrawing from the beaten paths of life, pursue by themselves what seems to them the chief good of existence ; indifferent to the wonder and contempt of those who are in hot chase of the more generally recognized objects of human pursuit, and in whose heart it is not easy to conceive of any other motives of human action. This sort of men, however, are most fastidiously careful never to permit their oddities to chill the kindness of their hearts, and to interfere with the comforts of others ; they ride their hobbies with so careful a rein, that they never run against or unhorse any of their neighbours whom they meet prancing on theirs on the King's Highway. A humorist in this sense it cannot be denied John Wyborne is."

"But what was the disturbing cause," I inquired, "which made him shoot from his sphere ? Was he crossed in love, or ambition, or business ; or what might it have been ?

"Why, he can hardly be properly said to have been crossed in either," replied my Aunt ; "and yet it was certainly disappointment that drove him into seclusion. But it is a long story—too long to be told now ; we will reserve it for some of our winter evenings."

"But pray, my dear Aunt," I remonstrated, "give me a skeleton of his history and character if you have not time to dissect them scientifically," (I was at this time dipping into medical and anatomical books,) "for I may not see you again before I pay my visit ; and I should be sorry to venture into such a curious country without some sort of a map for my direction."

"Well, well," good-naturedly rejoined my Aunt, "you were always a spoiled child, and, never having been refused any thing you thought proper to ask for, I suppose that is a good reason for your not being denied any thing now. So fill your glass and mine, and we will drink the good Colonel's health." Which having been duly performed, my Aunt proceeded :—"John Wyborne's father was a merchant in the golden days of the town, (commercially speaking, I mean,) when it had a free trade to all parts of the world, and no man asked of any New England ship, whence it came or whither it went. In that world before colonial policy or custom-house officers, old Mr. Wyborne flourished, and made a princely fortune for those days, or, indeed, subsequent times ; for he left at his death no less a sum than fifty thousand pounds sterling. When the colonies had grown into importance enough to attract the attention of the ministry at home, and restrictions were laid

upon the trade of the Province, Mr. Wyborne withdrew from business ; and obtaining admission into the General Court, and afterwards into the Council, spent the remainder of his days agreeably enough in annoying the Governor, and doing his best to thwart all his favorite measures and cut down his salary. In the intervals, however, of these useful and pleasant avocations, he found time hang rather heavily on his hands, and bethought himself of taking a wife to help him bear the burden. In those days, as now, it generally happened, by some chance or other, that a man with fifty thousand pounds in his pocket was not long to seek for a wife. Mr. Wyborne was no exception to the rule, and before many months he was the husband of Miss Armytage, a daughter of one of the oldest families in New England ; or in Old England either, for that matter. I have heard my mother tell of the splendid style in which they lived in their fine house in King street ; there was no family in the Province who approached them in their manner of living. They had no children till the birth of Colonel Wyborne in the year 1701.

Mr. Wyborne died in the full prime of his life, in the year '11, when his son was but ten years old ; but his widow survived him for many years. Colonel Wyborne was reared in the usual style of that day ; was flogged by Master Cheener at the Latin school into a competent knowledge of Latin ; and after the usual transmigrations from the fagging freshman to the dictatorial senior, he took his degree in the year '20. He remained at Cambridge for three years—till he proceeded Master of Arts—which was then a usual thing for those who could afford the expense. Having thus finished his Academical course, he resolved to visit Europe,—an undertaking of no common occurrence in those days, when it was thought little less than a tempting of Providence for a man to cross the ocean, unless it were to bespeak a cargo of English goods, or to look out for a grateful recipient of salt fish and lumber ; which, of course, altered the moral bearings of the transaction altogether. Mrs. Wyborne most strenuously opposed her son's plan, and urged against it all the arguments which she could draw from the perils of the sea and the temptations of the shore—a species of logic which I have remarked to make but little impression upon the understandings of young gentlemen who have been infected with a propensity to do as they liked, and had the power in their own hands of doing it. Doctor Cotton Mather, too, employed a whole afternoon and evening in attempting to defeat a project which would remove from his congregation one of its wealthiest members for an indefinite period, at the very time of life when his own influence might be most cer-

tainly fastened upon him ; and who might not improbably return with a yearning after the more liberal atmosphere of the Manifesto Church. Maternal entreaties and ecclesiastical warnings were however in vain, and to London he went by the next ship that sailed for home. Not long after his departure, his mother consoled herself for his loss by marrying the Rev. Mr. Selleck, minister of the town of Sanfield, where Colonel Wyborne now lives. For a year or two after his departure, his young contemporaries and friends received frequent letters from him, giving full and glowing accounts of his success, beyond his hopes, in accomplishing the great objects of travel. A variety of circumstances, which I cannot now recapitulate, aided by his ample means, prepossessing appearance and address, and also by the novelty of his character as an accomplished Trans-Atlantic, introduced him into the brilliant circles of wit and fashion which distinguished the reigns of George I. and George II. He was well received by "the wicked wasp of Twickenham ;" was domesticated at Lydiard a few years later ; and when in Dublin, was admitted to a share in the somewhat unclerical frolics of the Dean of St. Patrick's. His success, however, was not confined to that disappointed though brilliant coterie ; for he was admitted to the dressing-room of Lady Mary Wortley, had bowed at Sir Robert's levee, and was well received at Court. His good fortune accompanied him to France, where he had an opportunity of witnessing, and, I fear, of partaking, the profligate revels of the Regent Duke of Orleans, and was well acquainted with Voltaire in his prime. The blandishments of Paris, however, did not detain him long from Italy, where he lingered for two years, seduced by its delicious climate and immortal ruins. At the end of two years he returned to England ; but before this time his correspondence with his Boston friends had flagged, as correspondences are apt to do, and soon after breathed its last. His intercourse with his mother was kept up till her death ; but from the distance at which she lived, we in town gleaned but scanty accounts of his adventures. In fact, from about the year '26 or '27, we almost entirely lost sight of him ; and as years rolled away, his image grew less and less distinct in the mind's eye of his best lovers ; and it was pretty well understood that he had lived so long in the sunshine of courts and the fellowship of wits, that he was unfitted to return to the austere and somewhat pedantic society of New England. The gentlemen who now and then went home on business could only learn that he lived in the North of England for the most part, and but seldom visited London. Fifteen years from the time of his departure passed away, and all expectation of ever seeing

him again was abandoned, when one day the ship *Speedwell* was said to be below, from London. This was much more of an event in those days than now, and the talk of the town for some time before and after it occurred. My husband immediately took a boat, and visited the ship in the roads, and soon returned with the strange news that John Wyborne was on board; and that was not all,—that he had brought his wife with him! Here was a surprise. His wife! Why, we had never heard that he was married, or even thought of such a thing! Who was she? How did she look? Was he much changed? My husband, however, broke off my exclamations and inquiries, by the intelligence that the returned prodigal and his English spouse were to be our guests until they could take possession of their own house. This information threw me into a little of a flutter, for I was but a young house-keeper then; and, though pleased with the idea of seeing my old playfellow again, and gratified at his choosing my house as his temporary home from amongst the many hospitable roofs of friends and relatives proffered to his acceptance—still, I could not but feel a little anxious lest the difference should be too marked between the appliances of luxury to which he had been accustomed at home, and the more humble, though substantial, comforts which I could provide. And then his wife—an Englishwoman, too! However, there was luckily not much time for self-tormenting, for it was now one o'clock, and our guests were expected before dark. You may imagine how poor old Dinah, then a strapping wench, and Celia, who died before your memory, bustled about, not unassisted by me, to put the blue chamber over head in due order, and to get all things in readiness for the due *welcome* of the coming guests. When all things were ready or in train, and I had duly arranged my dress, I descended to the opposite parlor to await their arrival. Having now nothing more to do, I began making myself work by displacing and then re-arranging all the furniture in the room, and now and then giving an uncalled-for poke to the blazing fire, which Cæsar had just lighted on the hearth; for it was one of those delightful clear, cool days in Autumn, when a good fire of an evening is relished as a luxury, and not regarded as a mere necessary of life, as in winter. At last, about six o'clock, they drove up, accompanied by your uncle, in the chariot, and as soon as they appeared, I felt that all my previous twitter had been unnecessary; the first glance I had of them told me that.

“The fifteen years which had elapsed since I last saw John Wyborne, had transformed the slight, though graceful youth into an elegant man of mature age; but the hurried warmth with

which he approached and saluted me, and the evident emotion which he felt at the sight of the familiar faces and scenes of his youth, assured me that he had passed through the ordeal of a European life without injury to the better feelings of his nature. He was now thirty-seven or thirty-eight years of age, but did not look a day more than thirty. He was more than six feet tall, and of a noble presence; his face beamed with manly intelligence; and his dark eye, which was at that moment quenched with emotion, at calm times sparkled with animation or glowed with enthusiasm. His mouth was rather large than otherwise, but susceptible of the most varied expression; and his teeth were of the most glittering whiteness. But," continued my Aunt, after a short pause, shaking her head with a pensive air, "it is hardly worth while to describe so particularly what the ruins you are going to see once were; but all who ever knew John Wyborne in his best estate, will tell you that they have never forgotten the fascination of his smile and eye."

"I assure you, my dear Aunt," I answered, my curiosity being now fully awakened, "that you cannot be too minute for me; but as time presses, pray give me some account of his wife. Was she as fine a creature as his wife should have been?"

"Indeed she was," replied my Aunt; "at least as far as one could judge from appearance and manner, she was well worthy of her husband; but there was some mystery about her which we never could fathom, and where there is mystery, there must always be a degree of doubt as to the worthiness of the person, especially of the woman, to whom it attaches. But, poor thing! she did not live long to be the theme of the gossiping small-talk of the herd of society, or of the anxious and legitimate curiosity of her near relatives!"

"Did she indeed die so early?" exclaimed I; "but pray go on with your story, for I am impatient to hear the end of it."

"That you will soon hear," my Aunt resumed; "for there is but little more to tell. John Wyborne and his wife remained our guests for about six weeks, while the old family mansion in King street was getting in readiness for them. This time was filled up by a succession of gaieties in honor of their arrival. Governor Belcher entertained them at a grand dinner at the Province House, at which were assembled the most distinguished of the gentlemen and ladies of the town. All the principal inhabitants vied with each other in welcoming the new-comers with splendid hospitalities. The fine Autumnal days which were free from engagements in town, we employed in scouring the country round; sometimes in the chariot, and

sometimes on horseback, to display the charming scenery of New England, glowing with the tints of a New England Autumn. On these excursions we always stopped at some of the gentlemen's seats, which were sprinkled over the country in every direction; and the gates of which always stood wide open to invite the passing friend. Alas! too many of those hospitable portals have been closed by the cruel Revolution, or passed into niggard hands!

"Well, the six weeks soon passed away, and our guests left us, and took possession of their own house. And a fine establishment it was, being the result of Taste combined with Wealth; and yet there was no attempt to outshine their neighbors; every thing was in the very best style of the town, and nothing more. When they were fairly fixed in their new abode, they gathered around them a circle of the choicest society; and that winter was a memorable one in the annals of any one who was admitted within that charmed circle. Mr. Wyborne gave a weekly dinner on Wednesdays, which he managed to make a very different affair from the somewhat stiff festivities of set dinners at that time, or any other time either, for that matter.

"It was observable, however, that after the first excitement of a new country and the first bustle of hospitalities were over, and they were quietly settled down by their own fireside, that Mrs. Wyborne was but ill at ease. Her form by degrees lost something of its symmetrical roundness, her brilliant complexion was exchanged for an alabaster chilliness, and her eyes gradually lost much of their peculiar beauty. Her husband seemed but to live for her, and there was no circumstance of watchful love and sedulous attention in which he was wanting. She, however, drooped from month to month so palpably as to excite the anxiety of her best friends, and the lively curiosity of her common acquaintance.

"One thing was remarkable enough, and that was, that neither she nor her husband ever made the faintest allusion to her parentage or history previous to their marriage. Mr. Wyborne so promptly and dexterously parried all attempts to extract any information on these points from him, and his wife met them with such a mournful embarrassment, that it was soon understood that they were forbidden topics in their presence; though you may well imagine that they were discussed in all their bearings, known and imagined, when they were absent. The circumstance, too, that she was plunged in double gloom upon the arrival of every fresh packet of letters from Europe, did not tend to damp the curiosity, or to extinguish the conjectures of those kind inquirers who are more solicitous about the affairs of others than about their own."



"That certainly did look rather suspicious," interrupted I. "Did it not excite some doubts in the minds of the lovers of scandal as to whether they were married at all?"

"That scandalous construction," Mrs. Champion replied, "would, no doubt, have been put upon their unaccountable behavior, if Mr. Wyborne had not, probably with a foreboding of such a rumor, taken good care to exhibit as an interesting autograph his marriage certificate, signed by the famous Dr. Young, who performed the ceremony in London by special license. Matters went on thus for some months, their house being the centre of our limited sphere, and almost always thronged with company, which John Wyborne anxiously gathered round him in hopes of dissipating the growing melancholy of his wife.

"The winter wore on pleasantly enough to all except the fated mistress of the mansion. John Wyborne had received his library, the finest private one in the country, which he had collected abroad, and had arranged it entirely to his mind. Many valuable pictures, a few statues, (rather shocking to the primitive taste of those days,) and, what was to us a rich collection of articles of *virtù* arrived, and added to the attractions of his house. A superficial observer would have pronounced John Wyborne a happy man. He had health, riches, taste, a well-cultivated mind, a splendid library, warm friends of congenial tastes, and a charming wife! What could man desire more? Surely he had clutched the rare boon of unmixed felicity! Alas! my dear boy, he was no exception to the general doom which condemns man to trouble! All the appliances of luxury, all the qualifications of taste, even all the leisure and ample means for gratifying a passion for elegant letters, bring no balm to the wounds of a gentle nature, inflicted by the sight of a beloved object-consuming away before the sight of a mental malady, beyond the leech's arts. Religion only, my son, religion only has consolations adequate to support the soul under such a burden!" She paused, for the memories of her own sorrows were painfully rising to her brain, and a phantom train of unburied griefs stretched in long perspective before her mind's eye. She, however, never long yielded to the painful influences of the Past, and soon resumed the thread of her narration.

"Matters went on thus till the middle of February, when Mr. and Mrs. Wyborne, having their establishment now complete, issued cards of invitation to all their acquaintance to an entertainment, given in return for the multitudinous attentions which had welcomed them on their arrival.

"It was bitterly cold; a glittering, clear winter's night, which well set off the genial and brilliant scene within. Your uncle

and I dined there, and helped them to oversee the last preparations. By six o'clock all the company were assembled, comprising all the town which had any claim to admittance, from old Dr. Coleman down to the freshest and prettiest young girls just escaped from the nursery.

"The recollection of that scene is indelibly impressed upon my memory by the sudden change which soon was brought over it; though there is not half a dozen of the gay crowd which filled the rooms that night that now survive. What a strange thing is memory! that I, at eighty-three, should at this moment be, as it were, in the midst of a brilliant and happy crowd of half a century ago; almost every one of which is now in the grave, except a few withered, weak old men and women just tottering on its brink. I could describe to you, if I had time and you cared to hear it, every dress in the room, from the splendid brocade and diamonds of the mistress of the house, whose chief ornament, however, was her beautiful hair, falling in natural ringlets over her neck, (for powder was not then in fashion;) and from Governor Belcher's black velvet coat and breeches, richly embroidered waistcoat, point lace ruffles, diamond buckles, and dress sword, down to the beautiful Mary Osborne; now old Mrs. Estridge, in her white watered silk and glistening high-heeled shoes, which Cinderella might have envied, seated on the window-seat, half hid by the heavy damask curtain, listening to Ralph Estridge, whom she not long afterwards married; who had just returned from home the image of a London *petit-maitre*, in a peach-bloom silk coat lined with white, pink satin waistcoat embroidered with gold, white satin breeches, and white silk stockings, and a rapier with a steel handle, glittering like diamonds; books, flowers, paintings, beautiful women, and elegant men, made it a picture to be recalled with pleasure, if it were not for the dark cloud which soon gathered over it.

Well, every thing went on well enough; all were animated and most were happy; the mistress of the house looked like herself again; the young people made love; their elders talked of the prospect of a war with Spain; some of the more austere of the elder school of New England manners, privily shook their heads at the frightful havoc which Luxury was making in the good old simplicity of the Fathers. The most rigid of the reverend divines and honorable judges, however, smoothed their stern features on this occasion, and looked on with complacent smiles. At about half-past eight supper was announced, and we ascended to the supper room, led by the Governor and the mistress of the house. It was a beautiful spectacle. The tables lavishly adorned with flowers; the luxurious banquet

served almost entirely on plate ; the lovely and graceful figures which were grouped around the board in the full flow of youthful spirits, and the venerable forms and beneficent countenances of the elder guests contrasting with them, made up a scene of enchantment which I have never seen approached since. The master of the feast seemed to be doubly inspired by the spirit of the scene, and never shone more brilliantly, both in his own proper powers of entertainment, and his tact in drawing out the resources of others. My good old friend, Dr. Byles, then a young and brisk Divine, was in his element, and often set the table in a roar with his lively sallies ; and many a sharp encounter of wits took place between him and his host. Suppers, however, like all other terrestrial things, must come to an end ; and after about an hour and a half had been delightfully spent over the table, we returned to the parlor. Soon afterwards his Excellency, the clergy, and the more dignified portion of the company took their leave, which was the signal for the appearance of the violins, and the commencement of what was then a most unusual event—a Ball. Mrs. Wyborne opened the ball with a minuet with Mr. Hutchinson (our late Governor) ; and that prologue being happily over, the country-dances began in good earnest, and were kept up with untiring devotion till nearly four o'clock, when the assembly gradually melted away. My husband and I, as we had been the first on the ground, were the last to leave it. As we walked through the deserted rooms with our charming hostess, and observed with pleasure how the excitement and success of the evening had recalled her vanished bloom and rekindled her faded eyes, we little thought that the next occasion which would summon us to those apartments would be her funeral !

"Her funeral !" I exclaimed.

"Even so," she mournfully rejoined, "and so soon ! She was taken violently ill the very next day ; probably from undue excitement and unusual fatigue acting upon a frame already debilitated ; and in less than a week she was dead !" She paused, and as I looked at her, I saw that her aged eyes were wet at thought of the sad images which her story had recalled.

"And how did her husband bear the dreadful blow ?" I inquired.

"His despair was frightful for the first few days," she replied ; "he refused admission to his best friends, and would not be comforted. He shut himself up for hours with the beloved remains, and the anxious and affectionate servants listened with dismay to the tempest of grief which they could hear raging within. Such violence of sorrow, however, could not last long ; but when the first fierce paroxysms were over, the preternatural

calmness which succeeded was scarcely less shocking than they. I can never forget, should I live a century longer, the dreadful change which that short week had wrought in his face; death had not thrown a more gloomy change over the features of the beloved dead. His cheeks as hollow as a ghost's, his eyes of a stony vacancy, his pale lips quivering, and his whole energies apparently bent upon a mighty effort at calmness.

"That funeral was worth a thousand homilies. There she lay at length in her coffin, who, but a little week before, was the charm of all who saw or heard her; in the very room, too, in which she had led the dance, and surrounded by most of the very revellers who had basked in her radiant presence. It was a chastening, though grievous vicissitude, from the house of feasting to the house of mourning, and from the garments of joy to the weeds of heaviness. The contrast of those darkened rooms filled with mournful countenances and suits of woe, to the glittering lights, splendid dresses, flashing eyes, and merry hearts of the time of their last meeting there, must have inscribed an ineffaceable lesson on the most thoughtless hearts. Nothing broke the sepulchral stillness but an occasional sob which would find its way from some woman's heart, or a half-suppressed sigh from some manly bosom; till at length Dr. Sewall rose, and raised all our souls upon his eloquent prayers to heaven. When this impressive service was over, the last sad procession was marshalled to the tomb.

"It was one of those dark, gloomy winter's days, when the sky looks like a vault of stone almost resting upon the roofs of the houses; the ground was covered with snow, and a few flakes now and then fell heavily down through the still cold air. The pall was held by the Lieutenant-Governor and five other of the principal gentlemen of the time. Then followed the bereaved husband, supported by my husband and Dr. Sewall. Then came the governor and magistrates, succeeded by a long train of relatives and friends in the deepest mourning. Behind, followed the family coach, the carriage, as well as the servants, in mourning; then the governor's coach, and next the carriages of almost all the gentry of the town and country round. As the black train swept through the streets, the common people, who thronged them to witness the spectacle, all uncovered as we passed, and showed none of the levity which I have sometimes seen to accompany great funerals.

"At last, after making a large circuit in consequence of the numerous attendance, we arrived at the King's Chapel churchyard, and all passed round by the family tomb of the Wyborne's, and took a last look at its latest and fairest tenant, before its ponderous jaws closed upon her for ever. Poor John Wyborne

could bear up under his heavy grief no longer, but was supported by his anxious friends, almost insensible, to his coach. The rest of the melancholy attendants stood reverently by as the mourner was borne along, and then dispersed ; and entering the coaches which were in waiting, were slowly rolled to their various homes.

" The gloom of this event hung over the town for all the remainder of the season, and for months afterwards. It seemed as if every family was mourning over some household death. The difference which it made to me, you may easily imagine ; it was almost the first severe loss of the kind that I had ever encountered ; heaven knows it was not the last ! " After a short pause, she resumed, " John Wyborne continued throughout the Spring in a most pitiable state ; the violence of his first grief was succeeded by an apathetic listlessness, from which nothing could arouse him. He formed a plan for returning again to Europe, which was encouraged by his friends as the medicine most likely to be effectual ; but he did not seem to retain enough of the energy with which he used to overflow, to make the necessary preparations. At last, when May was well advanced, my husband proposed to him to visit Sanfield, the town in the Old Colony, where his mother had spent the last years of her life after her marriage with the Rev. Mr. Selleck ; and where a considerable estate was going to decay for want of the eye of the master. As this excursion did not involve much expenditure of resolution or trouble, Mr. Wyborne consented to accompany Mr. Champion to the scene of his mother's later years. It was a most exquisite spring day when they went down, when the country was clad in its softest and freshest green, and the fields were white with apple-blossoms, and the delicious air seemed as if it might have been a balm even for a broken heart.

" Mr. Wyborne seemed to feel the benefit of the change of place almost immediately ; and the appearance of his house and grounds, and of the village in its vicinity, seemed to strike his fancy. The house, which I will not describe as you will soon see it, was somewhat the worse for want of inhabitants for a number of years since the decease of his reverend stepfather ; but the avenue of fine elms and grove which sheltered it from the sea, had grown up prosperously, though untrimmed and neglected. The garden was something like that of the sluggard, to be sure ; and the sundial in its centre was almost hid by nettles and weeds, and the wall was in many places broken down, and the fish-pond was almost choked up with rubbish. I should have told you, that the new part of the house was built, the trees planted, and the grounds laid out by

an English church clergyman of fortune, who emigrated to this country about the beginning of the century; and who, finding small encouragement in his clerical capacity, had employed himself in the business and pleasures of a country life; and of whose heirs Mrs. Wyborne had purchased it on her second marriage.

"There was enough of native luxuriant beauty about the place to captivate the good taste of its owner; while there was an air of neglect and desolation about it which seemed to suit the present melancholy mood of his mind. My husband was well pleased to hear him avow his intention of putting the place to rights, and making it his residence for a part of the year. He encouraged him in his plan, and recommended that no time should be lost in putting it into execution. Accordingly they hunted up a farm-house in the neighborhood, whose owners were willing to take him and his servant in until the old house could be made habitable. Rejoiced to have been the means of providing a healthful occupation for his friend's sick mind, my husband returned to town, expecting that he would follow in about a fortnight. A fortnight elapsed, and a month and a year, and yet he tarried.

"He left his house in town for a couple of days, perhaps a week; and now almost half a century has passed away since then, and he has never once recrossed its threshold or revisited his native town! He had found the first comfort which his wounded spirit had known among the old trees and green meadows of his new home, and by the side of the ocean which washed his estate less than half a mile from the house; and he felt for them the love of a mourner for the tried friends of his affliction. Nothing, however, was farther from his intention than making that sequestered place his permanent abode. But the first summer and autumn were insensibly wasted away in the pleasant tasks of bringing order out of the chaos of his grounds, and of restoring to the old mansion the comfort and elegance of which time and neglect had stripped it. Then, just as winter set in, his house was ready for his occupation, and he could not bear to leave this new home, which was invested only with happy associations, for that roof which was overshadowed by the gloom of his mighty sorrow, and under which he would be haunted at every turn by the ghosts of his buried joys. So the winter passed away; and when spring returned, he had made up his mind to make this his chief residence, and sent for his library. When winter again arrived, his attachment to the place had strengthened, and he determined to spend it as he did the last. In this way his habits of life became gradually fixed; his love for his new home, and

his disinclination to return to his old one, increased with every year; and so his prime of manhood and his green old age have worn away in that retirement."

"Had he any society in his solitude?" I inquired.

"But little in his immediate neighborhood," my Aunt replied, "except the clergyman, and one or two country gentlemen. But for many years during the summers and autumns he had no lack of company from Boston; his house was scarcely ever empty, at those times, of his old friends and companions. Your uncle and I always paid him at least one visit a year, as I told you before, until I gave up the coach upon his death. By degrees, however, as his old friends died off, his younger ones grew less frequent in their visits; and then the Revolution came in to confound all old friendships; so that, for a good many years he has been thrown almost entirely on his own resources. I am told, however, by some old friends who are still constant to him, that he has acquired no cynicism from neglect, and gathered no rust from solitude; but is still, in his manners, dress, and way of living, a fine relic of the thoroughbred gentleman of the middle of this century."

The good old lady here ceased. I warmly thanked her for her story, and assured her that it had increased my curiosity to make the personal acquaintance of its hero an hundredfold.

"I am glad you are going to see him," she resumed; "for you may never chance to meet with exactly such another specimen of the old school again; at least I do not know where his fellow is to be found."

At this point we were interrupted by the entrance of Dinah with the tea things, which brought us down from our high converse about other days to a sense of present realities. After my good Aunt had dispensed the fragrant infusion in China's earth, the sun began to remind me, by the peculiar mellowness of his light among the leaves of the trees, that it was time for me to set forth on my return to my rooms. My horse being accordingly brought round by Cæsar, I affectionately saluted my dear old friend, and receiving from her a needless injunction not to fail to make my visit to Sanfield, I mounted my nag, and rode briskly back to my home among classic shades.

Y. D.

## THOMAS GREEN FESSENDEN.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THOMAS GREEN FESSENDEN was the eldest of nine children of the Rev. Thomas Fessenden. He was born on the 22d of April, 1771, at Walpole, in New Hampshire, where his father, a man of learning and talent, was long settled in the ministry. On the maternal side, likewise, he was of clerical extraction; his mother, whose piety and amiable qualities are remembered by her descendants, being the daughter of the Rev. Samuel Kendal, of New Salem. The early education of Thomas Green was chiefly acquired at the common school of his native place, under the tuition of students from the college at Hanover; and such was his progress, that he became himself the instructor of a school in New Salem at the age of sixteen. He spent most of his youthful days, however, in bodily labor upon the farm, thus contributing to the support of a numerous family; and the practical knowledge of agriculture, which he then obtained, was long afterwards applied to the service of the public. Opportunities for cultivating his mind were afforded him, not only in his father's library, but by the more miscellaneous contents of a large book-store. He had passed the age of twenty-one, when his inclination for mental pursuits determined him to become a student at Dartmouth College. His father being able to give him but little assistance, his chief resources at college consisted in his wages as teacher of a village school during the vacations. At times, also, he gave instruction to an evening class in Psalmody.

From his childhood, upward, Mr. Fessenden had shown symptoms of that humorous turn which afterwards so strongly marked his writings; but, his first effort in verse, as he himself told me, was made during his residence at college. The themes, or exercises of his fellow-students in English composition, whether prose or rhyme, were characterized by the lack of native thought and feeling, the cold pedantry, the mimicry of classic models, common to all such productions. Mr. Fessenden had the good taste to disapprove of these vapid and spiritless performances, and resolved to strike out a new course for himself. On one occasion, when his class-mates had gone through with their customary round of verbiage and thread-



bare sentiment, he electrified them and their instructor, President Wheelock, by reading "*Jonathan's Courtship*." There has never, to this day, been produced, by any of our countrymen, a more original and truly Yankee effusion. He had caught the rare art of sketching familiar manners, and of throwing into verse the very spirit of society as it existed around him; and he had imbued each line with a peculiar, yet perfectly natural and homely humor. This excellent ballad compels me to regret that, instead of becoming a satirist in politics and science, and wasting his strength on temporary and evangelical topics, he had not continued to be a rural poet. A volume of such sketches as "*Jonathan's Courtship*," describing various aspects of life among the yeomanry of New England, could not have failed to gain a permanent place in American literature. The effort in question met with unexampled success; it ran through the newspapers of the day, re-appeared on the other side of the Atlantic, and was warmly applauded by the English critics; nor has it yet lost its popularity. New editions may be found, every year, at the ballad-stalls; and I saw, last summer, on the veteran author's table, a broadside copy of his maiden poem, which he had himself bought in the street.

Mr. Fessenden passed through college with a fair reputation for scholarship, and took his degree in 1796. It had been his father's wish that he should imitate the example of some of his ancestors on both sides, by devoting himself to the ministry. He, however, preferred the law, and commenced the study of that profession at Rutland, in Vermont, with Nathaniel Chipman, then the most eminent practitioner in the State. After his admission to the bar, Mr. Chipman received him into partnership. But Mr. Fessenden was ill-qualified to succeed in the profession of law, by his simplicity of character, and his utter inability to acquire an ordinary share of shrewdness and worldly wisdom. Moreover, the success of "*Jonathan's Courtship*," and other poetical effusions, had turned his thoughts from law to literature, and had procured him the acquaintance of several literary luminaries of those days; none of whose names, probably, have survived to our own generation, save that of Joseph Dennie, once esteemed the finest writer in America. His intercourse with these people tempted Mr. Fessenden to spend much time in writing for newspapers and periodicals. A taste for scientific pursuits still further diverted him from his legal studies, and soon engaged him in an affair which influenced the complexion of all his after-life.

A Mr. Langdon had brought forward a newly-invented hydraulic machine, which was supposed to possess the power of

raising water to a greater height than had hitherto been considered possible. A company of mechanics and others became interested in this machine, and appointed Mr. Fessenden their agent for the purpose of obtaining a patent in London. He was likewise a member of the company. Mr. Fessenden was urged to hasten his departure, in consequence of a report that certain persons had acquired the secret of the invention, and were determined to anticipate the proprietors in securing a patent. Scarcely time was allowed for testing the efficacy of the machine by a few hasty experiments, which, however, appeared satisfactory. Taking passage immediately, Mr. Fessenden arrived in London on the 4th of July, 1801, and waited on Mr. King, then our Minister, by whom he was introduced to Mr. Nicholson, a gentleman of eminent scientific reputation. After thoroughly examining the invention, Mr. Nicholson gave an opinion unfavorable to its merits; and the question was soon settled by a letter from one of the Vermont proprietors to Mr. Fessenden, informing him that the apparent advantages of the machine had been found altogether deceptive. In short, Mr. Fessenden had been lured from his profession and country by as empty a bubble as that of the perpetual motion. Yet it is creditable both to his ability and energy, that, laying hold of what was really valuable in Langdon's contrivance, he constructed the model of a machine for raising water from coal mines, and other great depths, by means of what he termed the "renovated pressure of the atmosphere." On communicating this invention to Mr. Nicholson and other eminent mechanicians, they acknowledged its originality and ingenuity, and thought that, in some situations, it might be useful. But the expenses of a patent in England, the difficulty of obtaining patronage for such a project, and the uncertainty of the result, were obstacles too weighty to be overcome. Mr. Fessenden threw aside the scheme, and, after a two months' residence in London, was preparing to return home; when a new and characteristic adventure arrested him.

He received a visit, at his lodgings in the Strand, from a person whom he had never before seen, but who introduced himself to his good-will as being likewise an American. His business was of a nature well calculated to excite Mr. Fessenden's interest. He produced the model of an ingenious contrivance for grinding corn. A patent had already been obtained, and a company, with the Lord Mayor of London at its head, was associated for the construction of mills upon this new principle. The inventor, according to his own story, had disposed of one fourth part of his patent for £500, and was willing to accommodate his countryman with another fourth. After

some inquiry into the stranger's character, and the accuracy of his statements, Mr. Fessenden became a purchaser of the share that was offered him; on what terms, is not stated; but probably such as to involve his whole property in the adventure. The result was disastrous. The Lord Mayor soon withdrew his countenance from the project. It ultimately appeared that Mr. Fessenden was the only real purchaser of any part of the patent; and as the original patentee shortly afterwards quitted the concern, the former was left to manage the business as he best could. With a perseverance not less characteristic than his credulity, he associated himself with four partners, and undertook to superintend the construction of one of these patent mills upon the Thames. But his associates, who were men of no respectability, thwarted his plans; and after much toil of body, as well as distress of mind, he found himself utterly ruined,—friendless and penniless in the midst of London. No other event could have been anticipated, when a man so devoid of guile was thrown among a set of crafty adventurers.

Being now in the situation in which many a literary man before him had been, he remembered the success of his fugitive poems, and betook himself to the pen as his most natural resource. A subject was offered him, in which no other poet would have found a theme for the muse. It seemed to be his fatality to form connexions with schemers of all sorts; and he had become acquainted with Benjamin Douglas Perkins, the patentee of the famous Metallic Tractors. These implements were then in great vogue for the cure of inflammatory diseases, by removing the superfluous electricity. Perkinism, as the doctrine of Metallic Tractors was styled, had some converts among scientific men, and many among the people; but was violently opposed by the regular corps of physicians and surgeons. Mr. Fessenden, as might be expected, was a believer in the efficacy of the Tractors, and, at the request of Perkins, consented to make them the subject of a poem in Hudibrastic verse, the satire of which was to be levelled against their opponents. "TERRIBLE TRACTORATION" was the result. It professes to be a poetical petition from Doctor Christopher Caustic, a medical gentleman who has been ruined by the success of the Metallic Tractors, and who applies to the Royal College of Physicians for relief and redress. The wits of the poor Doctor have been somewhat shattered by his misfortunes; and with crazy ingenuity he contrives to heap ridicule on his medical brethren, under pretence of railing against Perkinism. The poem is in four cantos, the first of which is the best, and the most characteristic of the author. It is occupied with

Doctor Caustic's description of his mechanical and scientific contrivances, embracing all sorts of possible and impossible projects ; every one of which, however, has a ridiculous plausibility. The inexhaustible variety in which they flow forth, proves the author's invention unrivalled in its way. It shows what had been the nature of Mr. Fessenden's mental toil during his residence in London, continually brooding over the miracles of mechanism and science, his enthusiasm for which had cost him so dear. Long afterwards, speaking of the first conception of this poem, the author told me that he had shaped it out during a solitary day's ramble in the outskirts of London ; and the character of Doctor Caustic so strongly impressed itself on his mind, that, as he walked homeward through the crowded streets, he burst into frequent fits of laughter. The truth is, that, in the sketch of this wild projector, Mr. Fessenden had caricatured some of his own features ; and when he laughed so heartily, it was at the perception of the resemblance.

"Terrible Tractoration," is a work of strange and grotesque ideas, aptly expressed ; its rhymes are of a most singular character, yet fitting each to each as accurately as echoes. As in all Mr. Fessenden's productions, there is great exactness in the language ; the author's thoughts being thrown off as distinctly as impressions from a type. In regard to the pleasure to be derived from reading this poem, there is room for diversity of taste ; but that it is an original and remarkable work, no person competent to pass judgment on a literary question, will deny. It was first published early in the year 1803, in an octavo pamphlet of about fifty pages. Being highly applauded by the principal reviews, and eagerly purchased by the public, a new edition appeared at the end of two months, in a volume of nearly two hundred pages, illustrated with engravings. It received the praise of Gifford, the severest of English critics. Its continued success encouraged the author to publish a volume of "ORIGINAL POEMS," consisting chiefly of his fugitive pieces from the American newspapers. This, also, was favorably received. He was now, what so few of his countrymen have ever been, a popular author in London ; and, in the midst of his triumphs, he bethought himself of his native land.

Mr. Fessenden returned to America in 1804. He came back poorer than he went, but with an honorable reputation, and with unstained integrity, although his evil fortune had connected him with men far unlike himself. His fame had preceded him across the Atlantic. Shortly before his arrival, an edition of "Terrible Tractoration" had been published at Philadelphia, with a prefatory memoir of the author, the tone of which proves that the American people felt themselves honored

in the literary success of their countryman. Another edition appeared in New-York in 1806, considerably enlarged, with a new satire on the topics of the day. It is symptomatic of the course which the author had now adopted, that much of this new satire was directed against democratic principles and the prominent upholders of them. This was soon followed by "DEMOCRACY UNVEILED," a more elaborate attack on the same political party.

In "Democracy Unveiled," our friend, Dr. Caustic, appears as a citizen of the United States, and pours out six cantos of vituperative verse, with copious notes of the same tenor, on the heads of President Jefferson and his supporters. Much of the satire is unpardonably coarse; the literary merits of the work are inferior to those of "Terrible Tractation," but it is no less original and peculiar. Even where the matter is a mere versification of newspaper slander, Dr. Caustic's manner gives it an individuality not to be mistaken. The book passed through three editions in the course of a few months. Its most pungent portions were copied into all the opposition prints; its strange, jog-trot stanzas, were familiar to every ear; and Mr. Fessenden may fairly be allowed the credit of having given expression to the feelings of the great Federal party.

On the 30th of August, 1806, Mr. Fessenden commenced the publication, at New-York, of the "WEEKLY INSPECTOR," a paper at first of eight, and afterwards of sixteen octavo pages. It appeared every Saturday. The character of this Journal was mainly political; but there are also a few flowers and sweet-scented twigs of literature, intermixed among the nettles and burrs, which alone flourish in the arena of party strife. Its columns are profusely enriched with scraps of satirical verse, in which Dr. Caustic, in his capacity of ballad-maker to the Federal faction, spared not to celebrate every man or measure of government that was anywise susceptible of ridicule. Many of his prose articles are carefully and ably written, attacking not men so much as principles and measures; and his deeply-felt anxiety for the welfare of his country sometimes gives an impressive dignity to his thoughts and style. The dread of French domination seems to have haunted him like a night-mare. But, in spite of the editor's satirical reputation, the "Weekly Inspector" was too conscientious a paper, too sparingly spiced with the red pepper of personal abuse, to succeed in those outrageous times. The publication continued but for a single year, at the end of which we find Mr. Fessenden's valedictory to his readers. Its tone is despondent, both as to the prospects of the country and his own private fortunes. The next token of his labors, that has come under my notice,

is a small volume of verse, published at Philadelphia in 1809, and alliteratively entitled, "PILLS, POETICAL, POLITICAL, and PHILOSOPHICAL; prescribed for the Purpose of Purging the Public of Piddling Philosophers, of Penny Poetasters, of Paltry Politicians, and Petty Partizans. By PETER PEPPER-BOX, Poet and Physician." This satire had been written during the Embargo, but not making its appearance till after the repeal of that measure, met with less success than "Democracy Unveiled."

Every body who has known Mr. Fessenden, must have wondered how the kindest-hearted man in all the world could have likewise been the most noted satirist of his day. For my part, I have tried in vain to form a conception of my venerable and peaceful friend, as a champion in the stormy strife of party, flinging mud full in the faces of his foes, and shouting forth the bitter laughter that rang from border to border of the land. And I can hardly believe—though well assured of it—that his antagonists should ever have meditated personal violence against the gentlest of human creatures. I am sure, at least, that nature never meant him for a satirist. On careful examination of his works, I do not find, in any of them, the ferocity of the true blood-hound of literature—such as Swift, or Churchill, or Cobbett—which fastens upon the throat of its victim, and would fain drink his life-blood. In my opinion Mr. Fessenden never felt the slightest personal ill-will against the objects of his satire, except, indeed, they had endeavored to detract from his literary reputation; an offence which he resented with a poet's sensibility, and seldom failed to punish. With such exceptions, his works are not properly satirical, but the offspring of a mind inexhaustibly fertile in ludicrous ideas, which it appended to any topic in hand. At times, doubtless, the all-pervading frenzy of the times inspired him with a bitterness not his own. But, in the least defensible of his writings, he was influenced by an honest zeal for the public good. There was nothing mercenary in his connexion with politics. To an antagonist who had taunted him with being poor, he calmly replied, that he "need not have been accused of the crime of poverty, could he have prostituted his principles to party purposes, and become the hireling assassin of the dominant faction." Nor can there be a doubt that the administration would gladly have purchased the pen of so popular a writer.

I have gained hardly any information of Mr. Fessenden's life between the years 1807 and 1812; at which latter period, and probably some time previous, he was settled at the village of Bellows' Falls, on Connecticut River, in the practice of the

law. In May of that year he had the good fortune to become acquainted with Miss Lydia Tuttle, daughter of Mr. John Tuttle, an independent and intelligent farmer at Littleton, Massachusetts. She was then on a visit in Vermont. After her return home, a correspondence ensued between this lady and Mr. Fessenden, and was continued till their marriage in September, 1813. She was considerably younger than himself, but endowed with the qualities most desirable in the wife of such a man ; and it would not be easy to over-estimate how much his prosperity and happiness were increased by this union. Mrs. Fessenden could appreciate what was excellent in her husband and supply what was deficient. In her affectionate good sense, he found a substitute for the worldly sagacity which he did not possess, and could not learn. To her he entrusted the pecuniary cares, always so burthensome to a literary man. Her influence restrained him from such imprudent enterprises as had caused the misfortunes of his earlier years. She smoothed his path of life, and made it pleasant to him, and lengthened it ; for, as he once told me—(I believe it was while advising me to take, betimes, a similar treasure to myself)—he would have been in his grave long ago, but for her care.

Mr. Fessenden continued to practise law at Bellows' Falls till 1815, when he removed to Brattleboro, and assumed the editorship of the Brattleboro Reporter, a political newspaper. The following year, in compliance with a pressing invitation from the inhabitants, he returned to Bellows' Falls, and edited, with much success, a literary and political paper called the *Intelligencer*. He held this employment till the year 1822, at the same time practising law, and composing a volume of poetry—"THE LADIES' MONITOR ;" besides compiling several works in Law, the Arts, and Agriculture. During this part of his life he usually spent sixteen hours of the twenty-four in study. In 1822 he came to Boston as editor of the "*NEW-ENGLAND FARMER*," a weekly journal, then first established, and devoted principally to the diffusion of agricultural knowledge.

His management of the *Farmer* met with unreserved approbation. Having been bred upon a farm, and passed much of his later life in the country, and being thoroughly conversant with the writers on rural economy, he was admirably qualified to conduct such a journal. It was extensively circulated throughout New England, and may be said to have fertilized the soil like rain from heaven. Numerous papers on the same plan sprung up in various parts of the country, but none attained the standard of their prototype. Besides his

editorial labors, Mr. Fessenden published, from time to time, various compilations on agricultural subjects, or adaptations of English treatises to the use of the American husbandman. Verse he no longer wrote, except now and then an ode or song for some Agricultural festivity. His poems, being connected with topics of temporary interest, ceased to be read, now that the Metallic Tractors were thrown aside, and that the blending and merging of parties had created an entire change of political aspects, since the days of "Democracy Unveiled." The poetic laurel withered among his gray hairs, and dropt away, leaf by leaf. His name—once the most familiar—was forgotten in the list of American bards. I know not that this oblivion was to be regretted. Mr. Fessenden, if my observation of his temperament be correct, was peculiarly sensitive and nervous in regard to the trials of authorship; a little censure did him more harm than much praise could do him good; and methinks the repose of total neglect was better for him than a feverish notoriety. Were it worth while to imagine any other course for the latter part of his life, which he made so useful and so honorable, it might be wished that he could have devoted himself entirely to scientific research. He had a strong taste for studies of that kind, and sometimes used to lament that his daily drudgery afforded him no leisure to compose a work on Caloric—which subject he had thoroughly investigated.

In January, 1836, I became, and continued for a few months, an inmate of Mr. Fessenden's family. It was my first acquaintance with him. His image is before my mind's eye at this moment; slowly approaching me with a lamp in his hand, his hair grey, his face solemn and pale, his tall and portly figure bent with heavier infirmity than befitted his years. His dress—though he had improved in this particular since middle life—was marked by a truly scholastic negligence. He greeted me kindly, and with plain, old-fashioned courtesy; though I fancied that he somewhat regretted the interruption of his evening studies. After a few moments' talk, he invited me to accompany him to his study, and give my opinion on some passages of satirical verse, which were to be inserted in a new edition of "Terrible Tractoration." Years before I had lighted on an illustrated copy of this poem, bestrewn with venerable dust, in a corner of a college library; and it seemed strange and whimsical that I should find it still in progress of composition, and be consulted about it by Doctor Caustic himself. While Mr. Fessenden read, I had leisure to glance around at his study, which was very characteristic of the man and his occupations. The table, and great part of



the floor, was covered with books and pamphlets on agricultural subjects, newspapers from all quarters, manuscript articles for the *New England Farmer*, and manuscript stanzas for "Terrible Tractoration." There was such a litter as always gathers round a literary man. It bespoke, at once, Mr. Fessenden's amiable temper and his abstracted habits, that several members of the family, old and young, were sitting in the room, and engaged in conversation, apparently without giving him the least disturbance. A specimen of Doctor Caustic's inventive genius was seen in the "Patent Steam and Hot-water Stove," which heated the apartment, and kept up a pleasant singing sound, like that of a tea-kettle,—thereby making the fireside more cheerful. It appears to me, that, having no children of flesh and blood, Mr. Fessenden had contracted a fatherly fondness for this stove, as being his mental progeny; and it must be owned that the stove well deserved his affection, and repaid it with much warmth.

The new edition of "Tractoration" came out not long afterwards. It was noticed with great kindness by the press, but was not warmly received by the public. Mr. Fessenden imputed the failure, in part, to the illiberality of the "Trade," and avenged himself by a little poem, in his best style, entitled "WOODEN BOOKSELLERS;" so that the last blow of his satirical scourge was given in the good old cause of Authors against Publishers.

Notwithstanding a wide difference of age, and many more points of dissimilarity than of resemblance, Mr. Fessenden and myself soon became friends. His partiality seemed not to be the result of any nice discrimination of my good and evil qualities—(for he had no acuteness in that way)—but to be given instinctively, like the affection of a child. On my part, I loved the old man, because his heart was as transparent as a fountain; and I could see nothing in it but integrity and purity, and simple faith in his fellow-man and good-will towards all the world. His character was so open, that I did not need to correct my original conception of it; he never seemed to me like a new acquaintance, but as one with whom I had been familiar from my infancy. Yet he was a rare man, such as few meet with in the course of a lifetime.

It is remarkable, that, with such kindly affections, Mr. Fessenden was so deeply absorbed in thought and study as scarcely to allow himself time for domestic and social enjoyment. During the winter when I first knew him, his mental drudgery was almost continual. Besides the *New-England Farmer*, he had the editorial charge of two other journals,—the "HORTICULTURAL REGISTER" and the "SILK MANU-

AL;" in addition to which employment, he was a member of the State legislature, and took some share in its debates. The new matter of "Terrible Tractoration" likewise cost him intense thought. Sometimes I used to meet him in the street, making his way onward apparently by a sort of instinct; while his eyes took note of nothing, and would perhaps pass over my face without sign of recognition. He confessed to me that he was apt to go astray when intent on rhyme. With so much to abstract him from outward life, he could hardly be said to live in the world that was bustling around him. Almost the only relaxation that he allowed himself, was an occasional performance on a bass-viol which stood in the corner of his study, and from which he loved to elicit some old-fashioned tune of soothing potency. At meal-times, however, dragged down and harassed as his spirits were, he brightened up, and generally gladdened the whole table with a flash of Doctor Cautic's humor.

Had I anticipated being Mr. Fessenden's biographer, I might have drawn from him many details that would have been well worth remembering. But he had not the tendency of most men in advanced life, to be copious in personal reminiscences; nor did he often speak of the noted writers and politicians, with whom the chances of earlier years had associated him. Indeed, lacking a turn for observation of character, his former companions had passed before him like images in a mirror, giving him little knowledge of their inner nature. Moreover, till his latest day, he was more inclined to form prospects for the future than to dwell upon the past. I remember—the last time, save one, that we ever met—I found him on the bed, suffering with a dizziness of the brain. He roused himself, however, and grew very cheerful; talking, with a youthful glow of fancy, about emigrating to Illinois, where he possessed a farm, and picturing a new life for both of us in that Western region. It has since come to my memory, that while he spoke there was a purple flush across his brow—the harbinger of death.

I saw him but once more, alive. On the 13th day of November last, while on my way to Boston, expecting shortly to take him by the hand, a letter met me with an invitation to his funeral. He had been struck with apoplexy on Friday evening, three days before, and had lain insensible till Saturday night, when he expired. The burial took place at Mount Auburn on the ensuing Tuesday. It was a gloomy day; for the first snow-storm of the season had been drifting through the air since morning; and the "garden of graves" looked the dreariest spot on earth. The snow came down so fast, that it

covered the coffin in its passage from the hearse to the sepulchre. The few male friends, who had followed to the cemetery, descended into the tomb; and it was there that I took my last glance at the features of a man, who will hold a place in my remembrance apart from other men. He was like no other. In his long pathway through life, from his cradle to the place we had now laid him, he had come—a man, indeed, in intellect and achievement—but in guileless simplicity, a child. Dark would have been the hour, if, when we closed the door of the tomb upon his perishing mortality, we had believed that our friend was there!

It is contemplated to erect a monument, by subscription, to Mr. Fessenden's memory. It is right that he should be thus honored. Mount Auburn will long remain a desert, barren of consecrated marbles, if worth like his be yielded to oblivion. Let his grave be marked out, that the yeomen of New England may know where he sleeps; for he was their familiar friend, and has visited them at all their firesides. He has toiled for them at seed-time and harvest; he has scattered the good grain in every field; and they have garnered the increase. Mark out his grave, as that of one worthy to be remembered both in the literary and political annals of our country; and let the laurel be carved on his memorial-stone—for it will cover the ashes of a man of genius.

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 SONNET.

*Written in view of the harbor of New-York, from the banks of the North River on the loveliest and calmest of the last days of Autumn.*

Is this a painting? Are those pictured clouds  
Which on the sky so movelessly repose?  
Has some rare artist fashioned forth the shrouds  
Of yonder vessels? Are these imaged shows  
Of outline, figure, form—or, is there life—  
Life with a thousand pulses in the scene  
We gaze upon? Those towering banks between  
E'er tossed these billows in tumultuous strife?  
Billows! there's not a wave! the waters spread  
One broad, unbroken mirror: all around  
Is hushed to silence—silence so profound  
That a bird's carol, or an arrow sped  
Into the distance, would, like 'larum bell,  
Jar the deep stillness and dissolve the spell.

P. B.

## THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

"This folio of four pages, happy work!  
What is it? but a map of busy life,  
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns."

THEORETICALLY there are few things in the world more beautiful than certain views of the occupation of a newspaper editor, and theoretically also, there would seem to be few drawbacks or countervailing principles, had not practice found out some. Cowper, whose lines we have quoted, was not a practical man; he saw only the picturesque side, or possibly, as journalism in his days was younger than now, there were things done in the green tree which have ceased, or are ceasing in the dry. There is a plentiful and perpetual fall of leaves, but a sad lack of flowers and fruit; though in many cases, hands capable, one should think, of dispensing both, have addressed themselves to the task. But what a man is, as a man, he ceases to be as an editor; his individuality disappears, his sense, his tact, his taste, his good-nature, all merge by some hitherto unexplained process in the inky darkness of his task; and though in his daily life he may retain them untarnished, they shine but rarely through his paragraphs. We believe in general terms, decidedly, that man is a responsible being, but we shrink from the consequences of holding his human nature responsible for the doings of his journalism. There is a custom in India, when a gentleman goes to a tiger hunt, of ensconcing him safely in a sort of fortification on his elephant's back, while a poor Mahout, or cheap Indian, is put astride the trunk, where he is pounced upon first if the tiger makes a spring, and is killed, and perhaps eaten, instead of his master. A clever Frenchman, (Victor Jacquemont,) who saw this contrivance, was immediately struck with its resemblance to the custom in France, of compelling each journal to have a responsible editor—a cruel invention of the French police, to which our milder laws and manners afford no parallel.

But although we approve entirely of the exemption which journalists enjoy in some particulars from the ordinary requisitions of society, we think, in certain points, their immunity goes too far. They ought not to be expected to sustain, as editors, the reputations for talent, and accomplishment, and ami-

ability, which they possess in private life ; but they ought to be called on to keep their consciences clear of offence, and not to disseminate any positive mischief, whether in their own compositions, their selections, or the advertisements which they publish for money. This last clause is, perhaps, of all the three the most imperative—the veriest “stuff of the conscience ;” for, bad as it is to print and circulate noxious things, it is doubly base to touch the price of doing so, to levy tribute on such base evacuations, and thrive on it ; for, in spite of Vespasian, such money does emit an evil savour.

If any one asks, why it is that a man who can do other things well, cannot produce a good newspaper ; the answer is most obvious,—it is because the task is in its nature too multifarious for one man, and not profitable enough to allow the employment of many. If all the editors of newspapers now in New-York would combine and edit one paper among them, each taking on himself a department, something might be done : it is on a plan of this sort that the London Times has attained its superiority and obtained its consequent success. Consider the effects of such a coalition ; what a numerous circulation, what an economical, yet magnificent printing establishment, what variety, what consistency and authority in each department, what an opportunity for advertisers, what attraction for readers, it would offer ! One man might reside in England ; he would send us sketches of what is going forward there,—scenes in parliament, characters of eminent men, details of their personal appearance, anecdotes of their public life, and a thousand such things as these. Then he might look to their learned societies, to the progress of art and discovery ; he might keep us regularly informed of so many things of high interest, which we now learn only in glimpses, or not at all, of which a dozen instances might be given at this moment. Who knows, for instance, in America what are really the present prospects of Atlantic Steam Navigation. Three large boats, we have been told, are nearly ready to set out from England for this country ; but on what new principle do they found their hopes of success ? It is not very long since Dr. Lardner investigated this matter, and proved, apparently, that boats built on the best principles, and with the best machines then known, could not run to advantage between Liverpool and New-York ; though on a single experiment, under favorable circumstances, one might cross. This seemed to be demonstrated, though, we believe, important as the matter was, our newspapers took no notice of it ; but what has been changed or discovered since ? A man who likes to form his own opinions, may look in vain to newspapers for his data ; nor in

this matter, can we tell him where to find them. Again ; those excessively curious discoveries of Mr. Crosse, or hoaxes, which were they ? Did he actually produce life by electricity, or not ? Nobody knows ; there was a paragraph copied from the English papers on the subject to excite our curiosity, and although there is no doubt the scientific men of England have long before this investigated the matter and published the results, we can find out nothing about it. Again ; there was a large iron steam-boat launched lately at the Isle of Dogs ; but why do the English build steam-boats of iron ? Is it to run up shallow rivers ?—they might be introduced in North Carolina. Is it for strength to resist shocks, or sharp rocks, or snags ?—they might do on the Mississippi. Or is it only because iron is cheap in England and timber dear ?—then it bears on the Canada question, of which the English timber laws are an important element. But a man might employ himself in England gathering and shaping information of all kinds as to matters peculiarly English, to make a most agreeable and useful series of letters to be read here, and yet to occupy no more of his own time than he could give to it with pleasure, so that he should always write with that zest and interest which is so sure to fascinate the reader. He would be read, quoted, approved, and sought for, throughout the United States ; and might make himself at once a pleasant pastime, a fortune, and a reputation. Another in France might do the same thing ; another might take Prussia and the North ; another Austria and South Germany ; another Italy, and perhaps the whole Mediterranean ; and so on. South America, Mexico, and the West Indies should be in some way provided for ; our own great West should not be forgotten ; and the home departments having their corresponding organization, all the products of all these climes should be spread before us tastefully as they were collected industriously. Then, indeed, through such a loophole we might really peep at the world, and “ see the stir of the great Babel and not feel the crowd.” But now, let us look at the contrast. Does any body suppose that the expense in money of an establishment like this we have been dreaming of, would be equal to the aggregate expenses of the eight or ten most costly papers now published in New-York ? and can any body establish a ratio of comparison between its value and theirs ? It has been very customary lately to illustrate statistics by results in apprehensible quantities, and somebody has said that the newspapers in the United States are equal in mass of publication to six volumes a minute of the size of the Bible. We wish they had chosen some other instance of bulk ; the Dutchman lighted on a fitter one when he said his brother's

book was "so big as all this cheese." And he might have added, not worth so much by the pound. If any man doubts this valuation, let him only take a pound or a ton of newspapers but one day old, and try to effect a sale of them.

But this comes of being overtaken, of being overwhelmed by a mountain which, whether you are Titan or pigmy, buries you alike. To be bound to an unceasing and unthankful task, to have no one of your talents exercised enough to improve it, but all tantalized and teased; to have your faculties beaten up into a chowder of universal gossip; to review books unread, puff new inventions unseen, battle for party politics undigested, to give reports from Wall street and comments, and a chapter on abolition, or usury, or cholera, or the prevailing topic whatever it may be, and whether you understand it or not, and to get but little credit for it if you do, and then to ply the scissors, collect, and even by way of precaution sometimes read, a hundred scraps from as many newspapers; all this for a fresh man, and for one day's work, would be appalling. But to do all this with jaded strength, with the weariness on your spirit of having done it yesterday, and day before yesterday, and backwards for ever, and to look forward to another endlessness of just such labor, day after day coming round with mill-horse regularity, and the striking of the clock always sounding in your ears like a dun; this is too much to endure. The gems of your thought are trampled down, your very soul is macadamized; and beauty, and freshness, and originality can no more spring up in it than grass and flowers can in the worn and trodden thoroughfare.

If a single actor should advertise himself to play the Merry Wives of Windsor, all the parts by himself, and should fit up a theatre and scenery for the purpose, it might happen, if theatrical entertainments were rare, that we should all go to hear him; but if his success encouraged others, and, instead of coalescing into a company, and dividing the parts, each one should insist on keeping up a separate theatre, and playing a whole play, we should cry out against their absurdity. Yet they would not have more to gain by union, or more to lose by division, than journalists have. A newspaper now is a lame thing, and quite uniform from New-York to Maine, Arkansas, and Mississippi. The European news arrives here usually first; and for it, and for it only, are New-York newspapers demanded anywhere else. The Journal of Commerce recently stated, not complainingly, but as matter of fact, that its circulation was diminished five hundred papers or thereabouts by the Express Mail. And why?—The answer is full of instruction. Because the price of cotton, and a brief outline of news

by the last arrivals, can be sent to New Orleans by the Express mail; and then a newspaper, with its load of horrid murders, dreadful accidents, and commercial advertisements, is no longer wanted. For this hundredth part of the contents of the paper it was, that five hundred people took the Journal of Commerce, who now like any of their own neighboring papers just as well, this inducement having ceased.

There is a prevalent idea, that newspapers exercise a vast influence; and this is true, but it is common to infer from it that an editor is therefore a very influential person, and that any given newspaper is a powerful machine; and these are gross mistakes. Newspapers, like street lamps, give light, and are very useful, and even indispensable things; but if one man did not light them, another would, and we are in no danger in either case of being left in the dark. The editor in most cases follows public opinion, sometimes he may more properly be said to dog it, while he endeavors to appear to lead; he is the spokesman and advocate of a certain party, his business is to give currency to their opinions, and to suppress most carefully any of his own that clash with them. Party discipline in this matter has arrived at lengths absolutely horrible, and the thing has caricatured itself into impotence. You may see horrid instances of the breaking down of manly principle sometimes when you look at an editor, a man of sense and spirit, and incapable—journalism aside—of meanness or cringing; and yet if a President's Message, or pamphlet about the Bank, is about to appear, you can foretell, by the complexion of his party, what he will say about the thing, though you know not what the thing will be itself. One side makes it out all black, the other all white; and nobody believes either of them. Newspapers have thus utterly destroyed their own influence, as the boy did his credit by crying wolf; they never by a moment's chance speak impartially, as sane and candid men, but always as they are predetermined by party trammels. We say *always*, meaning almost always; and when one deviates, his companions fall upon him as porpoises do on one of a flock that has been wounded, and tear him to pieces with as little mercy. A newspaper is taken, therefore, by a man who has his opinions formed, for the pleasure of seeing views of public matters which conform to them; but not to rectify them if they are wrong. The impartial man reads as he would listen to a lawyer, and very quietly judges by the facts, or waits to hear both sides.

We have gathered together, for the sake of making some remarks on all their contents, as many of the papers of this day (9th Dec.) as we could conveniently put our hands on, and



have obtained the following :—Journal of Commerce, Gazette, Mercantile Advertiser, Express, Evening Post, Star, Commercial Advertiser, American, Daily News, Herald, Sun, and Transcript. We sent for the Courier and Enquirer, but the answer was, at the office, that they would not sell a single paper. Perhaps they were short by accident ; but at all events there is a fault in the system of our larger papers in this—that they count very little, or not at all, on every-day sales, and look too exclusively to annual subscriptions. A London editor sells out his edition each day, and trusts to his own merits that those who patronize him once will come again. But he has a stimulus in the comparatively better sales when his paper is amusing, and the falling off when it is dull ; and he has a criterion of public taste in the greater or less demand for certain numbers, and he becomes, with this stimulus and this criterion, more diligent, and better skilled in his art. The American editors, most of them, consider their subscribers as their property, which can only be alienated by political transgressions ; they are bound for a term of years, and will pay tolerably if they are only almost tolerably served ; and why should one trouble one's self much about them ? A remarkable example of the effect of the daily sale principle, may be cited from the penny papers. Several of them began at the lowest point of indecency, immorality, personal abuse, slander, and scandal. They found, however, that they had struck their level too low, and they raised it ; and in spite of all the clamor one hears against them now, and in spite of some things they certainly do to deserve it, their character, on the whole, has been greatly improved ; and it has been so, doubtless, by reason of the rejection by public taste of the thing they were, and a demand for something better. And now, if you take the London Age, or John Bull, or Standard, and compare them with the much deprecated Herald, you will find the latter like pure snow in comparison ; yet it sells for two cents, while those English prints sold for a shilling sterling (22 cents,) before the reduction of the tax, and probably sell for 17 or 18 cents now ; which proves that they go to a class of readers who are able, and who ought to be willing, to pay for something better.

We shall now proceed to consider a little what we find in the papers before enumerated, and to make such remarks as their contents may suggest ; thus reciprocating a favor they sometimes do us, of reviewing our periodical, and taking the present opportunity to thank them, both for their praise and for their profitable censure. We hope they will be as grateful and docile in their turn, though the process we are about to apply will perhaps be new to them.

We begin with the Journal of Commerce, the largest sheet of the morning prints we have before us. Out of six columns devoted to general intelligence, amusement, and instruction, two are occupied with discussions growing out of the Alton mob, and we think we may say it is too much. The opinions of this paper are independent, and usually well sustained; we are not quite sure how far we agree with it on this most difficult subject, and we would as willingly have its reasons as any body's; but these articles are too long. Governor Ritner's ideas about banking occupy another column, notices of stocks, exchange, and markets, and a report of a case in the Common Pleas, nearly another. The remaining two columns are allotted to proceedings in Congress and miscellaneous items, among which is obtruded a puff upon a certain hatter and his hats, which is a bad example; such things ought to be confined to the columns of advertisements. There is, also, a notice of a sentence of death, and of the offence for which it was passed, of which we take note here for two reasons. One is, that its publication is in violation of a new recognized principle, which is, that whoever promulgates the knowledge of crime, disseminates crime itself. It is strange, but it is true, that each time an atrocity is perpetrated, those who know of it, familiarize themselves with its idea, and are more likely than they were to repeat it. But, in the second place, the details in this instance are indelicate; and those who preach about decency, as the Journal has several times done lately, should do it with clean mouths. The Express, the next largest sheet, and very nearly of the size of the Journal, contains the report of the Secretary of State, Governor Ritner's message, and some miscellaneous paragraphs. It is made up very much like the Journal, but seems to be edited in a fiercer spirit of controversy, if we may judge from an attack on the Post and one on the Commercial Advertiser; the sense of both which we think, if needful to be expressed at all, might have been put with less acrimony and equal force. There is a very silly paragraph about some British invaders coming to a tavern near the Canada line, and bullying the tavern keeper with the sublimely ridiculous comment, REMEMBER PLATTSBURGH, printed in capitals. This is borrowed trash it is true, but trash no less. There is also a paragraph about Whig celebrations, which, strange to say, is short, which is a merit; but when we remember how many square feet of such stuff have been sent us in the last few weeks, though it be but little, seems too much. We rejoice in the result of the late elections, but deeply and earnestly; as a man watching for daylight may hail it joyfully, but tranquilly, because he knew

it must come. Mr. Van Buren's late measures could not fail to bring upon him his late defeat, and why should we crow and clap our hands like children surprised with a present. There are those whose votes have helped to determine this result, who have given them most reluctantly, and who grieve still, instead of exulting. And to them this uproar is an insult. Add to these the voters of the minority, and you will find near half the population offended, many of them irritated and incensed, by all this noise; and what object does it effect? There rests, too, on the authors of these celebrations, a deep responsibility for limbs and lives lost of the unskilful men whom they have set to firing cannon; three such cases occurred at New Orleans only. Think of that, ye celebrators, for ye are guilty; think of it, local authorities, who might have interfered and did not, and remember it hereafter; the anguish and deaths which lie at your door now are beyond remedy; but you may atone, in part, if you prevent such things hereafter. The Gazette follows in the order of size. It is a quiet, sensible paper, and a staunch Whig. Its items are varied more than either of the foregoing, having some intelligence from Central America, and some letters between Don Carlos and his princess, which look like good catering, with a bad pun or joke or two, which are in bad taste. The Mercantile Advertiser is smaller than the Gazette. It contains the Secretary's report, a loyalist paragraph about Canada, editorial, and an item from Tampico; also the foolish paragraphs about "remember Plattsburgh" noticed above. There is also a notice of the Express to its English subscribers, extracted from the Commercial Advertiser, and followed up by one from the Editor of that paper to his patrons in Kamschatka, Babylon, and Babelmandel, which will prove very interesting to them.

If we pass from the morning to the evening papers, we shall find, that as they are intended for a different hour of the day, a different state of the reader's mind, and, in some measure, for a different class of readers, they exhibit corresponding differences in their contents. The morning paper is to be read between breakfast and high change; and the briefest notice of what is new in politics, the particulars of what bears on trade, and a few remarks and items, are all the merchant has time for. In the evening it is otherwise; then, an article from Blackwood, a translation of a German story, and even a poet's corner, can receive attention. Such things, therefore, are provided; and as business advertisements generally are offered in preference to the morning papers, the evening sheets offer a larger surface of selections and original matter intended to amuse and instruct, and a less one of what somebody else pays the printer for send-

ing us—notices of wants, bargains, things lost and found, and things for sale. The morning papers, on an average, probably give five-sixths of their surface to advertisements, the evening less than three-quarters. It is in these journals that literary strength might be best brought out, that something like what the French call a *feuilleton* or literary department might be organized. Here we might have notices of new works somewhat elaborated; here we might have reports of debates, given graphically and dramatically, and made better than they were when they were spoken, by condensing the meaning and omitting the stupidity and repetitions. What an improvement this would be on the existing method, which only gives lean outlines of debates when they pass, and single speeches at infinite length when they have lost their interest; each orator reporting himself, and filling his newspaper alone. Here we might have much of which we have as yet scarcely the germ, and large classes of our countrymen, now comparatively ignorant, might be amused into a sort of education, which would be most useful and improving. As our evening papers are, three of the four we have before us may be said to be about equally amusing among themselves, and all of them more so than the fourth, the *Evening Post*, which is deeper sunk in party politics, and fights more, as if it battled for life, than the others. The *Commercial Advertiser* is remarkable for a fondness for a game at cut and thrust with its contemporaries, and for a vein of quizzing which appears more or less in almost every paragraph. It is an amusing paper, but not influential; its doctrines are not sound, or not to be taken as such without examination. An editor who endorses Animal Magnetism, and such doings as those of the late Bank Convention, trifles with his own reputation. As for the *Star*, Major Noah is essentially a funny editor; he is not deep, and does not pretend to be so; but you will always find in his paper something to excite a smile, and usually a good-natured one, though it is hard to pick it out of a rubbish of absurdity. As for the *American*, it seems to us to carry more weight with its opinions on general subjects than some of the others. Its editor, is one who can bear up, if any body can, against the diurnality of journalism, and avoid, as long as any can, communicating the fatigue he must sometimes feel.

To return to the evening papers, we have a charge to bring against them, which is a serious one; and we appeal to them all with sincere earnestness for an abatement of the nuisance it regards—we mean, the quack advertisements, for which they are the favorite vehicle, and which, in honor and conscience, we think they ought rigorously to exclude. One class of these

base things, and the most offensive one, does not appear in any of the four morning papers we have spoken of; in all of the four evening ones it does. While that blot is on their own escutcheons, it is the height of inconsistency for these papers to cry out shame upon the Herald; for no outrage on morals or manners in that paper can exceed the thing we speak of. This disgusting subject we drop, only observing that the Post is most tainted with it, and the Star least; but there is another evil which affords matter for serious reprehension, and for reflections which would weigh with any conscientious man in a question of admitting a newspaper into his house. We mean those puffs of pills and drops, which, without any foul-mouthedness or indecency, merely set forth fraud and falsehood, as we find in one of these papers that Morrison's Pills will cure "*all diseases*," and stuff equally absurd, though not so foolishly expressed in all. Now, the subscriber to a paper generally, it is to be hoped, is above such gross gull-trappery; but some one is taken in, or why are the advertisements continued? Who pays for them in the end as consumer? It is our servants, whose sufferings and deaths we may be made answerable for, by putting into the way of their ignorance the poison-vender's puff; or the lottery ticket vender's, which our laws now happily shut out, but which our newspapers, with one honorable exception only we believe, (the Journal of Commerce,) never did. Who touches the price of pollution? who sees a thief, a gambler, a drug-dealing assassin? lying, poisoning, and swindling, and consents with him? serves him with a printing press for a fee, promotes the mischief, and shares the profit? Let those who have done this, and never taken this view of the matter, or never thought about it at all, think now.

It is in this point of view that some of the same papers are really abominations. The Herald, upon its columns of 24 inches wide, presents 130 inches of advertisements, of which 54 are puffs of doctors and specifics. The Transcript, with columns a fraction narrower, gives 134 inches of this baneful stuff, and only 90 of any other sort of advertisements. The Sun has a large share, but not so much, we think, as either of these, but we have not applied the inch measure to it. Here is matter for denunciation and execration, here is real reason for a crusade; and if the respectable papers had been clear themselves in the case, they might have proved enough, and too much, against their penny competitors. One of these gross things, amidst a mass of filth recommending the Widow Welch's pills in the Transcript, gives a certificate signed B. S. Armstrong and Mary L. Armstrong, 87 Chamber street; and a note is added, that "General Armstrong and his lady are

among the most respectable and wealthy families in New-York." We believe there is no such family in New-York, but most assuredly there is none, nor ever was, at the direction given; nor is the name in the Directory. We must hasten to an end, touching but one more point of the multifarious subject we have put our hands on. This matter of the penny papers is very important, and the mode adopted by the ten dollar prints to put them down, is not the right one, nor can it succeed or injure them at all. Political economy is too strong for declamation; a cheap paper will sell, and though you may prove it is bad, you can only stop its sale by one simple method, which is, to offer something better equally cheap. There is a wrong principle at work somewhere, deranging the prices of our newspapers; we know not whether any are sold too dear, but we can see that if none are, some are certainly too cheap. The morning papers, some of them, keep up expensive establishments to collect news at sea, occasionally run costly expresses, and generally act on the principle of sparing no outlay for intelligence; and yet their price for their paper is ten dollars a year, and no more. Other papers dispense with a part of this machinery, or perhaps content themselves with the news by the mails and by the telegraph, letting their more enterprising rivals sometimes get a day in advance on them; yet they, too, hold out for ten dollars. These papers are all printed in the night, and distributed at break of day, which, again, is laborious and harassing. The evening paper takes its marine news from the morning ones, prints at its leisure by daylight, and, by way of extra-exertion, never goes beyond a second edition and a postscript; yet here, too, we must pay our ten dollars. This is absurd on the face of it, but it is not for the sake of the present subscribers that the price ought to be reduced. It ought to be reduced by way of driving out the worse and meaner article, and there is no doubt it could be, and that a great measure of circulation would be consequence. To offer the Star at the price of three Heralds, and attempt, by scolding, to induce purchasers to prefer the former, or do without either, is quite idle, though seven eighths of the supporters of the latter would probably prefer the Star at the same price.

The Herald has been held up of late in preference to the other small papers, by the notoriety it has acquired from the general attack on it for blasphemy and indecency by the press. It lived a long time on its Wall Street articles, which have now lost their interest, but which the other papers ought in the crisis times to have imitated and improved on. All that was required, was to gather up the gossip of Wall Street, true or false, wise or foolish; whatever was said, was listened to;

nay, eagerly inquired after ; and for this curiosity the caterers of news ought to have provided freely. The Herald did so, and was extensively demanded in consequence ; its low price, of course, aiding the demand. Its editor was plausible, impudent, and flippant, adapting himself to the humors of each successive day, and reckless of consistency or principle. He thought the Herald of one day's falsifying or stultifying that of the day before, of no more consequence than one dog's barking at another ; and the very impudence of his somersets of opinion made them go off with a laugh. Such success could not last long, and, to judge by the number before us, his buffo vein must be nearly written out, his invention appears to be in the convulsions of exhaustion.

The better class of papers should drive out the trash, we say again, by competition in price, and we are fully convinced they could do it. The Herald is sold for two cents, and is, no doubt, profitable at that price ; it is true it is a small paper, but the proportion of its surface which other people pay its editor for printing, that is, the part given to advertisements, is small ; so much so, as to leave 555 square inches in this number of editorial matter and selections, marine news, &c.; while the American gives, on an average, about 400. We think the present system of giving a man, who subscribes to a paper, three pages of stuff, usually so totally uninteresting, not a good one ; but the practice of sending papers, by mail, with all this incumbrance, is positively a nuisance. A post-office regulation might be made to collect the postage on newspapers by weight ; the consequence of which would be, that the news and interesting matter would be placed on a part of the paper which could be torn off, and forwarded separately, and our mail-bags thus lightened three-quarters.

We pause here, not for lack of more matter for preaching, but to spare space. Newspapers have been too long an irresponsible power ; there is no censorship over them, not even that of public opinion ; for how can its sentence reach them ? The party takes the paper, good or bad ; and what the rival or opponent says is systematically contemned. We propose to take up the matter as far as regards the papers within our reach ; other periodicals, of longer intervals than newspapers, we hope, will do the same ; thus constituting the monthlies and quarterlies a senate of censorship, as a check on the lower house of the daily and weekly press.

M.

*Note.* It will be but justice to add, that the Commercial presents by far the best compendium of Foreign news.

## CITY SKETCHES.

### THE UBIQUITOUS NEGRO.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DIETETIC CHARLATANRY," &c.

I HAVE noticed any time these last ten years a singular looking creature,—some would call him goblin;—prowling about the purlieus of Theatre Alley. This is his place of most frequent resort, but by no means his only one. In this region he has established his ordinary domicile. In the dark Hall that stretches in the rear of the Park Theatre he stalks most at home, in a sort of grim, epic grandeur, as if he held that region as his own. Bell's printing office (or some kindred place in the neighborhood) is his castle; the rest of New-York his parks and pleasure-grounds. This very negro seems to be ubiquitous. Go whithersoever you will, Rumbout is there. He mingles with every festivity, and makes himself an element in every kind of business or pleasure that goes on in this great city. Carry yourself, with the utmost speed, to any part of the metropolis, there, in some shape or other, will turn up this African Ubiquity. Stroll, ride, fish, walk, sail, he presents himself as naturally, and in as good keeping with the scenery you may be amid, as the sky itself, or the grass, the water, or the pavement.

You are in Castle Garden to see the balloon ascend; there is a vast crowd, innumerable faces, colors of dress, shapes of hat, canes, children, dogs, &c.; and yet you feel that the group is not complete, and that something is wanting to the perfect success of the aeronaut; and, just as he is about to slip himself loose from the earth, your unsatisfied eye falls on Rumbout tugging at one of the cords, with his hands entangled, on the eve of ascending as a sort of unwilling plummet at the end of the rope to steady the air-ship. A happy voyage to thee, Rumbout; and be not the fate of Cocking thine!

Again; you are at the Parade Ground in the extreme northern quarter of the city. Before you flash the gaudy coats, gay plumes, glittering sabres of officers and privates; the mimic machinery of battle moves with admirable precision in admirable time. A certain solemnity hangs, like a cloud, over the place as it might in actual engagement when DEATH rides out on his white horse, distributing his darts on either side. Suddenly a mirthful roar shakes the field. You thrust through to



learn the cause, and behold ! the omnipresent Rumbout's arms dexterously pinioned together behind by the bayonet of the guard. He looks like a roasted fowl brought to the table with his arms reversed. He had attempted, with his naturally eager and inquisitive spirit, to get a nearer insight into the mysteries of warfare ; and this is the result.

Chatham Square is a singular locality—"a most ancient and fish-like" place. Any time in the day before two in the afternoon you will see there as motley crowds as may be brought together in Christendom. As every one knows, it is the vendue of infirm furniture, disabled chairs, superannuated stoves, decayed bedsteads, neckless bottles, pots without legs, frameless looking-glasses, shirts without owners, owners without shirts. Finer voices in some of the ordinary keys you will nowhere find than belong to the eloquent auctioneers of the Square. There is one (I know) hath the voice of a clarion ; it stirs the spirit to its very depths, and is like a sudden call to battle. In a clear noon, when the wind is laid and he lifts it up, "How much I gentlemen, how much ! how much for this small piece of spotted calico ; gentlemen and ladies, how much !" the neighboring buildings shake to their base with the sound, the hackmen pause and listen ; Catharine Street, with its living tides, is silent, and the carmen are astounded in their frocks. If there is any spare coin lurking in any secret corner of the pocket of any human being within reach of his lungs, it will be tolled from its "hidden residence" by this magician's spell. And among the buyers there is at times a voice to be heard scarcely inferior to his. A watch is up for sale ; or rather, I should say, that which was the coffin once of the living works, the vital parts of a chronometer ; a huge, monstrous, unformed shape of metal. Whether tin or silver be the main ingredient in its composition, is not to be decided rashly. A sweet, fluent voice in the throng, however, assumes the decision, "Three pence per pound without the works, three and a half with !" It is the bugle voice of our friend Rumbout.

I have been out in many snow-storms, and always met Rumbout running hither and thither, half bent, with his hands in his pocket or a snow-shovel on his shoulder, looking for a "small job." It always excites odd feelings in me to see a negro in a snow-storm. Innumerable strange and jostling contrasts hustle into my brain, and make themselves busy in framing a many-colored web of humorous association. The absurdity is so bold, between the pitch-black animalcula moving about on the surface, and the white masses piling themselves around him on every side, and pressing upon him from above ;

as if the heavens would smother him to death with his opposite,—a horrid mummy, wrapped in winding-sheet wide as creation. Foul blot on the page of Nature. Death's head in the midst of gay bells and merry shows. Black swan on the clear stream of Sterchio, dimming its pellucid waters. Goblin, dungeon-intruder into heaps of half-molten silver (as are these brilliant snow-heaps) stealing upon him like a dark-visaged thief flushed with hope of plunder. It seems as if the earth should gape and swallow up this inconsistency—this living foe to her fairness and whiteness; yet Rumbout hobbles along, knowing and dreaming none of these things. My vein in this sketch is episode on episode. I love, in a clear summer afternoon, to glide up the East River in a light boat, and dropping anchor near the classic regions of Hurlgate, partake the pleasant and contemplative joys of angling. Many such sunny hours have I spent leaning over the boat's side pretending to be on the watch for the finny prey, but, in truth, deep in a meditation on some by-gone scene, or building up fairy palaces from the ooze below, and peopling them with fish-like nymphs in half-dresses—water-colored silks—with pretty round faces, and a train to their garments as long as a queen's. And every time that I have thus occupied my fancy, about the middle of my reverie I have heard the careful dash of an oar, the gentle dropping of a line in water, and, looking up, have immediately beheld Rumbout the Ubiquitous.

He is never out of place. In crowds look for Rumbout. Of processions, shows, wassailings, riots (in an innocent way), feastings, fastings, mobs, multitudes, he is a natural constituent. He has a face that becomes all these things, and, like the painter who wrought a hand in which he was skilful, prominently into all his pictures, so Rumbout works in his picturesque visnomy upon the ground of these numberless exhibitions and diversions. I doubt much whether a street-organ ever sounded in our goodly city out of hearing of Rumbout. He listens afar off, and soon hies to the spot. No band of musicians ever played in our thoroughfare if Rumbout were missing. He is the man that forms friendships with the drummer's boy, and takes liberties with the third flute-player! It is he that asked the Captain of the Flying Guards, "how much he paid a yard for the flannel in his coat?" meaning his red uniform. No presence however imposing, no authority however grave or dignified, can awe down the spirit of the immortal negro. He has bearded the Recorder in two petty larceny suits; and has threatened Mr. Hays (the ancient Hays) with a drubbing! Omnipresent, Rumbout seems also to be immortal.

He has been called Old Rumbout (I have been informed) since the year 1800. He is "Apollo ever young." He has never looked younger than at present; he will never look older. The principle of life and youth seem to be rooted down deep in the constitution of Rumbout. These plants seem to flourish best in that rich, black mould. Time cannot pluck them up. He appears to have known but one season in life. Surly winter, sad autumn, capricious spring, have not visited him.

He is an incarnation and creature of the golden Summer; gay, with lowering clouds that seem more than they mean, prodigal, content, with fruit and blossom mingled; for Rumbout has never seen want yet. Like the great sun in his favored season that we have spoken of, *he* works leisurely, making a long circuit in his labors; slowly, pleasantly from the morning to the eve. I think Rumbout was educated a rag-gatherer. He goes through his vocation more as if it were an elegant recreation than a gainful mode of life. To appropriate the language of the studio,—there is a delicacy in his touch, a mellowness and freedom in his style of handling, and a picturesqueness in his grouping that render Rumbout the Raphael of his craft!

## SONNET.

Oh, great and many are thy gifts, my God!  
 Bounteous, and passing all my low desert:  
 Since eighteen years that I thine earth have trod  
 With countless blessings is my path begirt,  
 And thy kind hand hath shielded me from hurt;  
 And if *one* boon thy wisdom hath denied,  
 Perchance to win my soul from earthly ties  
 And its bent pinion heavenward to guide—  
 Let no repining word or thought arise,  
 But be thy goodness more and more adored  
 That gently led the spirit to the skies,  
 Loos'ning of human love the strongest chord—  
 Till, from the chain of low affections free,  
 Swiftly it swept its holier course to thee!

## THE ANALYST.

"His learning savors not the school-like gloss,  
That most consists in echoing words and terms,  
Nor any long or far-fetch'd circumstance  
Wrap'd in the curious generalities of arts ;  
But a direct and *analytic* sum  
Of all the worth and first effects of arts."

BEN JONSON.—THE POETASTER.

## THE OSTENTATIOUS MAN.

THE desire to display our best qualities, and obtain distinction for the possession of them, is one of the passions most deeply rooted in the human breast. It incites even the most modest, impels with a stronger energy the more confident, and actually bloats up to an unnatural size the self-love of the naturally conceited and presuming. It is confined to no set or class of persons, but an universal passion pervades, in a greater or less degree, the whole race of man ; savage nations with the most refined communities feel its influence, for it is as well manifested in the desire of personal ornament as in the competition of intellectual power. It was the axiom of a forgotten poet, that "the shows of things are greater than themselves." To a vast majority of mankind this is really the case. Men rather regard externals than penetrate into what is hidden from the sensual eye. We are oftener pleased with some bodily accomplishment, than gratified by a mental excellence.

The extreme desire of making a great noise, is indicative of a contracted mind, which can see nothing worthy of admiration in the world but itself. It preys upon itself, and must itself furnish food for its own applause. It is enraptured with the display of the incidental goods of fortune, and rarely with the intrinsic merits treasured up in nature. Fine furniture, a splendid table, dashing liveries and equipage, smart, foppish servants, a grand house, beautiful grounds, an immense estate, coffers filled to the brim, compose its retinue of virtues. A desire to possess these, and be notorious on that account, is much more frequent than literary or oratorical vanity. The world, indeed, is full enough of instances of the prevalence of the latter and nobler species of ostentation. Although, unfortunately, it is a great injury to the interests of letters, that ignorant men, or mere smatterers, without original or acquired ability,

should be inflamed by the reputation of great authors to turn their faculties in a direction for which they were never intended ; yet nothing can depress this race, but the most pointed pen of the satirist steeped in ridicule and sarcasm. So potent is the charm of this feeling, that it makes the most judicious in their sentiments, and least singular in their conduct, at times really ridiculous. This can only be ascribed to the general ambition of mankind, who, even in the highest stations, always desire to seem more powerful, and, though gifted with the most varied genius and aptest talents, more gifted than they are. With many, religion would be nothing without the pomp of ceremonial, the grave melody of the psalmody and chanting, and the robes of the priest. The courts of law would be no better than an assembly filled with brawlers but for the judge's gravity, the lawyer's forms, the officiousness of the officers, the pomposity of the crier, and the consternation of the trembling, brow-beaten witness. The doctor's face often works greater cures than his physic, and feeling the pulse is equivalent to an hour's attendance by one of the uninitiated. The politician calculates the effect of "the compliment extern," when he calls his hearers honest men, though they may be every one of them arrant rogues and housebreakers. Thus runs the world through the whole catalogue of vices and follies ; only cover them with a mantle, or some veil or other, and they may pass for very respectable virtues. Stripped of this false currency, the greatest heroes are little better, or rather a great deal worse, than footpads—the most ingenious discoverers, but ingenious quacks—the profoundest philosophers, the veriest impostors. Great villainy escapes under the name of high daring and "lofty height;" while petty criminality is strung up on the gibbet, incarcerated for life, or exposed to an exile that ends only with existence.

The vanity of show that is a weakness proceeding from a feeble mind, and therefore deserves no harsher appellation, is, perhaps, the most common of all others. Though other weaknesses may be pretty equally divided amongst men, there is hardly an individual who is averse to show himself, and every thing of his own, to the best advantage. I shall endeavor to sketch the character of this large class in an individual portrait, the separate traits of which are drawn from a variety of real characters which have fallen under my observation.

The ostentatious man is one who thinks the world was formed as a stage for him to exhibit upon, with whom outward show weighs more than inward merit. He is continually an actor, having exchanged what was unadulterated in his natural character for the finesse and subterfuge of art. The marks

by which to know him are many. These are some of them. Coming into church after service has commenced, with an important air and a heavy step, he will survey the whole assembly as if he were taking a lustrum of the population, or like a general calculating what forces he may bring into the field. During prayers he will hem and cough in a very stern and determined manner, and occasionally blow his nose in a most malicious style. His responses will be louder than those of the clerk, and he will drown the whole choir in his strain of melody. When the sermon is commenced, he will compose himself in a very critical attitude, and give assenting nods to those parts he happens to be pleased with. In other places he displays the same love of ostentation in a similar manner. When engaged in business, he will give his orders in a loud, lofty, heroic tone of voice; when he wishes to be impressive to an inferior, he will assume a remarkable bland and condescending style of treatment, (the most provoking of insults;) and, perhaps, even address the favored person by his Christian, or more familiarly by his nick-name. He will also take upon himself sometimes to be very humble, and confess a long catalogue of petty faults, over which he will sigh like the best penitent of them all, cloaking his large and real sins under a veil of hypocrisy and affectation. To a priest he will speak of his failure in attending church, and take himself severely to task for it. He will boast of his ancestor, who was very likely a great scapegrace; if he happen to be an outcast from his country, he will call him one of King James's cavaliers, who left their homes, fortune, and every thing, to follow their unfortunate monarch. He is very fond of letting you know how many offices he has filled, and to what great folks he is related, whose secretary he was in a certain year, and what great causes he was retained in a few months back. He is a very great man in his own house, though often a very small character everywhere else. He talks in latinized English, and rejects the simple Saxon. He never speaks in the house provided he be a legislator, but is exceedingly eloquent in the lobbies, and quite powerful in the coffee-houses. If you happen to meet him alone anywhere, he soon lets you know what he is, and what his pretensions are, by either calling a servant, perhaps his own, and giving orders before your face, or else by telling the truth plump out before you. He has no reserve in entering a room, but always marches immediately to the most conspicuous station. If he be a public speaker, he privately gives you to know the improvements he has made upon Burke and Patrick Henry. He is ever harping on his influence, and the respect with which he is looked up to.

In appearance he is commonly a heavy-looking body, puffy, big-eyed, with a portentous stare; heavy-browed, with a full cheek, and a consequential look and air, such as belongs, of right, to a constable or justice of the peace. His natural ambition generally places him in some situation where he can gratify this ill-judged propensity to greatness. His heart's desire is to be dressed in some suit of authority, how mean or "brief" soever it may be. He makes a good overseer of slaves or of a workhouse. He makes a good head of a college, provided he has nothing to do. He makes a capital bishop, and will convert the wild geese and turkeys, wherever he goes, into first-rate "tame villatic fowl!" He makes a very good judge, particularly if he is deaf and can take naps with his eyes open. He is an excellent hand at all ceremonials, shows, and processions, where his only business is to display his personal accomplishments, maintaining a dignified gravity and a look of solid wisdom.

The ostentatious man will profess a love of quiet and hatred of all noises, like Morose in the *Epicene*; but he will presently let you see he does not include himself—for he loves to hear his own voice above all others, in spite of his declamation. It may be generally noticed, in a public meeting, that he is the most clamorous, even if he does nothing but shout silence and call to order. He is a great admirer of simplicity in others, and is the first to reprehend any thing like display or conceit on Rochefoucault's principle, that it is our own vanity which makes that of others so displeasing to us. He is accustomed to give fine dinners, thinking, very justly, that the host is the man of most importance at his own table; and therefore delights to assemble the greatest men he can procure to eat his courses, amongst whom he sits the temporary patron and purveyor. "Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them." He sometimes entertains, like Abraham, angels—unawares.

The company of this man is emphatically the most annoying of the small social evils. Nature, simplicity, freedom are wholly wanting; and you see nothing in his behavior but artifice, assumption of a character and manners not his own, and a solemn pomposity, less endurable by far than the silly prattle of a young belle. He can say, he can do nothing in an unaffected and unconstrained way. His society imposes a heavy weight upon your own feelings. You are made dull by his dullness, and find yourself prosing away (unless you fall asleep) from sympathy; or you are reduced to keep a tedious and slavish silence while he is delivering himself in grandiloquent periods. This causes formality and a forced politeness on your part. Restraint produces constraint. Courtesy

forbids you to interrupt a man when he is declaring to you the plan of his new house, or the arrangement of some old, uninteresting business under his own roof; but its endurance is an evil.

I know of no maxim that can be deduced from all this, better than that *truly great* men are always the most simple-minded and least pretending; and that it does not become us to put on the airs of pride and self-sufficiency, indulging all the insignificant visions of our self-love.

## A MOUNTAIN STREAM.

BY GRACE GRAFTON.

WHENCE comest thou? O wild and wanton stream!  
Leaping from rock to rock with silvery gleam.

Oh! what high fountain  
Far up the mountain  
Pours forth thy waters to the day-god's beam?

Some hidden shade, some cavern old and gray,  
Where dimly shines the light of noon's bright ray—

There feebly gushing—  
Now madly rushing,  
Flashing the lustre back of sunny day!

See—how the bright waves sparkle in their glee!  
Hark—how they revel in their liberty!

On, on they go—  
Nor see below  
The course that leads them to the deep, cold sea.

Thus man's career begins—then like the wave  
Rejoicing in his course, as free, as brave,  
Till, sad and weary,  
The path how dreary,  
That leads him downward to the darksome grave!



## THE PUBLIC LANDS.

From the bases of the Alleghanies to those of the Rocky Mountains—from the shores of the Mexican Gulf to the marge of the great lakes and the possessions of Great Britain—spreads the noblest, the richest, most spacious, and most delightful valley upon the face of the earth. Unequalled in climate and soil, in natural products, and in commercial facilities, by any other portion of the globe, it is destined speedily to become the delight, as it now is the refuge, of all nations, and the happy home of one hundred millions of freemen. Its value man cannot estimate, though none can fail deeply to realize it. This great territory is mainly the property of the people of the United States—their common heritage, obtained by the common struggle, privations and sufferings, the united exertions and commingled blood, of their fathers. Their title was proclaimed in the declaration of Independence, vindicated at Bunker Hill, Saratoga, and Yorktown, and acknowledged at the peace of Paris. Thenceforth it has been undoubted and indefeasible; and the demagogue, who at this day should endeavor to cavil at or restrict it, to fritter it away to an abstraction of sovereignty, or transfer it to the first adventurer who may chance to set foot on a portion of it, is deserving of not merely the contempt, but the stern indignation of the community. He is not properly an agrarian, but a monopolist; not one who would despoil the rich to delude or debauch the unthinking poor, but one who would build up to himself a factitious and circumscribed popularity, for ulterior and base uses, at the expense of the rights and interests of the whole people.

The territory embraced within the limits we have designated contains more than one million square miles, or six hundred and forty millions of acres of the choicest soil. Its capacity of production and of sustaining inhabitants probably exceeds that of the so-called continent of Europe.\* The mighty Father of Waters, in his sublime and resistless courses, bears onward to the ocean abundant evidence of its vast and exhaustless fertility. From its widely-separated sources, to its confluent mouth, spontaneous vegetation and culture alike proclaim it a region of luxuriance beyond parallel.

\* All the elements of this calculation might, and probably should have been, much larger. We prefer to confine them to such limits as shall include only the best quality of soil, and combine with it eligibility of location.

Of this great patrimony, but one-tenth has as yet been in any degree alienated. The freehold of a few millions of acres have thus far been granted, for a fair consideration, to those who now enjoy it. The balance is more than equal to two hundred acres for every head of a family and every voter in the Union. Six hundred millions of acres, worth, at the lowest price, seven hundred and fifty millions of dollars, to say nothing of millions more remotely situated or less strikingly fertile, are now the common property of fifteen millions of people. Have these the intelligence to appreciate, and the public spirit to guard and preserve, this great national treasure? Are they awake to the machinations which would alienate; the paltry intrigues of selfish ambition which would barter; the high-handed assumptions and mal-practices which are even now despoiling them of their magnificent birthright? This their noble heritage—the fair and just proceeds of which would give a substantial education to every child in the Union for five hundred years to come—will they tamely see it gambled away before their eyes for dirty votes for the Presidency? These are questions which the legislation and the elections of the next ten years—nay, of this very year—must measurably answer.

Before proceeding with the scrutiny, a brief glance at the history of the Public Lands may be advisable.

These lands, then, are vested more immediately in the Federal Government by the cessions of the several States in whom the title happened to be at the end of the Revolution; by the purchase of Louisiana and Florida, including the vast territory formerly comprehended under the former title; by the purchased cessions of the various Aboriginal tribes, who each formerly possessed certain portions of them; and finally, by the right of Eminent Domain, ever recognized as existing in the paramount sovereignty of a nation.

When the Revolution was concluded, and the Independence of the country fully established, it became apparent that certain of the benefits of that glorious consummation were thus far unequally distributed. The wide region of unappropriated lands, won from trans-Atlantic domination, by the common blood and treasure, were claimed as their exclusive property by some three or four of the old thirteen States. Connecticut claimed the width of her own restricted territory westward to the Pacific Ocean. Virginia claimed, in like manner, a very formidable portion of the entire Mississippi Valley—each under the blundering charter of some mouldered potentate, who often made grants without any rational idea of the tract granted; sometimes the same district was granted successively to differ-

ent individuals or colonies. It did not seem right to our fathers that these fitful and hap-hazard grants, made without consideration or definite purpose, should govern the allotment and ownership of some million square miles of territory, and strongly influence the destinies of a future population of unnumbered millions. They reasoned justly that the artillery of Knox and the rifles of Morgan had far more to do with its sovereignty than the parchments of kings. After some discussion, therefore, the States, in whom the legal title was royally vested, magnanimously came forward, and, after making some comparatively slight reservations, generously surrendered the whole of the vast domain beyond their own proper limits to the People of the entire Union, to be managed for the common good; the money arising from the sale of the lands being expressly set apart to pay the debts of the nation, and thereafter to be appropriated for the common benefit of all the States. Such was the foundation of the National Domain. The subsequent purchase of Louisiana for fifteen millions of dollars, and the extinction, at various times, of the Aboriginal title to particular sections, have extended rather than assured that which needed no confirmation. The title of the Government and People of the United States to all the lands which have not been bought from them west of the Ohio and the Chattahoochee—subject, of course, to the Indian occupancy and the grants of our predecessors in the government of Louisiana—is as perfect and indubitable as law and justice can make it.

The system under which the sales of Public Lands have for many years been conducted—or rather, that by which the laws direct that they should be governed—is one unprecedented in simplicity, in excellence, in justice. Whenever a tract seems likely soon to attract settlers, and while it is yet an unbroken wilderness, it is carefully surveyed, and laid off into sections of six hundred and forty acres, each subdivided into half sections of three hundred and twenty, quarters of one hundred and sixty, and eighths of eighty acres each. We believe that as little as forty acres may often, if not always, be purchased separately. Whenever there is or promises to be a demand, the lands are offered for sale—at first by public auction. Every tract is so offered; and whoever will bid more than the minimum price of one dollar and a quarter per acre, may secure any one he fancies, unless some one should overbid him, which very rarely happens. A few choice lots—the evident sites of future county-seats, trading points, &c.—are thus sold; but ninety-nine hundredths of the whole remain unbought, and are ever after open to any purchaser at one dollar and a quarter an acre. The hardy laborer

most any vocation may procure him a freehold of eighty acres with the savings of a year's temperate industry. The woodman, who plies his axe to feed the fires of the thousand steamboats which are found on every river of the West, may have a section if he chooses, and clear it of its superfluous timber by the very labor with which he pays for it. Millions of acres are at all times accessible to all; and the fact is a death-blow to monopoly, and a damper to speculation. The temptation to invest money, save to one who wishes to occupy and improve the land purchased, can never be strong, when it is notorious that millions of similar acres will at all times be for sale at the identical price now demanded. Accordingly, the history of the last forty years assures us that the sale has always been very nearly governed by the actual demand for settlement, up to the time when the great currency experiment scattered the Public Treasure among a host of ill-calculated and worse regulated Banks, which sprung up and expanded under its stimulating influence, like mushrooms after a summer rain. Thenceforward—but we will not retrace the sorrowful though instructive story. The moral monument to the wisdom of the great Experimenter is based on the shattered fortunes and blighted hopes of many thousands of his fellow-citizens. Enough for our purpose, that none can dream of charging upon the Public Land system, as the laws have defined it, the melancholy consequences of popular delusion superinduced upon Executive madness, by which lands were so violently affected.

A dispassionate observer, who has but noted with a careful eye the operations of our Land system—who has marked (and who can do so without admiration?) the unparalleled yet substantial growth of Ohio, Indiana, and their sister Republics of the West—who has studied its various influences in precluding litigation, discouraging monopoly, stimulating industry, and fostering that spirit of manly independence to which industry and a general diffusion of property so materially conduce—might marvel that a system so admirably calculated to effect every desirable purpose, is the subject of unceasing and determined attacks from high places. We do not. Experience has fully demonstrated, that so long as there is any thing valuable in the institutions or the public policy of the country, there will not be wanting parricidal hands eager to work their destruction. And the disciples of Erostratus will not often descend to such paltry business as the dismantling of a hovel, while their ambition may contemplate such daring enterprises as the conflagration of a matchless temple.

Mr. Senator Benton, is in this as in many other respects, the Ajax—no, the Thersites of the national councils. For ten

years, his constant and resolute purpose has been to despoil the People of the United States of their noble and precious inheritance. For ten years has he labored industriously to cajole or drive Congress into some act of insanity, involving the reduction of the price of the Public Lands at short intervals to one dollar, seventy-five, fifty, and twenty-five cents, and then giving them outright to the States which may happen to contain them. He does not disdain the less effective yet more demoralizing machinery of Preëmtions, Floats, or any contrivance which shall enrich a few gambling adventurers at the expense of millions; but he never loses sight of the grand movement. Of late he has found still more potent allies in the person of Gen. Jackson, and (last winter, as we regret to state for the first time) Mr. Calhoun; and in the late Message Mr. Martin Van Buren undertakes in this procedure, as in others, to tread warily and distantly in "the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor."

More than two columns of the Message, in the journal now lying before us, is devoted to the Public Lands. From this mass of verbiage—of mystification, qualification, equivocation—we have carefully sifted the following ideas:—

1. The property of the whole people of the United States in these lands, to the exclusion of the particular States in which they lie, is unquestionable. [Right!]

2. The policy of selling these lands for the greatest possible sum, would be wrong. The leading object ought to be the early settlement and cultivation of the lands sold.

3. The existing system is, on the whole, a very good one, and has answered its purposes admirably. [Then, why these insidious and perpetual attacks upon it?]

4. The President, in the face of his own admissions, recommends a demolition of the whole system, by the adoption of Mr. Benton's scheme of Graduation; thereby reducing the price, and upsetting the entire policy hitherto pursued.

5. We have an urgent and zealous recommendation of a new Preëmption Law.

Thus, while the prevailing system is warmly eulogized as a pattern of excellence, we are in the next breath urged to engraft upon it two most important innovations, tending to its utter subversion. Let us hold them up to the light.

Graduation proposes that the Public Lands shall first be offered for sale at the present price of one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre—and so held for five years; all remaining unsold shall then be offered at one dollar per acre, and sold at that price for five years; again reduced to seventy-five cents, to fifty, and finally to twenty-five cents, at the expiration of each

succeeding five years. After being offered five years at twenty-five cents, they are to be given away, as worthless, or nearly so, to the States in which they lie! Such is Graduation, as developed by Mr. Benton; and though the President, with his uniform regard for appearances and consequences, follows haltingly and gingerly in the hoof-marks of the Missouri Bison, he has evidently been goaded on to this desperate position by the hope of retrieving his late discomfitures in the West through the votes of the wandering Arabs of the Wilderness.

No man of decent understanding can fail to see that this Graduation scheme, if adopted in the shape insisted on by Mr. Benton, will most assuredly divest the people of the United States of their title to their vast patrimony for less than a tithe of its value. The case is clear as sunlight. Who will pay four hundred dollars for a half section of land, when he is sure it may be had five years hence for three hundred and twenty; in five more for two hundred and fifty; in five more for one hundred and sixty; and in five more for eighty dollars only? Who is so besotted as to pay for property now, in ready cash, five times the price that will be asked for it twenty years hence, when he may, at any rate, have the use of it meantime rent-free? But not even here do the vicious tendencies of this measure stop. The new states will not, of course, see even twenty-five cents an acre going into the National Treasury instead of their own when a breath can change its direction. They will simply pass laws, just before the last five years expires, giving to those who occupy, and wish to purchase, the lands, the right to buy of them at twenty-five cents an acre after they shall have been made over by the general government. No one will pay the nation twenty-five cents an acre, when they can buy the same lands of the States on terms at least equally moderate, five years hence. Let no man be deceived or indifferent with regard to a proposition of such vital importance. The first concession made to the principle of periodical graduation will be a virtual surrender by the people of six hundred millions' worth of property to the uncontrollable cupidity of grasping adventurers. It will be a surrender by the old States of their population, their prosperity, and the value of their property. It will be an act of political madness—of gigantic self-robbery. Who, of all the XXXI. misrepresentatives of New-York shall dare to advocate such a measure on the floor of Congress?

Mr. Van Buren does not grapple with this subject *à la* Benton. He suffers I dare not to wait upon I would. He thinks there ought to be a compromise—some “middle-extreme”—something which is equally yes and no. While looking

toward the people, he is rowing altogether toward their despoilers. He plainly sees, that to adopt the plan of periodical graduation is to throw the lands away; yet the squatters must be enrolled in the body-guard. What is the alternative proposed? Hear him:—"Cause the relative value of all the public lands which have been for a long time in the market to be appraised, and classed into two or more rates *below the present minimum price*," &c. &c. "Cannot all the objects of Graduation be accomplished in this way?" No doubt of it!

Here, then, we have a grave proposition to throw all the unsold lands in Ohio and the more thickly settled portions of Indiana, Michigan, and other States into the market at two lower rates—perhaps at one dollar and fifty cents respectively; perhaps at seventy-five or fifty cents for the better quality, and twenty-five for the inferior. The potion is slightly disguised, but it is as potent and as deadly as that of Mr. Benton. None will buy at a dollar and a quarter when the price will soon be reduced to seventy-five, fifty, or twenty-five cents; and, if it should continue the fashion to pay for lands at all, there would be a violent clamor raised in the new districts not particularly favored by this negotiation against the inequality of its operation, and a reduction of the price universally to the lowest rate would be imperatively demanded. There is no safe ground but that on which we are now so impregnably fortified behind the bulwarks of self-interest, equity, and experience.

A Graduation law, on the plan and for the reasons suggested by Mr. Van Buren, would be not only madly impolitic: it would be unjust. When a new territory is first surveyed and brought into market, the choicest locations are or should be sold by auction. Afterward the land may at any time be entered at the minimum price. Now, so far are we from believing that there is any reason for future graduation, that we maintain the superior value of the lands still unsold when a fourth or half has been taken up. Let one thousand immigrants settle in a county of Illinois or Michigan, and the inducements to buy land therein will be actually greater than at first. With the simple statement of this fact—notorious to all conversant with the West—perish the ostensible pretexts for Graduation.

But Graduation is not enough; Preëmption is to be added to the list of our profoundly disguised blessings. The adventurer who, in defiance of the laws of the land—in violation of their express injunctions, and in disregard of their penalties—has planted himself upon a tract of the Public Lands, and proceeded to strip it of its timber, and of every thing valuable that may be taken from it, is to be indulged not only with impu-

nity, but rewarded for his trespass ; though a dozen men are each eager to pay fifty dollars per acre for the section on which he has planted himself, and for which he has paid nothing, they must be refused ; he is to be clothed with a right to purchase it at a dollar and a quarter per acre when he pleases ; till which period he is to have the exclusive use and control of it for nothing. Very accommodating this, truly ! Does any man believe, that if the squatters were not entitled to vote for President and Members of Congress, they would be treated thus soothingly ?

The Preëmption system, in its best estate, is but the revival, in a far more exceptionable and baneful form, of the old system of credits on land sales. That was abolished from a full conviction of its impolicy ; yet now it is proposed to restore it in such a shape as to allow any man to run in debt to the Government for a tract of land, paying no interest, liable to no demand, with no accountability to any one, and liquidating the debt, if ever, when it shall be perfectly convenient to do so. This is the theoretical preëmption, which the President proposes to legalize and establish ; the practical, which prevails even without law, but would expand and flourish beyond precedent under its protection, is much more than this.

There is in all countries and conditions a class of individuals who, with no appetite for the bread of honest industry, yet lack the talents, the acquirements, or the reputation for integrity, which might place them beyond the necessity of manual labor. Various are the shifts, the devices, the experiments, and expedients, to which these resort for the securing of a livelihood. We need not here delineate them. Enough for our purpose that these are ever found clustered in rich abundance and variety around the outposts of society. They are plentiful among the videttes pushed forward by the vanguard of the great army of civilization. Some of them are men with whom the laws are at variance ; others are those for whom law has no relish, and to whom restraint of any kind is irksome. You shall find men now in Wisconsin, Arkansas, or Texas, who have made half a dozen westward removes in the course of thirty years, and each time beyond the beaten track of tax-gatherers, sermonizers, and sheriffs. The next wave of civilization may reach, but it cannot engulf them. Its manifestation is their signal for a farther retreat toward the setting sun. A stock of merchandize within a few miles is sure to be followed by debt, by pecuniary difficulty, and the sale of their little "improvements ;" and they are lost again in the wilderness.

To this class, preëmption of some sort is a perpetual for-



tune ; their principal source of emolument is spying out and pouncing upon the choicest tracts of land—land which they have no idea of keeping—but in regard to which their superior and earlier acquaintance with the wilderness enables them to forestall the real settler. If one of them can but hit upon a section on which there is water-power, or which must form the site of a future village, or even one of some fertility and other advantages for agriculture, his fortune is made. He has but to name his price, and contrive to subsist until it will be given him. With this, he plunges again into the wilderness, and is again dug out by the axe of the industrious settler, to whom he sells a new "claim," and is once more invisible.

Under this system, the provision of our Land system requiring that all lands shall first be offered at auction, has become a mockery. They are so offered, indeed ; but wo to the man who dares to bid on a tract to which some squatter has put in a claim. A bullet through his brain or a knife in his heart would be the punishment of his temerity. No matter how that "claim" was created—whether by ploughing a furrow around a portion of prairie, by burning a brush-heap, or cutting down a tree ; it is stronger than law, more terrible than justice. Associations of squatters are bonded under the most strict regulations to defend their "claims" against all gain-sayers, as well as to settle the difficulties which will arise among themselves, where every man helps himself in a style so profoundly primitive. It was a capital joke throughout Wisconsin this season, that the squatter's land office at Milwaukee did far more business than that of the United States alongside of it. Ten dollars an acre is the average price at which "claims" on choice tracts for agriculture are there valued ; although the government has not yet received a farthing of its pitiful ten shillings, and may not these ten years—at least, until the demand has been "graduated" two or three times ! A Peoria paper before us rejoices that a "claim" on a half section in De Kalb county, is worth twenty-five hundred dollars. "The present settlers (continues this exulting bulletin) have had an eye to windward, and have covered the most valuable timber with their claims, each taking eighty acres, with two hundred and forty of prairie contiguous. *As they calculate twenty acres of timber to be sufficient for farming purposes, they will have sixty left for sale, and new settlers who arrive, after selecting such unclaimed prairie as they prefer, purchase of the claimants timber adjoining at a fair price.*" Not an acre of this land has yet been bought of the government ! Need we add one word of comment ?

## MY BOOKS.

My pleasant old companions! Here you stand  
A goodly company around my room.  
Choice, racy spirits—spirits never dull;  
Some gay, some grave, some pensive, none severe,  
Various in mood, yet changeless in regard—  
You look upon me, as you looked of yore,  
With the same kind, inviting visages—  
Worn may be, somewhat wrinkled, slightly dimmed  
But constant, constant as my hopes of Heaven!  
Ye are my ministers, ye are my friends—  
Not friends of yesterday, but long-tried friends.  
What days we've passed together and what nights!  
How many heavy hours have you made light!  
How many lagging moments decked with wings!  
With how much knowledge have you filled my mind!  
What wise instruction yielded to my heart!

"The world is too much with us;" outward forms  
And things of sense absorb our mental powers:  
But you are too much from us, you are left  
Too oft neglected in your quiet nooks.  
The vainly wise turn from the printed page  
To read the Book of Nature—falsely deemed  
Impressed with brighter lessons than your own.  
Absurd Philosophy! Can men, who act  
Life's shifting drama, scan the mystic scenes  
That rise around them, with an eye as clear  
As they, who, shrined in contemplation, sit  
And watch the changes on the mighty stage?  
Must all be self-interpreters? must each  
Read for himself the characters that lie  
Written on mountain, valley, forest, stream,  
Or on the surface of the social world?  
No! let us rather put our trust in you,  
Ye thoughtful sages, priesthood of the mind!  
And in your great revealings find the truth—  
Truth caught by Genius from sky, air and sea,  
Or learned by study on the face of earth  
Or in the workings of the human soul.

P. B.

## REVIEWS.

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*The Letters of Charles Lamb, with a Sketch of his Life*; by THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, one of his Executors. London; Edward Moxon: 1837, 2 vols. 12mo.\*

THE substantive part of these volumes, and, undoubtedly, the great charm of them, consists in Lamb's Letters. These are eminently pleasant and unique. They show us Elia, in an undress. As an essayist, indeed, Elia was characterized by the quiet, domestic, free and easy costume, in which he sauntered forth before the public. But in his letters the negligence is more completely unstudied; and the picturesque undress becomes an unqualified dishabille. Yet is he never slovenly or indecorous; but everywhere,—so far as we recollect, in every sentence and syllable—whether scribbling his confidential pages to a friend or the public (for he always writes as if to a confidant) everywhere *simplex munditiis*. An almost nervous sensibility to the nice and the delicate,—an instinctive relish for all plain and cleanly becomingness, pervade his whole style of composition, and keep it always in good taste, abandoned, as it seems to be, with utter unreserve, to the airiest levities, the most wanton humors, and capricious gambols of thought. It rejects all the forms of logic, and the most standard rules of rhetoric; yet is it never essentially inconsequential in thought, nor does it leave any thing of grace, of liveliness, or of dignity to be desired, in the fashion and sequence of its sentences. That is—if you will read amiably—looking at things from right points of view; opening yourself, genially, to the Elian influences. Then will you turn those pages fondly, and with gentle thrills of continuous delight, now closing them for a moment, to pursue abstractedly some wayward speculation they have suggested, now startled into a peal of the wildest laughter, and presently poring on again, with pensive looks, over some exquisite picture, till your eye, perchance, wanders away, moistened by gentle home-strokes of pathos. For one who is “nothing if not critical,” and who insists on viewing every thing in a hard, matter-of-fact way,

\* Harper and Brothers have just published the “Life and Letters,” as a preface to Lamb's complete works.

nothing can be easier than to criticise the Elia *opuscula*, and show that, to him, they are very absurd frivolities—paradoxical, immethodical, ungrammatical. For we may say of Elia, as Wordsworth says of some homely little beast, or flower, or baby, or pedlar, or some of his pets—

“ You must love him, ere, to you,  
He will seem worthy of your love.”

But how captivating is the ingenuousness, the brave abandon, with which our Elia commits himself to his reader or readers, as if assured of their full sympathy and candid appreciation? And to any one who is willing to return such cordiality, how easy,—nay, how delightful—to accept his funny exaggerations with a genial laugh and a grain of allowance, to sift those whimsical paradoxes—often “in words light as air, venting truths deep as the centre”—to find the “exquisite reason” of his informalities and illogical deviations—the method of his rare and nimble-footed madness, to thread the mazes of his artless wilderness of shy blooms and fantastic foliage, catching with complacency the “sidelong odors,” to supply the fine, *suggestive imperfections* of his statement; to admire how magnanimously he discards from it all verbal amplitude, and, instead of equipping his thoughts in robes or panoply, sends them forth into the world—poor little Eden-born innocents—with nothing on but fig-leaves, among troops that go “glittering in golden coats, like images.”

But space forbids us to indulge in any further remark, or “rhapsodies, an’t please your Reverence,” on Lamb’s style. For the benefit of those few of our readers who have not seen *The Letters*, and the very few, if any such there be, who have not read the *Essays of Elia*, we shall cite as appetizers only two specimens—sentences from his letters, holding no man excusable who does not instantly possess himself of the American edition at least.

Who ever gave more insight into himself, on one page of a letter, than Lamb in the following part of one, addressed to his friend Manning? It assumes no grave look of self-analysis; but how graphic, how luminous, how satisfactory it is!

“ For my part, I am not romantic—but about *Nature*. The earth, and sea, and sky, (when all is said) is but as a house to dwell in. \* \* \* Streets, streets, streets! markets, theatres, churches, Covent Gardens, shops sparkling with pretty faces of industrious milliners, neat seamstresses, ladies cheapening, gentlemen behind counters lying, authors in the streets with spectacles, (you may know them by their gait,) lamps lighted at night, pastry-cooks and silversmiths’ shops, beautiful Quakers of Pentonville, noise of coaches, drowsy cry of mechanic watchmen, at night, with bucks reeling home drunk; if you happen to wake at midnight, cries of fire and stop thief; inns of court with their learned air, and halls, and but-teries, just like Cambridge colleges; old book-stalls, ‘Jeremy Taylors,’ ‘Burtons on Melancholy,’ and ‘Religio Medicis,’ in every stall. These are thy pleasures, oh London! with-the-many-suits.”

How thoroughly good and Christian is Lamb’s spirit! Yet what an antidote to the moral cant of this mealy-mouthed age, when

one is well-nigh sickened with it, to open Charles Lamb—anywhere, in letter or in essay! In what a fine jumble does he stir up, in the above passage, all the ingredients, good and bad, of a London. How naïf—how honest! He loves them all, as part and parcel of *humanity*—not antagonistic to (though in various degrees perverted from) its original excellency. *Homo sum*, he might have exclaimed with Terence, *nihil humani a me alienum puto*.

Here follows an allusion to the ill-success of his farce. Do but observe the delightful humor and good-nature of it. What a sea of mimic ire he pours out!—

"So I go creeping on since I was lamed with that cursed fall from off the top of Drury Lane theatre into the pit something more than a year ago. However, I have been free of the house ever since, and the house was pretty free with me upon that occasion. Hang 'em, how they hissed! It was not a hiss neither, but a sort of a frantic yell, like a congregation of mad geese, with roaring sometimes like bears, mows and mops like apes, sometimes snakes, that hissed me into madness. 'Twas like St. Anthony's Temptations. Mercy on us, that God should give his favorite children, men, mouths to speak with, to discourse rationally, to promise smoothly, to flatter agreeably, to encourage warmly, to counsel wisely, to sing with, to drink with, and to kiss with; and that they should turn them into mouths of adders, bears, wolves, hyenas, and whistle like tempests, and emit breaths through them like distillations of aspic poison, to asperse and vilify the innocent labors of their fellow-creatures, who are desirous to please them!"

We will only say, in conclusion, that the volumes before us bear as ample testimony to Charles Lamb's good sense and good feeling as to his literary talent. We never read a more judicious and manly letter than that in which he dissuades his young friend Bernard Barton from abandoning the "drudgery at the desk's dead wood," (the tedium of which Lamb could so well realise,) and throwing himself on the trade of authorship for a living. Lamb's friendships were parts of himself—not of his happiness merely—but, it would almost seem, of the very substance of his soul. His life-long, and more than fraternal devotion to his sister, and his fond fidelity to all his friends—diverse as they were in qualities and condition—through good report and through evil report, are among the most amiable traits recorded in English Literary Biography. Perhaps this absorbing sense of companionship and friendship somewhat impaired his appreciation of cotemporaries who were personally unknown to him. He seems to have cared little for Scott, for Byron, or for George Canning. So far as this proceeded from a want of volume and universality in his mind, he charged the incapacity of enjoyment to himself we doubt not; as he certainly kept it to himself, so far as his own publications are concerned. In the *Essays of Elia*, there is nothing that seems to sympathize with the interest of romantic narrative or of passionate magnificence. And we like the silent abstinence—the quiet concession of unfitness for those modes of mental action. He provokes no comparisons. He walks about with us in lanes and side-walks of his own; and his self-sufficiency pleases us. Is it judicious, then, in Mr. Talfourd, to publish such a statement as this: "He could find no-

application, as in the modern art of bleaching.—Some necessary result can be attained, in half the time, by a new mechanical contrivance;—another wheel—a ratchet—a screw will effect the object; he tries a few experiments; it will succeed; it is done. He stamps his foot, and a hundred thousand men start into being; not, like those which sprang from the fabled dragon's teeth, armed with the weapons of destruction, but furnished with every implement for the service and comfort of man. It is stated by James Watt, (before whose time the steam engine was an imperfect and inefficient machine,) that the moment the notion of "separate condensation" struck him, all the other details of his improved engine followed in rapid and immediate succession, so that, in the course of a day, his invention was so complete that he proceeded to submit it to experiment. Could that day be identified, it would well deserve an anniversary celebration by the universal tribes of civilized man."

Immediately following this, is a flight of beautiful thoughts, suggested by a watch, which admirably illustrates the effect of natural grace even in language:—

Consider the influence on the affairs of men, in all their relations, of the invention of the little machine which I hold in my hands; and the other modern instruments for the measurement of time, various specimens of which are on exhibition in the halls. To say nothing of the importance of an accurate measurement of time in astronomical observations,—nothing of the application of time-keepers to the purposes of navigation,—how vast must be the aggregate effect on the affairs of life, throughout the civilized world, and in the progress of ages, of a convenient and portable apparatus for measuring the lapse of time! Who can calculate in how many of those critical junctures when affairs of weightiest import hang upon the issue of an hour, Prudence and Forecast have triumphed over blind Casualty, by being enabled to measure with precision the flight of time, in its smallest subdivisions! Is it not something more than mere mechanism, which watches with us by the sick-bed of some dear friend, through the livelong solitude of night, enables us to count, in the slackening pulse, nature's trembling steps toward recovery, and to administer the prescribed remedy at the precise, perhaps the critical, moment of its application? By means of a watch, punctuality in all his duties,—which, in its perfection, is one of the incommunicable attributes of Deity,—is brought, in no mean measure, within the reach of man. He is enabled, if he will be guided by this half-rational machine, creature of a day as he is, to imitate that sublime precision which leads the earth, after a circuit of five hundred millions of miles, back to the solstice at the appointed moment, without the loss of one second, no, not the millionth part of a second, for the ages on ages during which it has travelled that empyreal road. What a miracle of art, that a man can teach a few brass wheels, and a little piece of elastic steel, to out-calculate himself; to give him a rational answer to one of the most important questions which a being travelling toward eternity can ask! What a miracle, that a man can put within this little machine a spirit that measures the flight of time with greater accuracy than the unassisted intellect of the profoundest philosopher; which watches and moves when sleep palsies alike the hand of the maker and the mind of the contriver, nay, when the last sleep has come over them both! I saw the other day, at Stockbridge, the watch which was worn on the 8th of September, 1755, by the unfortunate Baron Dieskau, who received his mortal wound on that day, near Lake George, at the head of his army of French and Indians, on the breaking out of the seven years' war. This watch, which marked the fierce, feverish moments of the battle as calmly as it has done the fourscore years which have since elapsed, is still going; but the watch-maker and baron have now, for more than three fourths of a century been gone where time is no longer counted. Frederick the Great was another and a vastly more important personage of the same war. His watch was carried away from Pottsdam by Napoleon, who, on his rock in mid-ocean, was wont to ponder on the hours of alternate disaster and triumph, which filled up the life of his great fellow-destroyer, and had been equally counted on its dial-plate. The courtiers used to say, that this watch

stopped of its own accord when Frederick died. Short-sighted adulation! for it stopped at his death, as if time was no longer worth measuring, it was soon put in motion, and went on, as if nothing had happened. Portable watches were probably introduced into England in the time of Shakspeare; and he puts one into the hand of his fantastic jester, as the text of his morality. In truth, if we wished to borrow from the arts a solemn monition of the vanity of human things, the clock might well give it to us. How often does it not occur to the traveller in Europe, as he hears the hour told from some ancient steeple,—that iron tongue in the tower of yonder old cathedral, unchanged itself, has had a voice for every change in the fortune of nations! It has chimed monarchs to their thrones, and knelled them to their tombs; and, from its watch-tower in the clouds, has, with the same sonorous and impartial stoicism, measured out their little hour of sorrow and gladness to coronation and funeral, abdication and accession, revolution and restoration; victory, tumult, and fire;—and, with like faithfulness, while I speak, the little monitor by my side warns me back from my digression, and bids me beware lest I devote too much of my brief hour, even to its own commendation."

What could be happier than that conclusion? The very object he is describing suggests to the speaker the gliding away of his own "brief hour," and "following the silent monitor, sustained, perhaps, by the impatience of his audience," he passes to the last topic of his address with so graceful an apology, that it would be fully accepted, if his observations had been as dull and tedious as they were spirited and delightful.

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*Tales from the German.* Translated by NATHANIEL GREENE.  
Boston: American Stationers' Company. 2. vols. 12mo.

THESE tales are faithfully rendered into good and not unfrequently elegant English. The translator seems to possess the desirable power of infusing into his native language the whole spirit of the original, without transferring any idiomisms or peculiarities of construction, which might disturb the interested reader with a regret that he was not himself a master of the language of Goëthe and Schiller. With the exception of "The Sorceress," these four tales, though selected at random, are good specimens of the novels of Van der Velde. "Arwed Gyllenstierna," which occupies the whole of the first volume, is a tale of deep, well-sustained interest. It introduces, at least to American lovers of romance, fresh scenes and new characters. We can call to mind no story besides this, in which, as a lawyer would express it, the venue is laid in Sweden, with the exception of Miss Jane Porter's *Thaddeus of Warsaw*. That was the delight of our childhood's fancy, and many stirring associations have been awakened by the reading of this tale of heroic achievement, knightly constancy, and manly faith. We shall not attempt to wire together its incidents as an anatomist doth his dry bones, and thus present a skeleton of the plot; but, preferring rather to pledge our critical word to the reader for its intense and unvarying attractions, we will assist our assurance of the translator's ability, by quoting a passage of sufficient length. Certain

travellers, personages in the narrative, perform a journey to witness the phenomenon, observable in Tornea, of that longest day of the year in those latitudes ; in which the sun does not set, but can be seen rolling through the entire circle. The party seek an elevation on a small island opposite Tornea, a favorable position from which to behold the sublime spectacle :—

"The travellers, ascending, laid themselves upon the bank, their faces turned towards the sun, and silently enjoyed the view, at once attractive and awful, there presented to them.

"The still, clear waters of the Tornea and Munio, upon which white fishing sails are gliding here and there, blushed in the rays of the evening sun, and were adorned on either side by high bushy banks. In the middle ground, the city, with its spires, was sweetly reflected in the peaceful waters. The back-ground was closed by bare and sterile heights, which were linked into each other like a chain, and concealed the opening through which the united streams rolled on in their course toward the sea.

"At the edge of the horizon, behind the city, shone the nocturnal sun, with rays that with difficulty dissipated the vapors collected by the evening air, as the forerunners of a night which, on this occasion, was not permitted to make its appearance. The illumination had something dismal about it, for the magnificent sphere seemed to have lost the substance of its splendor as at the time of an annular eclipse, and threw but a pale light upon land and water. The silence of death prevailed over the face of all nature. The mills upon the height behind Tornea, as well as that upon the island, were standing still,—the bewildered birds had flown to their roosts,—and the whole less resembled an actual world, than a landscape in a magic glass, lighted by a magic sun, which lacked the powerful life of nature. Meanwhile Tornea's church bell tolled the midnight hour.

"Great and wonderful are the works of the Lord!" suddenly exclaimed the devout pastor ; "and he, who considers them aright, has great pleasure therein."

"I also adore the great Creator in the exhibition of his terrors," said Arwed. "But I must acknowledge that the silent, friendly, and dusky star-lit night of my own Upland, is dearer to me than this wonderful day. A sun which seems always to approach its setting, and yet never sets, but remains mournfully suspended between life and death, is in truth no joyous sight."

"An image of my poor native country!" said the governor, soliloquizing."

"The Lichtensteins" and "The Anabaptists" are founded on the religious persecutions of different periods, and contain many bold points and vivid descriptions, which, from the force and saliency of their bringing out, remind us of the Covenanters and Round-heads of Scott. The Sorceress is a story to captivate the imaginations of children, and to fill them with images of supernatural awe and splendor. It strikes us as strange company for the other three, and suggestive of a moral which is not very comprehensible ; and so far as comprehended, unreasonable and absurd.

Mr. Nathaniel Greene deserves well of our literature for this contribution from the stores of the still unappropriated, but rich treasure of German romance. We trust that his leisure will yet be productive of further results, grateful to cultivated tastes and understandings. With the directness and simplicity of his prefatory remarks we are well pleased, and commend most warmly the example of a man much occupied in discharging the duties of an official station, yet able to find sufficient respite from them, to devote seven-



ral hours each day to learned acquirements and the indulgence of scholarly propensities, conducive, as these volumes abundantly indicate, of advantage to literature and well-earned reputation to himself.

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*History of Kennebunk-port, from its First Discovery by Bartholomew Gosnold, May 14th, 1602, to A. D. 1837.*  
By CHARLES BRADBURY. Kennebunk: Printed by James K. Remich. 1837. pp. 301.

A PERIOD of more than two centuries has elapsed since the arrival of those little bands of emigrants from England and Holland, by whom were originally laid the foundations of the flourishing communities now overspreading our land. The old settlements which first received those hardy and resolute pioneers, have now attained an antiquity that entitles them to the veneration of their more youthful competitors in the march of civilization; and we know not a more grateful task than that of commemorating the manly enterprise, and heroic virtues of the pious forefathers, who have, indeed, long since shaken off this mortal coil, but whose bright example deserves to be ever held in remembrance. In many places advantage has been taken of the termination of the second centennial period of their history, to bring before the minds of the present generation the events attending the early colonization of the country; and on these rare and impressive anniversaries, orators and poets have vied with laudable emulation in awakening public attention, and leading it to the contemplation of the origin of those institutions which peculiarly distinguish the American people at the present day. The historical interest thus excited has also given rise to various local works, in which the writers go into all the minute circumstances of the early settlements, and trace the gradual unfolding and progressive growth of their prosperity; and it is unnecessary to say that these publications have been received with great favor where they have appeared, although necessarily encumbered with dry details of facts that possess little attraction for the general reader. Their importance, however, to the more comprehensive purposes of general history cannot be denied, as presenting full and authentic materials from which the condition of the country at different periods may be satisfactorily gathered. The independent researches of their authors must inevitably lead to a more thorough examination of documentary and traditional evidence than would be practicable without their aid; and much valuable matter is likely to be thus rendered available, which would otherwise never have seen the light.

The work before us belongs to this class of publications. Its author has been employed several years in collecting his materials,

and the marks of intelligent discrimination, as well as unwearied diligence, are visible on every page, inspiring the utmost confidence in the general accuracy of his facts and the correctness of his statements. The work is published under the auspices and patronage of the town whose history it commemorates, as appears by the authorized subscription of the municipal authorities for 500 copies, to be distributed among the families of the inhabitants. It may be taken, therefore, as a fair specimen of its class, and, as such, we propose to give it a more extended notice than, from its local character, it would be otherwise entitled to receive at our hands.

KENNEBUNK-PORT was, for a considerable period, one of the most flourishing commercial towns in New England. In the year 1821 it ranked the second in the state of Maine, next to Portland, in the valuation of its property. Its trade was chiefly with the West India Islands, but extended to a greater or less degree, as the enterprise of its merchants directed, to various parts of the world. The subsequent closing of the British West Indies to American vessels was, however, a severe blow to the business and prosperity of the place, from which it has never fully recovered; and in 1831, in consequence of that disastrous measure, its decennial valuation was reduced nearly one-fifth, and, instead of retaining its former elevated position, it had fallen to the eleventh rank among the towns of Maine in point of estimated wealth.

But, beside the gradual recovery of its commercial prosperity, which the author assures us is in progress, a new source of wealth has been recently developed in the valuable quarries of granite discovered within the limits of the town, which, only three years ago, were not known to the oldest inhabitants. Indeed, previous to 1835, all the building stone used in the place was brought from a neighboring town. Now there are four incorporated companies actively engaged in exploring and rendering available these stores of mineral wealth, viz. the *Maine Quarrying Association*, with a capital of \$350,000; the *Kennebunk-port Granite and Rail-Road Company*, with a capital of \$200,000; the *New-York City and Kennebunk-port Granite Company*; and the *Kennebunk Granite Company*. No doubt exists as to the superior quality of the stone, as it has been subjected to various tests by scientific men, who concur in ascribing to it the best character for the purposes of a building material.

The village of Kennebunk-port is situated near the mouth of Kennebunk river, which forms the harbor, midway between Portsmouth, N. H. and Portland. The river is only twenty miles in length, and at its entrance into the sea is obstructed by a sand-bar, on which the greatest depth of water at the most favorable seasons is fourteen feet. After passing the bar, vessels ascend about half a mile, which is the limit of navigation, to the wharves of the village. The harbor of Cape Porpoise, where there is an ancient settlement, is also within the territorial limits of the town.

This Cape is a well-known sea-mark to mariners; and the harbor, although small and difficult of access, is said to be the only safe one for coasting vessels between Portsmouth and Portland, a distance of about sixty miles; and during the dangerous seasons, great numbers of these vessels put in there as a refuge from bad weather—sometimes a hundred in one day. We had supposed, however, that Winter Harbor, a few miles east of Cape Porpoise, was a common and safe resort for coasters at all seasons. It is certainly much easier of access than either Kennebunk-port or Cape Porpoise harbors; and BLUNT, in his excellent "*Coast Pilot*," remarks, that if vessels are too much exposed at the usual anchorage at Winter Harbor, "they may run into the Pool, and lie safe from all winds." We are the more surprised at the statement of our author on this subject, as he is understood to possess a large share of nautical information, acquired by experience as well as through the medium of books and charts, which qualifies him to give a correct opinion; and we are unwilling to question his impartiality for a moment, especially in regard to a matter of some practical importance to navigators.

For more than a century after its first incorporation, the settlement at Cape Porpoise, which was the oldest, was also the wealthiest and most populous part of the town. The name of the Cape was given to it by Captain Smith, of Virginia memory, during a survey of the coast in the year 1614; and the town was known by no other until the following century, when, in 1718, it received the name of ARUNDEL, in compliment to the Earl of Arundel. This was again changed in 1821, for the present name, by which, indeed, it had been long best known in the commercial world, as the revenue district to which it belonged was called the District of KENNEBUNK, from the large and flourishing village of that name in the adjoining town, where the custom-house was situated and the collector resided. The harbor of Wells, a few miles west of Kennebunk-port, was embraced in the same district.

In assigning the date of the first discovery of Cape Porpoise, Mr. Bradbury is lead to investigate a question of some historical interest, in relation to the celebrated voyage of GOSNOLD, the English navigator, who has the credit of being the discoverer of New England. The voyage was performed in the year 1602, and our author supposes that the first land seen by Gosnold, on his arrival upon the coast, was Cape Porpoise. The reasons given for this opinion are derived from an account of the voyage written by one of the passengers, (who came out for the purpose of establishing a colony in Virginia;) but as it is not pretended that Gosnold landed until he reached the southern coast of Massachusetts, the discovery of Cape Porpoise, if really made, was not such as would have given him the right of possession, even according to the loose notions of property in *continents*, acquired by first discovery, prevalent at that period. Moreover, there appears to us little reason to doubt

that Sebastian Cabot, in 1498,\* and Verazzano, in 1524, both visited that part of the American coast, and are as likely to have seen Cape Porpoise as Gosnold himself. So that, admitting the correctness of our author's reasoning as to the land first seen by the latter, it does not follow that the first discovery of New England, or Cape Porpoise, was made by him; and we therefore regret the prominence given to this supposititious statement on the title-page of the work, where the name of BARTHOLOMEW GOSNOLD is so conspicuous, that a friend of ours mistook it for the name of the *author*.

The precise date of the first settlement at Cape Porpoise is involved also in doubt and uncertainty, owing to the loss of all the early records, and the absence of other testimony on this point. It is supposed, however, with good reason by our author, that the Cape was inhabited soon after the settlement of the Plymouth Colony, if not before; and, as it presented considerable advantages as a place of rendezvous for the fishermen on the coast, in whose wake one or more traders usually followed, it was probably visited by them nearly every summer after the country became sufficiently known to attract persons engaged in those pursuits. Smith, to whose survey of the coast in 1614, allusion has been already made, published an account of his voyage two years after, in which he describes his great success in fishing and trading for beaver with the natives. To him, it appears to us, belongs the credit, ascribed by our author to Gosnold, of discovering Cape Porpoise; for he was the first navigator who is known to have visited it, and by his description pointed it out to others. After his visit and survey, the whole coast of Maine began to be frequented by English vessels in considerable numbers, and favorable points were selected, where fishing "stages," or wattled frames for drying the fish, were erected. Richmond Island, near Portland, Winter Harbor, Cape Porpoise, &c., were all resorted to for this purpose at the earliest dates. "Stage Island," at Cape Porpoise, derived its name from the use to which it was thus applied. On this island were the earliest settlements made; and it was not until a period comparatively recent, that the populous village on the river came into notice, as at the close of the revolutionary war it contained only four houses and one inconspicuous wharf.

The oldest deed on record of land in Kennebunk-port bears date July 13, 1643. It is a grant to Morgan Howell from Thomas Gorges, deputy governor of the Province of Maine, under the Lord Proprietor, Sir Ferdinand Gorges. But as early as 1632, Gov. Winthrop, in his Journal, mentions the removal of one Jenkins from Dorchester to Cape Porpoise; so that there can be no doubt the settlement was in existence at that date, and probably much earlier.

\* Mr. B. does not appear to have met with the "Memoir of Sebastian Cabot," published a few years since—a work of most thorough research and extensive learning on the subjects of which it treats.

Some of the inhabitants came over with the Saco colonists in 1630, and received grants of land from the patentees on that river. Of this number was William Scadlock, whose plantation was subsequently found to be within the limits of Cape Porpoise. Scadlock died soon after the Restoration, leaving a will which is somewhat peculiar in its character. Among the bequests are the following: "I bequeath unto my daughter Susanna Mr. Cotton's work upon the new covenant of grace; I bequeath a book entitled, Meat out of the Eater, to my son William; and to my son John I bequeath a book concerning Justifying Faith; and the Practice of Piety to Rebecca; and to my daughter Susanna, A Sucking Calf called Trubb."

There was an early connexion between the towns of Saco and Cape Porpoise, both in religious and secular affairs. The former, as the seat of government under the provincial jurisdiction of Gorges, was a place of some note; and the inhabitants of Cape Porpoise, in default of having a minister of their own, were required by law at one period to attend public worship there on the Sabbath. This arrangement gave rise to occasional jealousies, as may appear by the following presentment of a Grand Jury: "We present Francis Small, who, speaking of the men that came from Cape Porpus to Sacoe, sayd, should they be ruled by the *Roges* that came out of the rocks of Cape Porpus." It is added, however, that "Noe Legall prooffe of this presentment appeared." Gregory Jeffery, an old planter, who died in 1661, bequeathed, in the words of his will, "unto the Church of Sacoe, to carry on the worship and service of God, one stear," and to his "kinsman Charles Potum, a 2 years old heiffer called Rose." It would seem that one at least of the "rogues" at Cape Porpoise entertained generous views towards the rival settlement.

For a long time the only travelled road from Portsmouth to the eastern limits of Maine crossed the mouth of Kennebunk river, where the water was so shallow as to admit of its being forded. The same road led to a ferry near the mouth of the Saco, and continuing along the sea-shore, crossed Scarborough river to Cape Elizabeth, and to Casco, afterwards Falmouth, now Portland.

It was not until the second century of the settlements that an upper road was laid-out, by which the distance was considerably shortened. Mr. Bradbury has thoroughly investigated this matter, and successfully corrected the errors of previous writers relating to it.

Our author's notices of the early clergymen are exceedingly curious and interesting, one of whom, Rev. John Eveleth, being advanced in years, was at his own request discharged from the duties by a vote of the town. "The inhabitants," says Mr. Bradbury, "were very unwilling he should leave them, as he was not only their minister and schoolmaster, but a good blacksmith and farmer, and the best fisherman in town." Another prominent pastor was the

Rev. Seth Fletcher, who was at Cape Porpoise in 1661, and afterwards at Elizabethtown, N. J. Our author has thrown some light upon this gentleman's history; but we think he is hardly authorised to assert that there is no allusion *any where* to a connexion by marriage between him and Major Pendleton, a distinguished citizen of Maine. Having had occasion to trace Mr. Fletcher's career, we hope to have an opportunity hereafter of showing Mr. B. that he has not collected *all the facts* that exist respecting him, diligent as he has been. The account given of the difficulties with Rev. Mr. Hovey, in later times, is one of the most instructive and painfully interesting portions of the book. Having fallen into disrepute with many of his parish, strenuous efforts were made to induce him to retire. At length a council of ministers was called, before whom charges were laid against him, some of which were of a most frivolous and malicious character. The following is given as a specimen—"One day undertaking to kill a calf, instead of cutting the animal's throat as was the usual way, he cut its head off with an axe." This, in the language of one of his deacons, "was a cursed piece of cruelty, wholly unpardonable in a minister."

But our limits will not allow us to extend this notice to a greater length. We can only say further, that Mr. Bradbury "has done the state good service" by his valuable publication, and we hope to see his example followed by others, until every important city and town in our country shall have its early history investigated, and written with equal diligence and good taste.

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*A popular and practical introduction to Law Studies.* By SAMUEL WARREN, Esq., of the Inner Temple, F. R. S. From the London Edition. Philadelphia. John S. Littell. 1836.

A VOLUME bearing the above promising title, has lately issued from the London press; fulfilling, as we believe, in a great measure, the hopes and desires of the professional men of that country in regard to its long-needed publication. It seems to be, as it professes, a "popular" work, especially with those who can appreciate its value, and who can, with the eye of wise benevolence, foresee its usefulness. English reviews speak highly both of the work and its author; and we take for granted, from their usual eager appetite for criticism, that when they praise, they do but give tone to the plaudits of the literary sphere which they represent. We do not wonder that the "Popular Introduction" is a favorite with the "profession." A work of the kind, well digested, and written in a

captivating style, had long been a desideratum, both with the learners and the learned in the Law : a volume disheartening neither in size nor detail, to be placed first in the hands of the pupil to interest and embolden him ; one which, like that before us, falls between the classes of "text-books" and "light reading," containing the instruction of the one and the amusement of the other ; one, in short, which judiciously combines the useful and the agreeable ; and such, we think, is the book of which we are speaking. Let it be placed at first in the student's hand to be read and re-read, for much of it is worth remembering. It will give the youth an exciting and guiding view of the region which he is approaching, and through which his eye must slowly and closely wander ; it will entice him to a faint and far-off glance of the Mount of Justice, and the Goddess above, with scale in hand, adjusting, with refined balance, the opposing weights of right and wrong ; of the suitors crowding in hope to her temple ; of the tortuous and narrow paths which lead to the commanding summit, whence cloud and mist are driven by the sun of truth.

Were the volume before us more of an American work ; were its pages not so often wholly monopolized in describing the details of a system of practice which in numberless respects is widely different from ours ; were its topics more unconfined and general, we could cheerfully and warmly congratulate those of this country who are about to commence a legal noviciate, upon its appearance amongst us. But we are afraid that its exclusive character will prevent any very extended advantage arising from its use on this side of the Atlantic, and that it is to be considered by us rather as an example of literary excellence and extra-judicial instruction, than a work to be read and studied professionally. It may, indeed, do much to dissipate that prevailing prejudice against the law, which would set it down as a "dry" and ignoble study in itself considered, and only worth attending to as a sort of passport to political eminence, a training which every statesman must undergo ; that prejudices which, judging of a noble class by a few unworthy members, would call Lawyers rogues and clients their victims ; we hope it will have at least that happy effect, if no more ; for such a prejudice is a constant and heavy weight upon the profession. It may, too, which is still more to be desired, excite to imitation ; would that some master hand would seize the pen so well but so narrowly wielded, and give us what we so much lack, a "Popular Introduction to American law." Attempts, it is true, have been made with us, but no work has appeared, equal in excellence, to the great and increasing demand.

We have before us a reprint of the London edition of the work above-mentioned. It comprises somewhat more than a single number of the "Law library," a valuable periodical issuing monthly from the press of John S. Littell of Philadelphia, and edited by Thomas J. Wharton, a member of the Pennsylvanian bar. Mr.

Wharton professes to publish the latest and best of the English periodical productions; and in this, the only undertaking of the kind with which we are acquainted in the country, he has acquitted himself creditably.

The author of the "popular introduction" is Mr. Samuel Warren, a gentleman already favorably known to the literary and reading world as the author of the "Diary of a Physician;" which some time since appeared in this country under cover of "Harper's Family Library." Like that which was, if we mistake not, the last effort of Mr. Warren, the work now before us is well and often eloquently written. His style is sprightly and vivacious, full of life and vigor; at times, indeed, too much so for those who are fond of simplicity in composition. Notwithstanding the general appropriateness of thought and language which marks the work, there is an occasional pedantry of style, a straining after effectiveness and point, which will displease the ear of an admirer of the easy flow of Addison, Scott, and Irving. Many of his passages are too labored, too highly wrought, too "gouffe;" especially for a writer on so solid a subject. Nevertheless we are greatly pleased with Mr. Warren's work. Though it is not faultless, it is in sentiment and method excellent; and thoroughly sustains the reputation acquired by the writer. We have been particularly captivated by the exalted views which the author gives of the study of the Law. He seems to feel fully the noble character of his profession—its vast importance, its pure benevolence—and he describes his feelings eloquently.

Mr. Warren's method is lucid and comprehensive. His book comprises the most important objects of thought and effort for the student. He has also disposed them in a consecutive order, which renders them more instructive and easy to be remembered, and referred to if occasion requires. He ascends gradually from a general mental training, to the great principles of the science of which he peculiarly treats; and through the whole course which he marks out, he follows the youth like a wise father with wholesome and appropriate advice. Never leaving him, never silent in warning and encouragement, he leads him through the difficulty into which his eager rashness may bring him, and draws him kindly from the "Slough of Despond" into which he has fallen in his sometimes weary way. He watches over him from his outset to his hard-won triumph, and then leaves him to be guided by his own steadiness—"Nare sine cortice."

The "Introduction" treats principally of the bodily and mental qualifications which are, as the author says, indispensable for one who is seeking legal distinction; and of the present general condition of English Law. It also declares the author's intention of pursuing the analytic mode of communicating knowledge, and his authority for so doing. To instance the kind of warnings and advice which he gives to the young aspirant for legal distinction, we quote from different pages his remarks upon the slight dependence



which should be placed by the young student on the adventitious circumstances of birth or fortune :—

"No profession requires, for its successful prosecution, such sedulous and scientific inchoation as that of the Bar; for it is notorious that its members must depend, from first to last, almost exclusively upon their personal qualifications. \* \* \* As for great family connexions, they are often little else to the Law student than a splendid encumbrance. In almost every other profession a man may succeed, as it were, by deputy; may play Bathyllus to Virgil; may rely on many adventitious circumstances; but at the Bar it is far otherwise,—'Proprio Marte' is the motto of all; there the candidate must strip, take his place at the post, and start fair with his competitors—the Honorable son of an Earl, straining and panting beside the ignoble son of a peasant—in the desperate race towards the goal of professional distinction. What signifies it to the student, that the 'blood of all the Howards' rolls in his veins, if he is distanced, or perhaps knocked up at starting, but to enhance the agonies of defeat? \* \* \* \* Legal office, of any kind, can now be rarely obtained, or at least kept, by any one who is not able to discharge its duties; and in order to do so, the candidate must

'Doff his sparkling cloak, and fall to work,  
With peasant heart and arm,'

and forget, for a while, grand connexions, fastidious tastes, and fashionable life."

We cannot agree with Mr. Warren fully in his views with regard to the physical condition of the student. He requires too much from Nature and Art; too great an approach to perfection in mind and body; particularly in the latter. We cannot agree with him in regard to the matter of physical disability as he states it. We cannot think that "perpetual exercise of the voice is so soon to overwhelm the young practitioner: that "excitement and ceaseless wearing of body and mind" are so inevitably to kill him. What youth is forced, immediately upon his admission into practice, into this "violent exercise of the voice," this "ceaseless wearing of body and mind," which our author holds up to fright him away from the profession? No; the reverse is the case. Full time is given for practice of lungs and nerve; for regular, gradually-increasing practice of voice, than which nothing is more beneficial; which is, indeed, an almost certain cure of weakness of lungs. Let us take, for example, a young man of fine talents, bright imagination, great sensibility, weak nerves and weak lungs. A strong example: one which falls in as much as possible with the constitution so roughly warned away by Mr. Warren from the noble study of the Law. He is admitted to the bar with all his frailty of constitution: happy moment! the world of honor, of literary and political honor, lies before him. But though hope is busy, reality brings but few clients. He waits long in impatience; but at last the Golden Moment comes, and our hero makes his first effort. Alas! he did well, but he has lost his first cause; what heart-burnings ensue! But, what is still more alarming, perhaps the effort, though it be small, had irritated and weakened his chest. He consults a physician—nay, a physician need not be consulted, any one can tell him, many from experience, all "honestly," that his case is not hopeless; that he may yet adorn his profession. Who does not

know that the weakest lungs may be strengthened and invigorated, the most attenuated voice made superior to fatigue, by daily practice in reading aloud; by speaking and singing, at regular periods? If he is not already attacked by disease, his lungs may be hardened, and be prepared for any trial which may come with his increasing business and eminence by this simple process. But the heart-burnings, the anxiety, the mortification, the "excitement," the "ceaseless wearing of body and mind," what becomes of them? Ask that middle-aged, even that still young attorney, who, amid the toil and trouble of an important cause, a crowded room, a trying moment, is calm, unmoved; nay, jesting with those about him; how he bears the wear and tear of mind and body of which our author speaks; and he will reply—"Every lost cause, every disheartening event, in my professional career, made me almost become a legal suicide; made me despair, and almost resolve to quit my calling, hardly entered upon. It is always so, but now I am 'case-hardened,' and you will soon become so; do not be foolishly sensible to defeat."

It is plain that our author is somewhat too decisive in regard to the criterion of physical qualifications which he has fixed for those who hope to become renowned in the Law. He is, perhaps, also too much so in regard to his mental qualities: he traces the outlines of an almost perfect mind; of a mind the like of which seldom can be found—whose resemblance whole ages have not produced. We are much afraid that all who look forward to renown (and what young man does not?) will fling down our author's work in despair, and exclaim, "who is able for these things?" Who would, in hope at least, be content to look forward to obscurity, or even mediocrity—and yet who has, at starting in the race of public life, the "indispensable" qualifications mentioned by Mr. Warren? Thousands have become distinguished, many greatly so, who began, nay continued long their course, wanting in the greater part of the qualities which our author holds up for guides in self-examination. We think that a man of good, though not extraordinary intellect, may improve his "lungs" and "memory," his "voice" and his "judgment," his mind and his body. In short, almost every requisite quality is *acquirable* by diligence, industry, and application. There are natural, there are artificial traits of mind and body, of feeling and character; he is happy whom nature endows, he is as happy whom perseverance crowns with success. Such is our doctrine of greatness, let those who are experienced test our orthodoxy. Instead of warning, we think Mr. Warren should have encouraged to renewed, to stronger exertion. Mind, like soil, may be vastly improved by industry, by stern, untiring, ambitious, industry. Natural qualities are sometimes neglected in proportion to their value. Acquired qualities are prized in proportion to the difficulty of their attainment. Let a young man, with due reflection, fix upon a profession, then perform his duty to himself; and he will, in nine cases out of ten, succeed nobly.

We shall conclude these remarks, by giving a passing notice to a

subject upon which Mr. Warren has only touched—and that too in the midst of a most technical and uninviting part of the volume—but still touched in a happy manner—a subject of vast importance to those whom he endeavors to instruct and enlighten :—

“No abilities, however,” he says, “no acquirements or accomplishments, can supply the place of *strict integrity*. Innumerable are the opportunities which an attorney has, if so minded, of playing the rogue with impunity. Nothing is concealed from him : his clients’ fortunes, and often their characters, are placed completely within his control. The very nature of his employment, in short, is such as to surround him with facilities for committing fraud ; and there have been, only lately, some very grievous instances of persons who have yielded, in an evil hour, to temptation ; inflicting ruin upon those who reposed in them the most generous and implicit confidence ; who, breaking their sacred obligations alike to the living and the dying, have ruthlessly robbed even the widow and the fatherless of all upon earth. There have been such cases ; but one can ask, with glorious confidence, ‘What are they among so many’ that stand—

— unmoved in their integrity,  
Immoveable.

Let the student read soberly, thoughtfully, and attentively, these few but touching and solid remarks of our author. Then, with increased desire for profit, let him turn to a volume which has, within a year if we mistake not, passed into a new and enlarged edition. We refer to a work styled, “A Course of Legal Study,” by Mr. Hoffman, who was for some time professor of law in the university of Maryland. Let the student read and ponder, among other excellent things in this volume, Mr. Hoffman’s fifty rules or resolutions, to be adopted by all practitioners of law. They are, indeed, truly excellent, and cannot fail to please the ingenuous and honorable youth. They exhibit also, in a high degree, the great and lofty morality in the professional theory and practice of the writer—a morality which would adorn the character of the learned and great of every station in life. Let a young man read these resolutions, and Mr. Hoffman’s other remarks on the subject, and he will soon begin to see the value of honorable conduct and exalted motive in his profession ; he will soon perceive that a firm, immoveable foundation of honest and gentlemanly feeling and deportment must be surely laid, upon which to build the structure of usefulness and greatness. Such considerations as these should be the alpha and omega of the aspiring and ambitious youth—the bosom friends, the cherished companions, of the lawyer—“his guides, his counsellors, his friends,”—foremost to bless him in every undertaking, last to leave him at the close of his duties. Let him but lose sight of them, and temptation may wreck and ruin his character. Let honor be his sun, around which his other qualities of mind or of disposition may revolve, warmed and lighted by its rays. Known morality, and stern honesty will ensure a man the favor and countenance of the best part of his profession. Looseness, and vulgarity of life and manners will weigh him down, till he becomes mingled with the dregs of the court rabble—the filth which pollutes the temple of Justice.

*Recollections of a Southern Matron.* By CAROLINE GILMAN, author of "Recollections of a New-England House-keeper." New-York: Harper and Brothers.

A LIST of the killed and wounded in this book would be a satisfactory appendix. We no sooner make this remark, than it sounds unkindly; but we are provoked at the constant deaths of very nice people, which are made to take place in rapid succession. No new character is introduced which we do not expect to hear something awful about. First, our "Southern Matron" tells us of the death of her grandfather. Now, most persons have lost their grandfathers, and it would be thought quite superfluous for them to describe the manner of their deaths with circumstantialities. This is the first effort to put the reader's sensibilities upon the rack. The next is the demise of a very excellent and very dignified old grandmother. Then comes the departure of a Mr. Charles Duncan, one of your lofty, *spiritual* young men, with a high, white forehead, faultless symmetry, &c., who was our matron's tutor when she was an artless girl just budding into womanhood. He died partly of love, unrequited love, for herself, but chiefly of consumption. Then we are made pleasantly wretched by the death of Jacques, a faithful old negro, who left his "young missis" a pocket-book containing some continental money. A few chapters afterwards, two very charming young persons, who had been recently married, are killed off barbarously, although they were the author's particular friends. The gentleman, it seems, died in a fracas, and the lady in a crazy paroxysm soon after. The story of Lewis and Anna is so painful that it becomes revolting. They are scarcely cold in their graves, before our matron's (then a young lady) brother falls in a duel, as it was supposed, mortally wounded. We had made up our minds to lose him also, when he recovered. But we are soon "in at the death" once more. Maria Alwyn, a beautiful girl in the neighborhood, dies; and we see her in her shroud, cold, helpless, and hear the bitter bewailing of her mother. Next, incidentally, we are told of the horrible death of a poor dumb negro-woman and her child; then of a negro nurse, who was burned to death; then, *en passant*, of still another negro woman's demise. As if the "Insatiate Archer" had not been sufficiently busy, we are finally distressed at a recountal of the sudden death of our matron's first-born. It may be pleaded, in extenuation of all these horrible incidents, (a fire or two is thrown in,) that they were real; but if they occurred precisely as related, they should not have been compressed all into one volume. At least two thirds of them might have been judiciously omitted. The reader's sensibilities become completely wearied by these calamities, till at last no sympathetic emotion is excited, and no interest felt in the narrative. We say all this in kindness, though it is impossible that the simple mention of such facts, apart

from their drapery of fine words and similes, should not impart an air of ridicule to the whole.

The fault of our authoress, observable after her uneasy desire to raise our sorrows, is that of an equally constant endeavor to instruct us, by an amplification of the inferences to be deduced from various points of her story. She stops frequently to moralize and apostrophise—the effect of which is, after a perusal of the first chapters, to make the reader hurry over all that is not purely narrative. Now, if we were sometimes left to draw our own conclusions and make our own reflections, the effect of the whole would be better, both for instruction and amusement. The author should take her lessons from Miss Sedgwick, who never proses on any occasion, though she teaches many solemn truths.

We do not very plainly see why this little work is called “*Recollections of a Southern Matron*.” The preposition should have been *by*; for, instead of being favored with any matronly recollections, we have scarcely any thing but the memoirs of the romantic life of a young lady, nursed, educated, and married, in an opulent southern family, who lived upon a plantation.

We hold it to be as good a rule in criticism as in medicine, that the disagreeable potion should be administered before the jelly. Having imparted the one, we will try to give sweet things enough to remove the unpleasant flavor. Mrs. Gilman writes in an easy, graceful, and winning style, occasionally rising into real poetical prose. When she is sportive in humor, although childlike in simplicity, she is charmingly attractive. Her characters, though with softer shades around them than belong to real life, are drawn with fidelity. Her book will be useful on many accounts. It will contribute to a correct view of the condition of the best-cared-for slaves, and thus show that some portions of the colored race are as well to do in the world as the greater part of our poorer classes. We are sure, from the evidence of our own experience, that her sketches of negro habits and conversation are done to the life. Nothing could be better than the portraits of old Jacques and the nurse. Their unflinching attachment to their “old massa and missis,” springing up like a bright streamlet in a dingy soil; their love for the children absorbing almost their whole natures; the reciprocal kindness of their owners, the real fondness of their youthful rulers; all are real, all are such as are observable by the most prejudiced intelligence which visits the hospitable homes of our Southern planters. The sketches of the negro boys and children are full as good—indeed, they are drawn with a Teniers’ pencil. If Mrs. Gilman’s pictures of high life were half as successful, she could assume no middle rank among our American storiers.

One of the best things in the book, is the delineation of Joseph Bates, the Connecticut schoolmaster, who went to Charleston to give the Southerners “a trifle of schooling.” Mr. Wilton, the father of Miss Cornelia or “Neely,” the heroine (the Southern matron herself,) had advertised for a “gentleman of cultivated mind and

polished manners, as a private teacher" for his family of children in the country. Seeing which, Mr. Joseph Bates, calculating himself pretty considerably competent, presented himself for the situation at Colonel Wilton's *farm*, as he called it—and plantation, as the eldest son called it. Joseph presented the following testimonial:—"This is to certify that Mr. Joseph Bates, the bearer, is in good standing with the church and congregation at ———, Connecticut. Ezekiel Duncan, *Pastor*."

Here is an account of the way in which Mr. Joseph Bates "came for to go" to the South:—

"Mr. Joseph Bates was the son of a Connecticut farmer, that race of men who, by their high moral qualities, contribute so much to the stability and honor of our country. Joseph, when a boy, was employed in tying fagots, driving the cows, husking corn, hoeing potatoes, &c., &c. He attended the district school, which is open in New England the three winter months, when work is *slack*. There he was taught reading, writing, spelling, and Daboll's *Arithmetic*. It was observed that he was never so happy as when he had washed his hands after work, and sitten down by the kitchen fire with an almanac in his hand. Perhaps sufficient praise has not been awarded to these little vehicles of knowledge, these national annuals, which, gliding noiselessly into the retreats of ignorance, throw abroad rays of science, and warm up the germs of heart and mind.

Joseph sat for hours with his eyes fixed on the crabs and scales in the zodiac, with a kind of mysterious delight. He looked to the weather department with the faith of a child, read the wise sayings with the voice of an oracle, and was even known, as a shrill blast came whistling through the door, shaking the very settle on which he sat, to exclaim,

"See, winter comes to rule the varied year."

"The only joke he was ever heard to utter was from the same fruitful source.

"Joseph availed himself of his privilege of a quarter every year at the district school up to the lawful age of twenty-one. He could cast up accounts, and wrote a tolerable hand, but was no nearer to the mysteries of the zodiac. It is customary for young men, in his quarter of the country, to associate themselves in a class for the winter months, under the teaching of the parish clergyman, who is willing to advance the cause of learning, and aid his scanty resources, by a trifling pecuniary compensation from an evening school. At the age of twenty-one, Joseph became a member of the Rev. Ezekiel Duncan's class, to which, after a hard day's work, he resorted, with hair duly sleeked over his forehead, and well-brushed Sunday suit. Access to Mr. Duncan's instruction and library for three months made a wonderful move in Joseph's mind. Familiar with many things, which made his good old parents, aunt Patty, and sister Nancy stare, he began to think himself competent to any intellectual effort.

"At this period the captain of a Charleston trading schooner came to ——— to visit his relations, and renewed a boyish intimacy with Joseph. This intercourse produced a restless desire of change in our incipient tutor.

"'I calculate, captain,' said he, after a long stroll through the town, where the sailor had gone to indulge those associations which come up like young verdure over the most hardened souls, 'I calculate it's pretty difficult to git education down at Charleston.'

"'Dreadful difficult,' said the captain; 'I reckon they an't much better than niggers.'

"'An't you agreeable, captain,' said his friend, 'to my going down to Charleston, and trying what I can do to help them a trifle at schooling?'

"The captain thought it would be a praiseworthy thing, and matters were laid in train to effect the object as soon as possible. Mr. Duncan was the only person opposed to the project; but his advice, though delivered almost in a tone of warning, sounded feebly on Mr. Bates's excited tympanum.

"His sister Nancy laid out a pocket-piece, which had been kept for show, in

buying him a third Sunday shirt; his mother sat up day and night to knit him six pairs of worsted hose; two were of blue yarn, two of gray, and two mixed, for variety; and his aunt Patty, whose pet he had been from childhood, borrowed the suit of a New Haven apprentice, who had *run up* to see his friends, to cut out Joseph's in the last fashion.

"For some days he was seen in frequent conference with a pedlar—they approached, retreated, parlied; once or twice there were signs of actual warfare; but at length Joseph came off, we know not at what loss, with a large silver watch, which he boasted kept excellent time. Joseph humored it, as we ought to humor our nervous friends or capricious servants; and when he found that it actually lost one quarter of an hour in every twenty-four, he said; philosophically, 'he guessed that was better than hurrying him to death by going too fast.'

"How fortune favors enterprise! the second day after his bargain he called at one of the neighbors to bid them farewell. There was great commotion among the daughters, and a scramble to get something from one of their par-boiled hands.

"I must stop a moment to say how sweet and healthy farmers' families have appeared to me in my northern excursions, just dressed from their Monday wash-tubs, sitting down to their afternoon sewing, with smiling faces and sanded floors. The scrambling among the young ladies continued till one of them said, 'You might as well let him see it, as he's got to.'

"It's nothing to be ashamed of, Prudence," said another. "Tan't no present to cut love."

"Prudence's cheeks grew a deeper crimson, until the suggestion that 'to-morrow was ironing day; and she wouldn't have no time to finish it,' induced her to draw out a braided watch-riband of various colors. It was observed that Prudence's hand trembled with unaffected trepidation as she pursued her work. Joseph rose to examine it, and by degrees the family (as families will instinctively do) disappeared, and Mr. Bates gained resolution to offer a faithful and affectionate heart to the blushing girl.

"Prudence's blushes were not diminished when her sisters observed, on their return, that the watch-guard had advanced but one knot, and that was done wrong, and their jests came full and free on the embarrassed lover: Happy had it been for him had he wedded his Prudence, and remained a 'hewer of wood and drawer of water!' Appreciating affection would have smoothed his path, and labour sweetened his repose.

"Such was the man whom my papa was obliged to welcome as the teacher of his children, for he had not the heart to turn him back after his long journey. I wish there was a register of looks, that mamma's might have been entered when she first saw him, and took in his whole figure, from his greased hair to his worsted hose. He was all angles. You would have judged him to be a mathematician by his elbows, sooner, perhaps, than by his phrenology; for his hair, being cut in an exact line over his brows, left but little display of his organical developments. A perpetual embarrassment in the company of his superiors made him stand like a drake, first on one foot then on the other; and while with one hand he fiddled at Prudence's watch-chain, he smoothed down the hair closer on his forehead with the other."

After several ineffectual attempts to teach the children, and to bring them into something like tractability, Mr. Bates gave up the task, and, on perfectly good terms with the Wiltons, returned to Connecticut, and settled down as a farmer. He did not, however, forget his old friends; but, upon the occasion of his minister's son, Mr. Charles Duncan's, going to warmer climates for his health, he gave his friend a letter of introduction to Mr. Wilton, commending him to the situation so successfully filled by himself—couched in the following truly characteristic phraseology:—

"Respected Sir.—I now sit down to write to you, to inform you that I am well,

as also are, sir and ma'm; my sister Nancy, and all the rest of our folks except aunt Patty, who is but poorly, having attacks of the rheumatiz, and shortness of breath. I should add, that Mrs. Prudence Bates (who, after the regular publication on the church doors for three Sundays, was united to me in the holy bands of wedlock, by our minister Mr. Ezekiel Duncan) is in a good state of health at this present, though her uncle, by her father's side, has been sick of jaundice, a complaint that has been off and on with him for a considerable spell.

"The bearer of this epistle is Parson Duncan's son, by name Mr. Charles Duncan, a very likely young man, but poorly in health, and Dr. Hincks says going down to Charleston may set him up. I have the candor to say that I think him, on some accounts, a more proper teacher than your humble servant, having served his time at a regular college education.

"I have taken to farming, and lot upon seeing the Carolina seeds come up that you gave me. Our folks say that I speak quite outlandish since I come home; and when I told neighbor Holt tother day about *growing corn*, and spoke about somebody that has been *raised* in a certain place, he as good as laughed in my face, and said it sounded curious.

"I have tried a heap to make our folks bile the hommony Miss Wilton give me as they do at Roseland; but it is the very picture of swill, and I must say the hogs eat it a nation faster than we do. When I told aunt Patty that Southern folks ate clabber, she rolled up her eyes, and wondered I could abide to sit at table with such critters; and though I told her that it was genteel, and that I stomached it very well, she can't no how git over it, and makes me feel very curious by telling everybody that happens in how they eat hog's victuals down at Charleston.

"Sister Nancy was very much obligated by the fan and basket Miss Neely sent her, and was in a great maze at niggers doing any thing so tasty; and they were all astonished when I told them how the white folks buy what the niggers make, and what a laying up they can git if they have a mind to, jist from knick-knacks, and eggs, and potatoes, and so on.

"Mrs. Prudence admires the Thomson's Seasons Mr. John sent her. She has kivered it with a bit of blue homespun, and put it up safe.

"I didn't say nothing to none on you about a keg of shrimps that I brought on here from Charleston. When I got here, Mr. Wilton, they were a sight for mortal eyes! Nobody could tell which was head or which was tail. A perfect regiment of critters had took hold on 'em; and when I told our folks how much nicer and delicater they were than lobsters, they began to twit me, and I an't hearn the last of it yit. I only wish I could have preserved the live-stock for a museum.

"I send by Mr. Duncan some long-necked squashes and russet apples of my own raising. The folks here stare like mad when I tell them you eat punkins biled like squash.

"I have writ a much longer letter than I thought on; but somehow it makes me chirpy to think of Roseland, though the young folks were obstreperous.

"Give my love nevertheless to them, and Miss Wilton, and all the little ones, as also I would not forget Daddy Jacque, whom I consider, notwithstanding his color, as a very respectable person. I cannot say as much for Jim, who was an eternal thorn in my side, by reason of his quickness at mischief, and his slowness of waiting upon me; and I take this opportunity of testifying, that I believe, if he had been in New England, he would have had his deserts before this; but you Southern folks do put up with an unaccountable sight from niggers, and I hope Jim will not be allowed his full tether, if so be Mr. Charles should take my situation in your family. I often tell our folks how I used to catch up a thing and do it rather than wait for half a dozen on 'em to take their own time. If I lived to the age of Methusalem, I never could git that composed, quiet kind of way you Southern folks have of waiting on the niggers. I only wish they could see aunt Patty move when the rheumatiz is off—if she isn't wry, I dont know.

"Excuse all errors.

"Yours to serve,

"JOSEPH BATES."



*A Love Token for Children; designed for Sunday Schools.*  
By the Author of "The Linwoods," "Live and Let Live,"  
&c. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

MOST appropriately is this volume termed a Love Token for Children. A cheerful, bright-eyed benevolence is the good genius of these pages. They are written fresh from the heart of one of the heartiest and most homefelt of authors; and are a beautiful illustration of that utility which seeks to make the world a better thing, by making it more contented and happy. Without any pretence or affectation of philanthropy, or assumption of goodness, there is woven in a moral with every leaf. The stories are founded on such traits and incidents of country life as may happen every day, and derive their interest, not from any novel or extravagant adventures, but from a closer analysis of those habits, manners, and thoughts, which are of daily recurrence. It is an attempt to teach the child the beauty there is in the actual world around us; the pleasure and satisfaction that result from mutual love and forbearance; the cheerful discipline of the soul that is learned by showing kindness to inferiors, even the brute creation; the delight that may be derived from a simple flower, or the running brook in the meadow. This is not too learned or philosophical for children. In its philosophy consists its truth. The simplicity of nature, of well-governed passions, of love to the Deity and man, can enter the breast of the child more readily, sometimes, than they can penetrate to the so-called scholar or sage. It is a lesson that requires a philosopher to teach; but when taught, as in these domestic parables, it is worth all the encyclopedias that ever were invented.

This is, indeed, a different volume from most of those which are written for children. It is neither a geography, a history, nor an arithmetic; it is not science made easy for the cradle, or geology creeping about the nursery in pantalets. It has nothing to do with functions or the cube root. Indeed, we do not remember a single word in the book that ends with ology. There is neither mineralogy, terminology, or zoology. It has something better in it than the facts of all the sciences. If it be not learned, what is more, it is wise, and not the less useful in the best sense of that injured term. If it has no modern abstruse definitions, it may yet be considered as a dictionary of a few old-fashioned words and phrases in use by the world long before the invention of the steam-engine or the rail-road. They are even antecedent to the peregrinations of the schoolmaster, who, it has been wittily remarked, has indeed gone abroad, since he is never to be seen at home. The old words we allude to convey the ideas of love, charity, meekness, benevolence, forbearance, love of nature and human kindness. In our plain view, it is better to understand and practise these, than to resolve equations, or even calculate the longitude.

Much is said of that ingenious and skilful agriculturalist who discovered the art of causing two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before; something of the same praise is due in a higher sense to the author of the work before us, who has caused new objects of love to spring up, and new affections to be discovered, where before all was barren to the eye of childhood. Miss Sedgwick looks upon the world as it is, not as it has been or will be; if she cares little for the associations of the past, she makes amend by seeing more in the realities of the present.

After these remarks, we need not commend the volume to all friends and lovers of youth as the prompter of good thoughts and feelings, and a pride to the best discipline of life. We cannot refrain, however, from gracing our pages with a few gems, selected here and there from the volume.

The Magic Lamp is a beautiful apologue, illustrating the virtue of cheerfulness. A mother, who loved fairy tales, longed for a magical gift for her infant in her lap, when Mother Nature appeared, and said that she gave gifts to all; and that to her daughter she had given an invisible lamp, which she was to bear about with her, and keep trimmed and burning, and she would supply it with oil—the oil of cheerfulness:—

"A beautiful light played about the child's countenance, that seemed to issue from her soft bright eyes, and to beam from the smile into which her pretty lips were for ever curling. \* \* \* The effect of the lamp, indeed, seemed like magic; she could learn a lesson in half the time by it that others could without it. By the light of her lamp she performed all her tasks as if they were pleasures, while others were grumbling and crying. She was better satisfied with an old dress by this precious light, than other girls with the newest and prettiest without it. One might have fancied the color of every thing in life depended on the light that fell on it. Serena would sit out an evening with an old grand-aunt, deaf, and almost blind; she and the old lady as happy as happy could be by the light of the lamp, though Serena knew her companions were amusing themselves with dancing, and all manner of gaiety at the next house. She has stayed many a day, and day after day, in this same aunt's sick-room, and the old lady said, with grateful tears in her eyes: 'While Serena's light falls on my pillow, my drinks refresh me, my food nourishes me, and even my medicines taste less nauseous.' \* \* \* As Serena grew up, and took her part in the pleasure and business of the world, the light of her lamp was of course more diffused. It was visible in the mid-day sun, and in the darkest night how far it sent its beams! It added a charm to the most brilliant apartment; and when Serena visited the humble dwellings of the poor and afflicted, it shone on their walls, played like sunshine over the faces of the children, and sent a ray of pleasure to the saddest, darkest heart."

Was ever cheerfulness before represented half so cheerful? Our next extract shall be a pleasant picture of the barn-yard:—

"Those who have not observed much, are apt to fancy that all birds of one kind, for instance that all hens are just alike; but each, like each child in a family, has a character of its own. One will be a quiet, patient little body, always giving up to its companions; and another for ever fretting, fluttering, and pecking. I know a little girl who names the fowls in her poultry-yard according to their characters. A lordly fellow, who has beaten all the other cocks in regular battle, who cares for nobody's rights, and seems to think that all his companions were

made to be subservient to him, she calls *Napoleon*. A pert, handsome little cock-comb, who spends all his time in dressing his feathers and strutting about the yard, is named *Narcissus*. *Bessie* is a young hen, who, though she seems very well to understand her own rights, is a general favorite in the poultry yard. Other lively young fowls are named after favorite cousins, as *Lizzy*, *Susy*, &c. But the best loved of all is one called '*Mother*,' because she never seems to think of herself, but is always scratching for others; because, in short, she is in this respect like that best, kindest, and dearest of parents, the mother of our little mistress of the poultry-yard."

Emma Maxwell is a very happy portrait; her traits of goodness become her like a rich array of diamonds. She is a stray flower found in the fields, more lovely than the fine ladies of the earth in all their glory. A daily, aye, hourly beauty, beams forth in her quiet benevolence. Such charm there is in virtue :—

"There are persons in this world who would almost seem to be deprived of the natural relations of parents, brothers and sisters, husband and children, that they may do the little odd jobs for the human family left undone by the regular laborers. Emma Maxwell was one of these, God's missionaries to his children. Emma was an orphan. She lived at her uncle's, where, though she paid her board, she rendered many services that lightened the burden of life to every member of the family. Perhaps some of my young readers would like to know how Miss Emma Maxwell looked. She was tall, and not very slender, for she took good care of her health, and had the reward of her care in strength and cheerfulness, and the sign of it in the bright bloom of her cheek. She had a soft blue eye, and one of the sweetest mouths I ever saw. How could it be otherwise? for never any but kind words and soft tones came from it. And she had—do not be shocked, my gentle readers—red hair. Depend upon it, all young ladies, be they good and lovely, and even pretty (and pretty Emma undeniably was), do not have—except in books—'auburn hair,' or 'flaxen,' or even 'rich brown.' Emma's hair was so plainly and neatly arranged, that no one noticed it except to say, that 'somehow red hair did not look badly on Emma Maxwell.' The light that comes from within can make every thing without look agreeable in our eyes. \* \* \* Emma had escaped that worst evil, sometimes the consequence of the early loss of friends, a diminution of her affections. Hers were 'set on things above.' Her heart went out to meet every human being gently and silently, like the falling of the dews of heaven. There was no bustle, no talk. By her fruit she was known. She often resembled those flowers that, unseen, give out sweet odors; her kindness was enjoyed, and its source was known."

We hope to receive more such volumes for the young from Miss Sedgwick. In her observations among her young friends and acquaintances she should make further note of the qualities of goodness here presented, as one plucks a beautiful flower in his walks, and keeps them for new Christmas offerings and Love Tokens for Children.

## MISCELLANIES.

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HENRY CLAY.—We read with feelings of unmixed pleasure the recently published correspondence between this distinguished statesman and a committee of New-York Whigs. This committee, which consisted of Gulian C. Verplanck, Alexander R. Wyckoff, Noah Cooke, Willis Hall, Dudley Selden, William A. Lawrence, M. L. Davis, A. Chandler, and Daniel Ulman, Esqrs., addressed, on the 20th of July last, a letter to Mr. Clay, expressive of their sentiments upon conveying to him an account of the proceedings of a meeting of his friends held on the 6th of July, in which it was determined to use all proper exertions to bring before a national convention the name of HENRY CLAY as a candidate for the Presidency. We have scarcely ever met with a more dignified, chaste, and beautiful letter than that which Mr. Clay wrote in reply. Its sentiments are precisely such as we should have expected. Generous, noble, self-sacrificing—he prefers in all things the good of his country to his own. Rejecting the nomination of any candidate at that time, as premature, he writes, “It cannot be too strongly impressed upon our friends that the question of the selection of the particular individual to accomplish those patriotic purposes which we have in view, although not unimportant, is of subordinate consequence. It should never be allowed to become the paramount object, nor to divide more than is absolutely unavoidable those who agree in the general principle. \* \* \* Should a National Convention of the friends of reform nominate any other person, he shall have my hearty wishes for his success, and my cordial support.” How different a man is here presented to our contemplation from our ordinary great men! Let it be remembered that this was not written for effect, but in a letter which the writer thought would never be published. Subsequently, on the 16th of November, the same committee of gentlemen addressed a letter to Mr. Clay, congratulating him on the recent political revolution in New-York. To this Mr. Clay replied from Washington in an animated and eloquent strain.

The publication of this excellent correspondence presents us with a fitting occasion upon which to declare, plainly and undisguisedly, our positive preference of HENRY CLAY as the candidate of the Whig party for the Presidency. We prefer him personally—we prefer him politically. Whatever influence we can exert, shall be exerted in his cause. He was our choice when we were youths in the cloisters of a college; he has been constantly our choice; he is now our choice, when we are men engaged in the business of life; he shall be our Candidate. If another shall be nominated by a National

Convention, we shall regret it, but yield to duty and expediency. Nevertheless we are for CLAY—"HARRY CLAY" is our man. We never saw more of him than his great acts and his eloquent arguments; but we revere the statesman and we love the man. All the literary men of the country should cluster around him; he is their best friend. Already has he introduced a bill for a copy-right law, which will greatly advance the interests of our literature; to him alone do we owe all that has been done in our behalf in our time-wasting Congress. We have spoken distinctly. We scorn concealment on such a subject. We pretend no liking that we do not feel, and we boldly declare that which we do feel. Our reasons will be fully stated from time to time, as clearly in defence of this as of our other political opinions. Whether our advocacy of his cause prove of weight or of no weight; whether we gain or lose in the estimation of the political public, by an unequivocal declaration of our preference; we will, to the best of our ability, hold up to the people as the candidate for President of the United States—after the much-prayed-for secession of Martin Van Buren—HENRY CLAY.

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CONGRESS.—The Twenty-Fifth Congress commenced its first regular session on Monday, Dec. 4th, and the President's Message was delivered on the following day. It is mediocre in style, verbose, often obscure, and rather remarkable for a paucity of ideas than otherwise. Its principal points are as follows:—

1. A war with Mexico is threatened.
2. The sub-treasury scheme, including the exaction of specie exclusively for all public dues, is adhered to and again recommended, though timorously, and with qualifications.
3. The late Whig victories are attributed to Bank influence.
4. The Treasury is in a bad way, and getting more so.
5. The Public Land system is to be modified so as to suit the views of the squatters. (On this head, see our article in this No.)

We remember nothing else of importance. Mr. Speaker Polk in the House, and Vice-President Johnson in the senate, have re-appointed, very nearly, the old packed committees. The political campaign was opened with great spirit on Monday, Dec. 18th, by Mr. Wise of Va., in opposition to the usual reference of the President's Message—the proposition before the House being to refer so much as relates to the currency and finances of the nation to the committee of Ways and Means.

Nothing of marked interest has yet occurred in either House, saving a tempest in each on the Abolition question. Mr. Adams makes a practice of consuming petition day, as it is termed, in a series of undignified rows with the Southern members, by presenting but one of his pile of Abolition petitions at a time, and getting up a distinct quarrel upon each. This conduct had already occasioned much irritation, when a new firebrand was thrown into the

House by the introduction of certain resolutions of the Vermont Legislature, strongly hostile to slavery. Mr. Slade, in presenting them, gave vent to his feelings, (Wednesday, Dec. 20,) in a highly inflammatory speech, which created a tumultuous excitement, in the midst of which the Southern members withdrew from the House, and organized themselves in the room of the committee for the District of Columbia. Their deliberation was protracted till 12 o'clock; and, as its result, a resolution was presented to the House the next morning, by Mr. Patton, their chairman, establishing in substance, as a rule of the House, that all petitions, resolutions, &c. &c., relating in any manner to Slavery or its Abolition, in the District of Columbia or elsewhere, be laid on the table on presentation, without debating, reading, references, or action of any kind. The previous question was moved, all discussion precluded, and the resolution passed forthwith: Yeas 124; Nays 75. Had the House refused or evaded this decision, it is presumed that the Southern members would have withdrawn, and the Union been virtually dissolved.

In the Senate, the Abolition petitions have also been laid on the table: Yeas 25; Nays 20.

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A HOME SQUADRON.—We are glad to perceive that one of the first acts of Congress, during the present session, is the passage of a law ordering a portion of our naval vessels to cruise upon our coasts, for the purpose of affording relief to vessels that may arrive in distress. Worthy as this object is, we believe that other advantages will arise from it, of great utility both to the Navy and the country at large. The propriety of establishing a *coast guard* has long been suggested; and the recent report of the capture of the *Susquehanna* seems to have shown the necessity for it in a strong light. The extent of our coast, the great number of our ships, and the large amount of specie always coming to, and going from, our Atlantic ports, seem imperiously to demand such a guard. And when to this is added the immense number of human beings whose lives might be sacrificed in the event of any depredations upon the coast, every principle of humanity urges us to demand protection from the Government.

While safety would thus be given to our commerce, a squadron of vessels, well manned and equipped, plying upon our coast, and keeping up regular communications between its distant points, would give to the whole country a more intimate knowledge of the strength and resources of our Navy than is now diffused. By being transferred from one point to another, our officers and seamen would become acquainted with our whole coast, and a system of intercourse be established between them and their countrymen, beneficial alike to themselves and those whose interests they would be engaged in protecting.

As a nursery for both officers and seamen, a coast squadron would

be productive of the happiest results. We are sure that the portion of officers who now necessarily pass a part of their time on shore, would prefer the activity which the short cruises of such a duty would give them. The greatest usefulness, however, would be found in its operation as a school for American seamen. The great difficulty of getting American seamen for the ships of our Navy is everywhere known; and the evil is increasing, rather than diminishing. In case of war, the great number of foreigners now in our naval vessels might produce serious embarrassments. Our officers feel this fact to be highly discreditable to us as a nation, and appeal to the pride with which every American citizen is accustomed to look upon our navy, to demand a remedy for this evil.

Public attention has been drawn to a plan of establishing, in each of our principal seaports, a school-ship, for the reception of boys of a suitable age, to enter, with consent of their parents and guardians, with a view of preparing them for a sea-faring life. It is proposed that they should here be well instructed in the various rudiments of an ordinary education. This plan, we think, to be one of great utility, and highly benevolent in its character. In the event of its being carried into effect, the vessels composing the home squadron could form that part of "the school" where the boys should receive the practical knowledge of their business. Even if this plan should not be adopted, the short cruises of this squadron would be an inducement to parents, whose children might evince a fondness for a sea-life, to place them under the care of experienced officers.

To all these considerations we may add another, purely national. In approaching the coast of England, France, and the other nations of Europe, vessels of war are found cruising, ready to afford relief or protection to vessels of all nations. Is it not due to our own national consequence, that a similar squadron, both for guard and relief, should always be found equipped for service near our coast?

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**EARLY VOYAGES TO AMERICA**—It was announced some time since, that the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, at Copenhagen, intended to publish a volume under the title of *Antiquities Americanæ*, the object of which was to treat of the early voyages to, and discoveries made in, this country, anterior to the time of Columbus.

This Society is one of the oldest in existence, and numbers among its members many of the most distinguished savans in Europe. It is also enriched with a cabinet of great value, on account of its rare manuscripts, and other documents and articles of various descriptions, illustrative of the persons and things, manners and customs, voyages and travels, of by-gone times.

Under a belief that America had been visited, during various periods, between the 10th and 14th centuries, some of the most prominent members of this Society have devoted many years to investigations relating to this matter. The result of their labors has been arranged, systematized, and published by order of the Society.

The work has been received in this country. It consists of an imperial quarto volume of 480 pages. It is printed in the original Icelandic, with Danish and Latin translations; to which there is prefixed an historical view of the voyages of discovery, in English. It contains also many fac-similies of the famed Skin Books of Iceland, and numerous copperplate engravings.

The work is one of great labor and research, and bears ample testimony to the fact that America was known to Europe, ages before the time of Columbus; and that portions of it have been visited, especially in Rhode Island and Massachusetts. An interesting description is given of the Writing Rocks at Tiverton and Portsmouth, R. I., and opposite Dighton, Mass.; the last is spoken of at much length, and the inscription it bears explained. These monuments are presumed to be erections of the middle ages. The one near Dighton is said to have been erected near the commencement of the eleventh century, as an evidence of occupancy of the country by Northmen.

Our readers may recollect that the January number of this magazine for 1836, contains a plate and description of a human skeleton, found in a sitting posture at Fall River, Mass., in the immediate neighborhood of Dighton Rock. On the breast was a curious plate of brass, and the body was encircled with a belt composed of brass tubes. There were also found arrows of brass, thin, flat, and triangular in shape. No satisfactory account has before now been given of this, or of the hieroglyphics upon the rocks. The body was undoubtedly one of the Northmen who came over in these expeditions, and was probably buried in the position in which it was found.

We shall give an extended notice of this work in our February number.

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#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A PLEA FOR AUTHORS.—Under this title a spirited pamphlet, of which we have had a look at the first proof of sheets, is about to be issued by Adlard and Saunders. It goes completely over the whole ground of the rights of literary property, and appeals to the American public in behalf of a just international copyright law. We commend it warmly to the public.

ADLARD AND SAUNDERS have also in the press:—

THE DESERTED BRIDE, and other Poems, by George P. Morris.

DR. A. H. STEVENS' LECTURE on the Primary Treatment of Injuries, &c.

A new edition of *Miss Martineau's "SOCIETY IN AMERICA."* 2 vols. &c.

A new edition of *N. P. Willis's "MELANIE and other Poems."*

A second edition of *Mrs. Jameson's "CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN,"* with vignette etchings by the author, with copious additions, &c.

GEORGE DEARBORN AND CO. have in the press, *THE LIFE OF BRANT*, by WM. L. STONE. *DE TOCQUEVILLE'S DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA*, with an original Preface and Notes, by the Hon. J. C. Spenser. *THE LOVE CHASE*, a new Drama, by JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES; to be published uniform with the editions of *ION*, *THE WRECKER'S DAUGHTER*, &c. &c. *THE WHIG ALMANAC*; new edition, containing complete returns of all elections just published.



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Communications addressed to the Rev. Asa Eaton, D. D., Chaplain and Head of the Family of St. Mary's Hall, Burlington, New Jersey.

THE  
AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1838.

THE NEW COPYRIGHT LAW.

"Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower :  
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare  
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower  
Went to the ground ; and the repeated air  
Of sad Electra's poet had the power  
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare."

*Milton's Sonnets.*

THE cause of authors in this country and of good literature seems about to derive some important aid from the better establishment of literary property. In the new bill of Mr. Clay the matter is brought before the public in a more tangible shape than it has yet assumed ; by becoming a subject, as it were, of national treaty, and being handled as the balance of Trade or the Tariff in the public councils, its shadowy existence is concentrated and invested with bodily form. The rights of authors will begin to be respected, when they are spoken of by the same mouths that talk in a business and mercantile way of the cotton market and the manufacturing interest. Mr. Clay and Mr. Sergeant Talfourd may do more for the wounded feelings and reputation of the irritable race than a library of authors on the true nobility of learning, or woful ballad-writers on the misfortunes of scholars. It is this neglect of the rights of authors by the state that has thrown the profession of letters into disrespect. By granting them only a limited property in their works—to cease perhaps when old age most needs the rewards of youthful labor, or when a late sense of justice by the public

makes the right valuable, the law casts a shade of suspicion on the profession of the author. His poverty, the badge of his country's ingratitude, is set down against him by that country as a crime. An indifferent shoemaker or tailor is respected by that statute book, which has banned and interdicted the poor "poetaster" with vagrants and rogues. By the Common Law, (the common principles of right and justice in the land,) the enjoyment of his property was perpetual. In the insecurity of those rights, which were freely plundered and pillaged, the state offers redress, and secures the author against injury for a few years, in the statute of Anne, by a privilege which the courts turn against him, and under which he is deprived of all future benefits.

As a late amends to the injured cause of literature, Mr. Sergeant Talfourd has introduced a bill into the British Parliament, extending the term of copyright to the heirs of the author for sixty years after his death. The bill is fenced around with provisions which secure the privilege firmly to his family by making the right not assignable by the author beyond the period of twenty-eight years, and by not extending it to the assignees of existing copyright. This is truly a good deed to literature, and one which Mr. Talfourd, as a man of letters, must feel does him honor. Future writers will speak of him with love and reverence, for there is a community of affection in authorship which no other corporation inherits. He could desire no better reward than a peep into futurity, to behold genius striving with honorable motive, and bearing away the palm by efforts nerved by this noble act—the sting taken away from the miseries of authors and their improvidence deprived of its worst evil. The recent dedication of the *Pickwick Papers*, by Mr. Dickens, offers a warm, grateful burst of feeling, natural and kin to the mind of that author. He addresses Mr. Sergeant Talfourd:—"Many a fevered head and palsied hand will gather new vigor in the hour of sickness and distress from your excellent exertions; many a widowed mother and orphan child, who would otherwise reap nothing from the fame of departed genius but its too frequent legacy of poverty and suffering, will bear, in their altered condition, higher testimony to the value of your labors than the most lavish encomiums from lip or pen could ever afford."

While Mr. Sergeant Talfourd is engaged in the passage of this act in England (to be followed, we trust, by similar legislation in this country) Mr. Clay is also employed in our own Congress with another law which will not be less permanent or important in its effects on literature. The international copyright law will be an act of justice which should not have been so long delayed. The proposition on which it rests is so simple,

and the appeal to equity so straight-forward, that its reasoning with every candid mind must be conclusive. Mr. Clay, in the report of the committee to whom was referred the address of the British authors, reduces the argument to these few words. "It being established that literary property is entitled to legal protection, it results that this protection ought to be afforded wherever the property is situated. A British merchant brings or transmits to the United States a bale of merchandise, and the moment it comes within the jurisdiction of our laws, they throw around it effectual security. But if the work of a British author is brought to the United States it may be appropriated by any resident here, and republished without any consideration or compensation whatever being made to the author. We should all be shocked if the law tolerated the least invasion of the rights of property in the case of merchandise, whilst those which justly belong to the works of authors are exposed to daily violation, without the possibility of their invoking the aid of the laws." The question is to be thus decided on the broad grounds of national honesty. The right of property in literature, being once admitted by the state—whether for one year, fourteen years, or for life; in perpetuity, or for a limited period, as it has been by three several acts of this country—justice requires shall be denied to no one. The courtesy of nations should least of all deny this to foreign states.

If this law will award a proper recompense to foreign authors, it is no less an act of justice towards our own. An international copyright law would at once elevate the cause of letters in this country, and give to our literature a better station in Great Britain. For the latter, the future literary history of the two countries would be incorporated together; the English public would have an eye on America, and be ready to cherish the first buddings of talent, while now often the mature fruits are scarce known across the Atlantic. At home, American Literature has been talked of so long that it has become a sorry phrase, mentioned with a curl of the lip, and a piteous sneer of contempt. Writers have arisen among us from time to time; many of acknowledged excellence, and others with strong traits of individuality who have been admired the least. In spite of discouragement, a few have thought for themselves enough, if not to build a temple of fame, at least to disprove the sneer that the American mind is inferior to the intellect of the old world. Bryant, Paulding, Channing, Cooper, Miss Sedgwick, and Hawthorne, are national authors, whose thoughts are suggested by American subjects, whose opinions are trained in the spirit of the Republic, whose education and manners have been framed at home. These have led the way

towards the inexhaustible field of poetry, romance, philosophy, nature and truth, which lies unbroken, covered with the virgin sod. Some skilful, cunning magician with his divining-rod will yet lay bare to the world the richest treasures from this soil. We cannot but think that the number of native authors would have been greater if they had met with the ordinary encouragements of genius, if they had not suffered beyond its discouragements. The condition of American authors is peculiar. There are no separate great nations like England and the United States—speaking the same language, that could be thus affected by the literature of either land. In every other country, the author may indeed have to struggle according to the hard fate of his race; but he has no obstacles thrown in his way from abroad. His rights are not infringed upon by an anomalous traffic. He brings his wares to the market, prepared for severe competition; but not to compete with the smuggler, who can sell his goods for nothing. The state of literary property in this country is sufficient explanation of the low condition of our Literature. We may as well complain of this as of the depression of the domestic flour market, if foreign grain were landed in abundance on our shores, stolen immediately and sold for a farthing a bushel. An American work of equal merit with the foreign, if offered to the publishers for nothing, may be rejected; because it is less expensive to set up the types from a printed copy than from a manuscript. An English author is reprinted because he has a name abroad, and has been noticed in the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly Reviews*; an American author is expected to pay liberally, before a publisher will give him reputation by his modern *Imprimatur*. Here is a virtual tyranny over the press, in the exclusion of books practically not less odious than that of the *Star Chamber*. The American author asks for no exclusive privileges, no monopolies; he does not call for restrictions, or say that no foreign books shall be reprinted in the country; he demands only to be on an equality. He is willing to contend in the race; he only asks to set out fairly from the same starting point. This is one of those causes of justice wherein both parties receive benefit; it is to be no tariff on the foreign author; but a bounty for both the English and American. Protection is asked not in the shape of a doubtful tax; but in open-armed amity and liberality. Generosity and self-interest meet together in a new unwonted embrace.

There is one branch of American literature which might become the most popular and really valuable of any that is now wholly depressed by the supply of foreign literature. Periodicals, which have become almost the sole vehicle for the efforts

of minor literature—the essay, the criticism, the sketch of life and manners—require a protection, or rather a cessation from persecution. It need not be said that the press is a great agent in forming the character of the nation, or that its elegance and ability reflect the grace and talent of the country. By the new impulse given to the cause of literature many new authors of sterling worth would arise in this diversified department of letters. It would be a fresh encouragement to books. The highest species of writing is to be looked for in the Magazines; for these offer a mode of reaching the public mind more direct than the writing of a book. A Quarterly Review will sometimes contain the matter and substance of half a dozen volumes. The review of Lord Bacon, in a late number of the Edinburgh, forms one of the best works written on the character and writings of that great philosopher. The Essays of Elia were written for a Magazine; Hazlitt's philosophical and critical papers; Bulwer's miscellaneous writings; Marryatt's, and Theodore Hook's novels, with many of the chief writings of the age. This is too busy and active a time for the older forms of literature: there are no monasteries of learning where the author may bury himself from the world and spin out his thoughts (with the thick cobwebs that hang around him on the walls) till they reach the length of folios: there are not so many quiet old gentlemen living on retired entailed estates to read them either. The age requires condensation, vigor, point. Modern literature is miscellaneous in its character; it has no less influence than the old, but it is exerted in a different way. It gains and conquers by repeated blows; it thrusts in a hint in the shape of a paragraph, an argument in the form of an essay or a political treatise under the guise of a review. It is versatile, and meets the reader at every turn; it is wise, learned—important without being formal, pedantic, or dictatorial. It discusses every topic of reflection or action, and gives a general cast to society. This agent on government and morals should be in our own hands. Our ideas of virtue should not be drawn from the effeminate atmosphere of courts, but be inhaled with the pure invigorating air of the Republic. Under the encouragement of letters by the new law, a man of cultivated mind would think it no discredit to be an author, but might employ himself in training the intellect of the country, leading it onward to something more vigorous than it has yet attained. Some of our best writers are those who are employed in the different professions or in mercantile life, who have given evidence of their powers by incidental efforts; who would shrink now from the degrading attendance on booksellers, implied in the profession of authorship in America, but whose abilities, solely de-

voted to literature, would do honor to the land. The rewards of Fame are tempting, but it is purchasing the insecure good too dearly to pay for the loss of fortune, and professional reputation during life. Whether a copyright might or might not be secured to the miscellaneous contents of a periodical, still this department would rise in character with the general estimation of literature.

It is alleged, in objection to the new law, that the price of books will be materially increased; that the cheap reading of the common people will be cut off at one blow; that we will be at the tender mercy of English booksellers, (who are represented as entering upon our shores in a fearful attitude, much as a band of privateers boarding a rich vessel with sword and cutlass,) and pay dearly enough for this ill-judged liberality. This argument cannot be alleged by the ingenuous mind, since the question, as we have shown, is one of simple justice. It is no defence of stealing a thing that we get it for nothing, or impeachment of honesty should we pay for it. If we are convinced of the proposition from which we cannot withhold our assent—that the result of labor in the production of a poem, an essay or history, becomes property in the hands of an author, equally with the production of a plough or a bale of goods by the artisan or manufacturer; the same laws that protect the owner in the possession of the latter must be applied to the former, or be condemned for partial justice. The right of an author to the publication of his book is as perfect (so the state has enacted) as that of the merchant to the sale of his goods. The argument of expediency should never be advanced against right and justice: in a liberal and enlarged view nothing can be gained from the contrast, for these interests will be found at harmony. Whatever is right must be expedient. We need not fear to carry an honest principle into its details. By an international copyright law not only will justice be rendered to the foreign writer, and the American author be placed on a fair footing of equality, (below which he is now degraded,) but the country at large, the great mass of readers, will be benefitted by the advancement of the national literature. The price, even of foreign books, will not be greatly increased. At the most, we shall have to pay but a tythe for the purchase of a large estate. There is a natural limit which will determine all prices. Books, more than any other article of sale, must yield to the law that regulates the price by the demand; the ratio between the cost of a limited production and a large one is more in favor of books than any other item of consumption. The first edition bears the additional charge of the author, the type-founder, and the compositor; the second only of the pressman



and the paper-dealer. Low prices are the secrets of great profits. These causes will make books cheap anywhere; hence the best editions of the best books abroad (as the monthly volumes of Wordsworth, Byron, Scott, Crabbe, and Southey) are furnished at the lowest rates, but there are reasons specially in favor of America that will render them cheaper here than in England. Abroad, there is a duty on the materials of books—paper, binding, advertisements, and copies to public libraries—that enhances the price. Even with the late deduction on these taxes by Parliament, the duty bears a proportion of about one-seventh or one-eighth of the cost of publication. This element of cost cannot enter into the manufacturing of books here. Again, the reading public in this country is larger than in England; the price diminishes as the demand increases, so that books on this account will be less. There will be a national competition between English and American authors here that will also tend to make the price less than abroad. With his increased remuneration the foreign writer can afford to give away something for the sake of fame; he will not raise the price of his work to the utmost limit of exaction, but will yield much to be read by a new nation, every day advancing in intelligence and refinement. This argument is not quixotic, for fame and reputation are the great spurs to the author's mind; he is not the miser counting over his gold in secret, and hoarding it in his bosom in the dark, but the veriest prodigal scattering his thoughts to the winds of heaven to bear them over the whole world. It is said this law will exclude many inferior books—those tenth-rate productions, the sweepings of the drawing-room, the dawdlings and potterings of lords and ladies; if so, it will be in favor of the low price of sterling books, for every bad work prevents to a certain extent the demand for a good one. A volume, too, may be printed very well in this country, vastly better than the present style, without the cost of satin paper in the foreign, or Sheridan's "rivulet of text meandering through a meadow of margin." After a careful calculation, it is found that the price of English works in America will be from one-fourth to one-third of the price they are abroad. Honesty and Gratitude cannot refuse this.

We might answer many objections, all of them weak, since they contend against a correct principle; but in our view this question is to be resolved on noble grounds. It is a tribute to the claims of letters. The debt we owe to literature is incalculable. Without the goodly aid of books, those treasures of language, "apples of gold in pictures of silver," the very words we utter, would have been but an ill-formed, rude mass of sounds; such as the native of Tonga or the Feejee islands

gibbers at a high dance or some fiendish sacrifice. If Moore, and Ascham, and Milton, and Dryden, and Addison, and Goldsmith, and Irving, had not at different periods culled and purified the language, what kind of syllables would we be speaking now? Would Commerce ever have smoothed these sounds to the tongue, or modulated them to the ear? Would a bill of lading, or a note of hand, like another Amphion, have reduced these warring babblings of Babel to harmony and grace? There too are the benefits Literature has rendered to the cause of virtue and humanity. The quiet author, secluded in some retired nook, an ill-furnished garret, or a poor country inn, overlooked or thrust aside by the world, has uttered those words of truth in his close speculations, or inspired reveries, which have been the wisdom of after-ages. The poet, "that right popular Philosopher," lives in and for the people; he raises their courage by the trumpet in war, and soothes them by the lyre in peace; he sings ballads by the side of the cottage door for the peasant, and builds the epic for the learned; he has a sad note for distress, and a pleasant tune for joy; he lends us words at the altar, in the closet, and in the friendly circle; he sings odes at our birth, and dirges borne on the wintry winds at our grave; we part with his notes in time, to take up a higher strain in eternity. Treat the Poet with all reverence, for he is all worthy. Let the law do him great honor, for he is the crowning honor of the state.

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M. I.

BORN in the North, and reared in Tropic lands,—  
 Her mind has all the vigor of a tree,  
 Sprung from a rocky soil beside the sea,  
 And all the sweetness of a rose that stands  
 In the soft sunshine on some sheltered lea.  
 She seems all life and light and love to me!  
 No winter lingers in her glowing smile,  
 No coldness in her deep, melodious words,—  
 But all the warmth of her dear Indian isle,  
 And all the music of its tuneful birds.  
 With her conversing of my native bowers,  
 In the far South, I feel the genial air  
 Of some delicious morn, and taste those flowers,  
 Which, like herself, are bright above compare.

HERMION.

## SCENES IN THE LIFE OF JOANNA OF SICILY.

BY MRS. ELLET.

### THE COURT OF LOVE.

"Not the arena of life, but what lies within it, determines its worth. Distribute the thunder into its single tones, and it becomes a lullaby for children ;—pour it forth in one quick burst of sound, and the royal peal shall rend the heavens!"—*Fiesco.*

"The gracious—the melodious! Oh, the words  
Laughed on her lips; the motion of her smiles  
Showered beauty, as the air-caressed spray  
The dews of morning"—— *Fazio.*

By the death of King Robert the Wise, the crown of Naples devolved on the Princess Joanna, then sixteen years of age. Though her historians unitedly affirm that the examples of her ancestors—the rich endowments nature and education had lavished on herself—the charms of the woman and the accomplishments of the queen—seemed to promise her a reign of uninterrupted prosperity; yet far-sighted observers of men and things in her own time already feared for the lot of a sovereign of such tender years, subject to the control of a council of regency, of which the Hungarian governor of Andrew and the notorious Friar Robert were prominent members. The artful monk had procured the admission of some of his creatures to a share in the government, and had appointed others to offices of trust; thus secretly securing power to himself, which he ventured, ere long, openly to assert in defiance of the Regency and the Pope; ruling in the minds of the ignorant populace by his pretended sanctity, and influencing the mercenary and ambitious nobles by promises of lucre and advancement. Such was the height to which his assumed authority was elevated—assumed in the name of King Andrew, whose weak mind he ruled with despotic sway—that both the queen and queen-dowager were compelled to most unwilling submission, unable to rid themselves of the hateful fetters. Most of the princes and higher nobles, disgusted with the existing state of things, or banished by Hungarian arrogance from court, retired to different parts of the realm; from them, therefore, Joanna could expect no aid. "Like lambs in the midst of wolves"—in the language of the eloquent Petrarch, whose penetrating intellect

had long before discerned the signs of the times, and who fearlessly denounced the gloomy despotism which, in effect, dethroned the legitimate rulers of the kingdom—dwelt those who were the sole hope of the nation; treated with insolence by Friar Robert, who “oppressed the weak, despised the great, and trod justice under foot, causing the court and the city alike to tremble before him.” The renowned poet, whose words we quote, pathetically bewails the suffering he strove vainly to alleviate. “I mourn for thee, Naples, my beloved. Now I believe that from the remains of the dead a serpent may spring, since from the sepulchre of thy great king this asp hath arisen—this infamy of the earth! Is *he* a fit successor to such a monarch, who, more depraved than Dionysius, Phaleris, and Agathocles, has remained to govern the court of Naples, but with a new and marvellous species of tyranny? who, confounding all things human and divine, like a new Palinurus or Tiphys, sits at the helm of this great vessel?”

“We may pause for a moment,” says the elegant biographer of the queen, “to picture to ourselves the crouching figure of the dirty, ragged, and bare-footed Friar, contrasted with the refined and elegant poet, and the majestic young queen in the first fresh bloom of youth and beauty! Such a group, which sets at defiance the imagination of a writer of romance, must at this period have been daily seen in real life in the halls of Castel Novo!” The degrading nature of the thralldom enhanced the indignation with which it was borne; and the hypocritical and ambitious monk soon learned to dread the ripening powers of a mind he could not subject to his sway, and to look forward to the day when the young sovereign, entitled to govern in her own right, should hurl him from the seat to which he had climbed, and spurn the unsightly reptile that had crossed her path. The eventual certainty of such a termination to his misrule became more and more apparent as time developed the extraordinary talents and lofty independence of character bestowed by nature upon Joanna.

It was nearly two years after her accession, when her rising influence and authority had already begun to loosen the chain under which the land had groaned; that the scenes occurred which we shall attempt briefly to describe in the following pages. The queen had proclaimed a grand Tournament and Court of Love, to be held in her city of Avignon; whither she purposed to journey with her knights and dames of honor, and where she summoned all the poets of Provence and the adjoining countries. Though the tournaments and jousts, diversions so popular in the ages of chivalry, still flourished during the early part of the fourteenth century, the Courts of Love had long

lost their first splendor when Joan attempted to revive them in her brilliant reign. The history of these institutions, which throws a light so important and interesting upon the spirit and manners of the days of the Troubadours, does not furnish us with accurate information as to the precise period of their foundation ; though it is probable they flourished at the close of the eleventh, and more universally during the twelfth century. In those days of romance, the baron invited to his castle the neighboring lords, the knights and their vassals ; three days were usually devoted to warlike games and tournaments, in which pages and knights newly spurred, as well as the elder warriors, took part ; the lady of the castle, surrounded by the flower of the land's beauty, dispensing crowns to the victors. She then opened her tribunal, instituted in imitation of lordly courts ; and as the baron sat in the midst of his peers to render justice, her court, formed of the youngest, and fairest, and wisest dames, in the exercise of a sway delegated by the consent of universal opinion, denounced punishment, more or less severe, on the inconstancy of lovers, or the cruelty and caprice of the fair, or gave decision on doubtful points of casuistry. New combats were also appointed—not in arms, but in poetry ; and often the knights who had obtained the prize of valor disputed for that awarded in the *tensons*. One of them, with harp in hand, after a short prelude, proposed a subject for discussion ; another advancing from the circle, replied with a stanza in the same measure, often with the same rhymes ; the opponents alternated verses, the contest generally terminating with the fifth stanza. The court then gravely deliberated, discussed the merits of the poets and the scope of the question, and pronounced the decision in another verse. Not a doubt can be entertained of the real authority of these tribunals ; an authority based on the influence of fashion or prevailing sentiment, and transcending even civil enactments ; though we are compelled to confess that, instead of reforming social manners, they only sanctioned the disregard of moral restraint. They introduced, however, at least, an affectation of sentiment into a passion, which, in an impetuous and extravagant age, might otherwise have assumed a savage and ferocious character.

The most famous among these courts, and those whose *arrets* are recorded as most worthy of remembrance, were those held by the celebrated Eleanor of Aquitaine, wife of Louis VII and afterwards Queen of England, her daughter Mary of France the Countess of Champagne, and Emengarde Viscountess of Narbonne.

In her attempt to revive the splendor of these gentle tribunals for the amusement of her circle, Joanna was inspired by

the romantic taste of Petrarch, whom she wished and resolved to attach to her court as soon as happier circumstances should place more of her power in her own hands.

Brilliant beyond description was the concourse assembled at Avignon to witness and do honor to the spectacles of knightly prowess and poetic skill. In the vicinity of the monastery of St. Herbert, near which was the spot selected for the enclosure, appeared at an early hour a vast throng of men, women, and children, clad in their holiday apparel; the crowd of artizans, clothiers, armorers, and the like, with the peasantry from the surrounding champaign, distinguished by their peculiar habiliments; the dames and cavaliers, recognized by their mantles of silk and scarlet, velvet bonnets, fanfaronas, and carcanets of pearls and precious stones, their sables and rich furs, and other badges of aristocracy, which it was their high privilege to wear, in contrast to the fustian, serge, and russet of the inferior orders, to whom valuable furs or stuffs, and buckles or pendants of any metal more precious than steel, were expressly prohibited. Here, amidst the assembly a minstrel idly chanted his lay to the sound of his mandola; there a *jongleur* delighted the crowd by his fife or tambourine; or mountebanks exhibited for sale their reliques and charms against disease, exalting the pretended virtues of herbs named after this or that saint. Over the ground surrounding the enclosure, tents were everywhere erected, where games of dice and backgammon, or tables as they were called, were in full operation; booths and temporary shops were thickly scattered about, amply supplied with stores of stall-fed meat and boar's flesh—with malmsey and *vernaccia*—wines and food of every possible variety. Enclosed squares were set apart for the horses and armor brought for sale, and for the uses of the combatants; here and there might be seen a mounted cavalier of wood, armed at all points, on his gigantic steed, contrived so as to exhibit to the best advantage the showman's stock and skill; gorget, and cuirass and buckler, morion, lance and battle-axe, *estoc* and dagger, misnamed of mercy—flashed in formidable array; and the housings of the motionless charger, the richly ornamented bridle, the collar of mail, the iron-bound *selle* with its elevated bows, showed in imposing pomp the proper equipment of the chevalier.

The galleries overlooking the arena, prepared for the reception of noble spectators, were shaped like towers and terraces; and pensile gardens, decorated with tapestry and superb canopies, and banners emblazoned with the arms of the Counts of Provence. The flourish of trumpets and other warlike instruments putting an end to the games of pages and varlets, and the ruder amusements of the populace, announced the arrival

of the knights; and presently the ground was inundated with a sea of floating plumes, and *lambrequins* or pennons, their brilliant armor flashing in the sun. Followed by their ecuyers, all mounted, they swept on with slow and majestic pace. The general tumult was hushed into a confused murmur, like the swell of the mighty surge; then sudden and prolonged acclamations convulsed the air, as the Queen, with the train of ladies, regally attired, entered the royal pavilion. Her coming was the signal for the commencement of the diversions. After the usual proclamation of the king at arms, from two vast tents on either side of the Queen's gallery, came forth, at the peal of the trumpets, two companies of cavaliers, twelve in number each, distinguished by white and red plumes and vestments; their mailed chargers wearing the steel horn in the middle of the forehead, and strings of bells fastened to the poitrel or breast armor. Each knight displayed his own arms on his shield, and bore on the summit of his helmet, *le plus haut de ses biens*—the favor of his lady love.

After the customary salutation to the royal dames, the cavaliers, drawn up at the two extremities of the lists, at the first signal suddenly and simultaneously lowered their visors; at the second, put lance in rest, while the buzzing of an insect might have been heard; at the third, with a thrilling shout, each party naming its patron saint and the name of its leader, slackening the bridles on the arched necks of their steeds, and planting spurs in their sides, they hurled themselves against each other in full career, and met in the midst with a shock like thunder. Lances were shattered, knights unhorsed; and steeds, who had been dashed front against front, were galloping affrighted round the arena with empty selle and bridle loose; fragments of lacerated plumes were whirled about by the wind; cries of joy and anger, of encouragement and command, were heard; all was confusion and clamor, amidst the clouds of dust that, by concealing their movements, added to the perplexity; presently grooms were running in every direction after the scattered horses—squires aiding their masters to re-mount, or sergeants dragging some unlucky knight from the field; the tumult increased by the turbulent applause of the spectators, and the eager questions of those uncertain of what had happened. Meanwhile the judges of the tourney in their official robes of silk, the poursuivants and heralds with their quartered tabards, stood watching the combatants to see that there was no violation of the rules of the tournament. If any hot-headed knight dared transgress these regulations, he was chased from the field by the latter dignitaries, and chastised with the butt end of the lances for his perfidy.

It is not our design to attempt any minute detail of the progress of these amusements, though richly they deserve to be held in remembrance ; for the Greek games, celebrated by Pindar with all the pomp of poetry, or the triumphs of ancient Rome, give us no idea of more thrilling interest, or of a more glorious recompense, than the triumphs of chivalry ; where victories humbled not the vanquished, and promoted refinement and an elevated sense of duty among the conquerors. The prize was bestowed by the hands of the fairest and noblest among the dames, chosen by the officers at arms ; it consisted, usually, of wreaths of emblematic flowers, of peacocks' plumes, or chains of gold ; the kiss, which the victor was suffered to take in receiving the gage of his valor, constituted the highest and most glorious guerdon an honored knight could receive. Every ceremony tended to exalt "that generous loyalty to rank and sex—that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom—that sensibility of principle—that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound—which inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity—which ennobled whatever it touched—and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness."

The gay *joust* or single combat, lance against lance, and the magnificent *carousel*, an allegorical pageant, in which knights assumed the character and names, and imitated the adventures, of ancient heroes, succeeded the tourney. The third day was appointed for the exhibitions of the Troubadours and combatants in the Tenson—to be concluded by a "solemn ball," given in honor of Joanna's birthday. The cloudless beauty of the day accorded with the splendor of the scene ; the lists were decorated even more sumptuously than before ; and most heart-felt peals of applause hailed the first minstrel, who with lute in hand came forward, and intimating that he would improvise the words and the music—after a harmonious prelude to prepare the listeners,—and a short abstracted pause, his eyes turned upwards, his brow kindled with the flush of poetic inspiration, his bosom heaving with the thoughts laboring to find utterance in melody—sang the praises of their youthful Queen. Numerous minstrels followed, kindled by the theme ; then, the judges of the Court of Love being elected, the tribunal was organized ; the young and lovely sovereign presiding, the crown on her head as for a state ceremony, and surrounded by her chosen dames. A seat rather lower than hers, beneath the same canopy, was left vacant ; and the young King Andrew,



crowned like herself, and attended by officers of his own nation, advanced to take it. Joan perceiving his intention, waved him back.

"Fair Sir," said she, "I reign here alone; you may not share my authority!"

There was nought in her words to provoke displeasure, and the sportive smile which accompanied them should have precluded such a feeling; it might have done so in the breast of Andrew, but evil-minded counsellors were about him, to murmur, and to supply harsh meanings to the most innocent gaiety. With a clouded brow the King retired. The contested seat, however, was already occupied by a figure of majestic mien, which might readily have been deemed that of a monarch; a monarch in sooth he was, only of empire less limited than those of earthly potentates; of dominion over the minds and hearts of men—the true sovereignty of the enthroned spirit! The united acclamations, the almost idolatrous homage of the people at sight of him; the lowly reverence of prince and peer, the earnest admiration of high-born dames and lovely damsels, proclaimed him one who reigned in universal veneration and love. It was PETRARCH! In his youth renowned for personal beauty, esteemed "the most perfect model of symmetry the age produced," the lapse of years had given a dignity, an ideal glory, to his noble features, that almost excused the then popular belief that the great poet possessed superhuman gifts, and held control over beings of the invisible world. His broad, majestic forehead marked the imaginative character of his mind; and though his dark flashing eyes had lost none of the brilliancy of early years, the countenance, instead of its former changeful and impetuous expression, wore an air of calm and beautiful serenity, of contemplative thought, that awed while it attracted, and proved his tranquil independence, and his superiority to the petty cares and troubles that formed the affliction of inferior minds; proved the power of genius to exalt man above the decline and decay of age, and to ward from his bosom the freezing influence of the snows of time, though scattered profusely on his flowing locks! The smile of that aged poet, radiant as it was with benevolent enthusiasm, was far more captivating than the blandishments of created beauty; his frown would have smitten the culprit with deeper dismay—such is the power of god-like intellect—than if its anathema were to be executed by the iron arm of the warrior!

On him, the young and fair Joanna bestowed her confiding smiles, appealing to his judgment on every doubtful point; and no parent could have gazed with fonder pride on a beloved child than did the laurel-crowned poet on her, the daughter of

his hopes. Sometimes, as he looked on her, so fresh in youthful grace, so artless and noble-minded, so unconscious of the snares that surrounded her, a shade of anxiety might be seen on his features, as if his penetrating glance discovered, through the gloom of the future, the sore trials that awaited her. But now, sterner reflections were forgotten in the delight with which this ardent votary of the lyric muse witnessed the triumphs of poetry in its legitimate arena.

Various were the disputes of the poetical champions; some carried on in Italian, the favorite language of the Angevine dynasty at Naples, which was generally understood; and some in the Provincial tongue. Various the *arrets* of the court, regularly registered in a statute book kept for the purpose. One lady, arraigned at this tribunal for refusing her benediction to her knight on the eve of combat, was condemned in penance, the first time he wished to joust, to arm him with her own hands; to lead his horse by the bridle round the lists, and repeat the usual form of blessing—" *Adieu, mon amy—ayez bon cueur; ne vous souciez de rien, car on prie pour vous !*"\*

Nor did the dames themselves disdain to take part in this contest, and to strive for the palm of minstrelsy. The Lady Marchebrusa, a celebrated poetess of that day, disputed for the prize with an accomplished Troubadour, and won it; whether the victory was owing to her superior achievements or to the gallantry of her opponent, our records do not say. The victor was rewarded, like the champion of the tournament, with a crown of heron's or peacock's feathers; the eyes on the train of the brilliant bird signifying the eyes of the world fixed on the successful poet in admiration and scrutiny.†

Only one of their poems, and by no means the best, we are able to present to our readers. It may give some idea of the spirit and manner of those contests; but the circumstances of its first production, recited in the soft melodious accents of Provence, instead of the "harsh Runic copy" by which we make it known—chanted to the music of harp or lute by the handsome and stately minstrel—with animated gestures and action, and voice now soft, and low, and sweet, now high and strong, now faltering with passion, as the expression of the sentiment required—with all the charms of novelty, the words and music extemporized by the excited bard, and delivered, as it was, in the presence of enthusiastic myriads, among whom the impression was increased an hundred-fold by mutual sym-

\* *St. Palaye.*

† Pope Paul III. sending a consecrated sword to King Pepin, accompanied the gift with a mantle woven of peacocks' plumes.—*St. Palaye.*

pathy, must be taken into account to explain the apparent delight with which it was received.

In ancient days, there dwelt a noble Dame\*  
 Renowned for beauty and rare courtesie ;  
 No sounding title swelled abroad her fame,  
 Though born of noble blood, and lineage high ;  
 Nought with her lord's magnificence could vie ;  
 Renowned, esteemed, the princes of the land  
 Thronged his proud castle—and with envious eye  
 Full many a baron, bold of heart and hand,  
 Gazed on the radiant charms o'er which he held command.

It chanced a tourney nigh the castle held,  
 Summoned to glory many a noble knight ;  
 Chief mid the gallant champions of the field  
 Appeared three chevaliers in armor bright ;  
 Two, proud and rich, with gold and gems bedight ;  
 Save his good steel, the third had armor none :—  
 The three, both rich and poor, worshipped the light  
 Of that sweet Lady's eyes ; and all made moan  
 For unrequited love, with sighs like sorrow's own.

" O, douce and gentle Dame !" each knight would say,  
 " My heart and hopes—my life and death are thine ;  
 Thy humble slave, I bow me to thy sway,  
 And heap my offerings at thy beauty's shrine !  
 On me, O let thy sun of pity shine,  
 And let thy favor honor my poor crest !  
 So shall the bravest arm in fight be mine,  
 Nor e'er from lance shall shrink this dauntless breast,  
 As doth beseech the knight by thy fair friendship blest !"

Then rode they sadly to the tented plain,  
 For unto none of them she deigned reply ;  
 She, that faire Dame, with hastening and amain,  
 Unto her princely closet straight did hie ;  
 Then called her trustiest page ; " Take secretly,"  
 She said—" to yonder gallant chevalier  
 This azure scarf ; if he would live or die—  
 Tell him—for me and for my service dear  
 Let him thus prove his faith, and to my words give ear !

" Bid him, when he doth ride into the field,  
 This scarf in place of gleaming corslet wear ;

\* A true translation from an ancient piece of French verse, found in the MS. of Turin.

Nor aught, save casque and spur, and sword and shield  
 Beside this scarf, of armor may he bear.  
 Should *he* reject the proffered gift, nor dare  
 Upon such terms his loyalty to prove,  
 Go singly to the rest—to him who swear  
 Obedience to me by the powers above,—  
 And him who vowed e'en heaven scarce worth my priceless love."

The page departed to the tourney ground,  
 And did his errand to each noble knight;  
 Those who had gold and gems and lands he found  
 Too loth to risk them for a pledge so light.  
 The third the token grasped with joy—"O, bright"  
 He cried—"my fortune! by this gift I swear  
 Mine arm shall chase each foe to death or flight!  
 And other cuirass scorns this breast to wear,  
 Thus doubly armed by her—the fairest of the fair!"

Into the steeled list he rode that day,  
 His breast with that light scarf of azure bound;  
 Bright gleam his mail-clad foes in stern array,  
 And spurs and lances spur him sorely round.  
 He thinks of love—and as the trumpets sound,  
 Dreams of his beauteous lady's guerdon smile;  
 His foemen's broken armor strews the ground,  
 And thick they fall beneath his sword the while,—  
 Invincible in strength—for Love inspires his toil!

The prize is won—'tis his;—yet pale he lies,  
 His bosom pierced by many a cruel steel;  
 The treasured scarf all drenched in purple dyes,  
 With blood that warmed a breast so true and leal;—  
 "If thy faire mistress these sore wounds would heal,"  
 Unto the page he said—"this scarf, I pray,  
 Bear back to her, that I her love may feel,  
 Thus let her all my loyalty repay,  
 Since for her sake I've braved defeat and death to-day.

"Her lord high festival to-night doth hold,  
 Bids many a baron—many a ladye faire;  
 Amid the throng of dames and nobles bold,  
 Let my loved Dame this blood-stained token wear—  
 And for my sake their courtly mockeries bear!"  
 Low bowed the page—and to his mistress sped,  
 To her revealed his tale of courage rare,  
 And word for word his earnest message said  
 From him who in the fight for her had nobly bled!

"Ah, wo is me!" the gentle ladye cried,  
 "For my caprice that such true blood should flow!"  
 Then took the scarf;—"Be this stained scarf my pride—  
 Dearer than chains of pearl or ruby's glow!  
 By this the loyal knight my truth shall know,—  
 I'll wear this token in the festive hall,  
 Nor heed the scornful lip—nor lowering brow!  
 They shall confess, barons and gentles all,  
 That also female faith no fear may hold in thrall!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, of these chevaliers and dames I pray,  
 And this fair court, to give me judgment true;  
 Which most of love and courage did display,  
 And which is worthiest honor of the two?  
 He for his ladye love, who well nigh threw  
 His life away—or she who did abide  
 From those, her champion's poverty who knew,  
 For him, the smiles and taunts of scornful pride?  
 Decide in faith—and Love your gerdon be and guide!

Our authorities enable us to give the decision of the court upon this important question; after keen debate it was announced that the Ladye had shown most fortitude and love; since it required more courage to stand unmoved against the archery of ridicule than to encounter the sharpest lance ever cavalier put in rest.

It was nigh sunset, and the company were about to leave the ground, when a knight, gallantly accoutred, approached the pavilion, and bowed low before the beautiful queen. Joan recognised him as Galeas of Mantua, one of the most accomplished among the nobles of Italy, and graciously welcomed him to her presence.

"Doth it not dwell in your memory, liege and sovereign lady," replied the cavalier, "the vow I made at your royal feet twelve months since, when, at a masque in Aversa, you deigned accept me as your servant and cavalier?"

"I remember me of some idle boast of thine," laughingly answered the queen; "some vaunt which I ween thy prowess has not made good."

"My vow," returned the knight, "in gratitude for your royal condescension, was to roam the world in search of deeds of arms, at every hazard and peril, till I had vanquished and captured two knights of noble blood, to bring you as a gift. Lo, here, the ribbon you graciously bestowed on me! it hath never left my crest, yet hath it proved a chain of wrought

iron to bind slaves to your feet !” And, beckoning his squires, two captive knights were led forward, gorgeously arrayed, but deprived of their swords ; kneeling before the queen, they confessed themselves vanquished by the valor of her champion—and surrendered them to her will. “ Thus, in good time, and by the grace of Our Lady, have I accomplished my vow !”

“ Well and knightly hast thou kept thy word,” said Joanna, smiling—“ and we accept thy gift, and proclaim thee a worthy cavalier.” The gratified knight-errant, after a low obeisance, joyfully retired. “ You, sirs,” she continued, addressing the captives—“ are my prisoners by the laws of chivalry, and subject in all respects to my will. Yet as cruelty dwells not in my breast, nor moves me to abuse the power that is mine, I give you from this hour, out of my free clemency, liberty and franchise to go wherever you list ; always remembering the prowess and courtesy of him who made you captive, and the humanity of her who sets you free.” Then turning to her attendants, she commanded that the two knights should have gold and raiment given them to sojourn awhile in Naples ere they returned to their own country.\*

A few hours had elapsed, and the noble company were seated at the banquet, which in those simple days took place soon after sunset ; nor could all the pomp of the day rival the magnificent revelry of the guests, or the merriment crowded in the halls and corridors of the Castel di —. Since the splendor of entertainments in the middle ages is unknown to our plain-er times, some account of those festivities may not be deemed impertinent. The walls of the vast hall, the residence of a prince of the royal blood, who here feasted his sovereign and her train, were partly hung with velvet draperies, and partly decorated with the paintings then in vogue, illustrative of subjects adapted to all conditions ; victory for the warlike, hope for the exile, the bowers of the muses for the poetical spectator ; nor was there lack of banners and trophies, or the swords and

\* This incident, avouched by Joanna's historians, which throws so curious a light on the manners of the days of chivalry, is not singular ; the venerable Doctor Paris of Puteo gives account of very different conduct in a similar case on the part of the canons of St. Peter's church at Rome ; “ At whose holy altar a victor knight having given one he had vanquished, and thus gained in single combat, with arms, horse and trappings, in the lands of the patrimony of St. Peter's, for them to dispose of as they pleased, according to the laws of single combat. These canons were so inhuman, that in lieu of acting with mercy like this compassionate and good Queen, they kept this poor devil of a knight in a sort of bondage in the church, without any other exercise than pacing to and fro, and sometimes looking out at the passengers through the open windows ; and during his life he never passed beyond the threshold, as I saw formerly done in Spain by those who had taken refuge in the church for some crime.”—See *Historical Life of Joanna of Naples*.

armor of renowned knights, then coveted by generals and princes to adorn their arsenals and halls. Orange and myrtle trees, covered with fruit and flowers, were artificially inserted in the floor ; here and there brilliant fountains, the water conducted through slender tubes, spouted and sparkled among their foliage, and fell in silver basins ; on the boughs of the trees tamed birds were fastened by fine horse hair tied about their feet, and fluttered and sang without heeding the tumult of the revellers. The floors were strewn with fragrant rushes and flowers, which, trampled into bright confusion, sent up their odors mingled with the perfumes of rich wines and savory meats ; buffets canopied with crimson cloth of gold, their shelves covered with fine linen, and loaded with flagons, ewers and vases of gold and silver ; huge steel mirrors, the manufactures of Venice or Murano, that reflected with intense lustre the myriad lights ; the long array of seats cushioned with furs and velvet, embroidered with armorial blazonry ; the marble tables bearing vases of silver filled with odoriferous flowers, or adorned with wreaths of shells and pearls, jasper, agate, and oriental alabaster, wrought to resemble natural flowers ; the store of massive plate on the groaning board ; flasks of Venetian crystal and alabaster ; cups and flagons of chased gold and silver, rich with inlaid work, and exhibiting the triumphs of eminent schools of art, their edges rough with precious stones, and foaming with transparent and ruby-colored wines ; the quality and abundance of the table furniture, and the rank of the servitors—for in those days, youths of the highest birth were honored in serving their superiors in chivalry ; all bespoke the affluence and munificence of the lordly host. Opposite the chief seat, upon a canopied dais, occupied by Joanna alone—for her husband in peevish displeasure had resigned his place, and mingled with the Hungarian barons at a lower end of the board—stood a vase of oriental china, then a rare luxury as the earliest specimen of such importations, of a pale sea-green color, encrusted with flowers in relief, with silver spout and handle in the Gothic taste ; costly paintings in enamel embellished the cover, which bore the arms of the Queen of Naples and the legend of the house of Anjou in Gothic characters. This, a worthy gift for a prince, was the offering of a French noble to the Neapolitan Queen. Near it stood the chief ornament of the spacious board, a huge salt-cellar, representing Ajax on his rock ; the waves breaking around him, and his eyes raised heavenward, as if defying the tempest and the thunder ! This emblematic device was the work of an artificer famous in those times ; around it were vases of chiseled silver, to receive the fragments of the repast.

Nor were the more evanescent materials of the banquet less gorgeous in display ; for it was the part of culinary skill to delight the eyes as well as the palate of the guests. Fishes and game of every variety ; herons and peacocks, carefully readorned with their spread trains ; boars' heads from Loire et Cher, incased in their rough skin, with gilded tusks ; hares, pheasants, and smaller birds, cooked whole, and ranged around them in picturesque array—the ingenuity of these tempting viands were rivalled by the display of more delicate confections. Here were dishes of comfits, shaped like hills, on which grew trees laden with candied fruits ; or like volcanic mountains—the smoke that poured from their craters redolent of the most grateful perfumes—anon shooting forth chestnuts slowly roasted over perfumed lamps in their midst ; there were mimic lakes, on which floated little barques filled with various delicacies to be distributed among the revellers. After each service, perfumed waters for ablution were handed by the squires to each distinguished guest ; and claret, hypocras, or other favorite evening beverage, prepared and distributed by steward and seneschal.

Hundreds were there of the noblest and the fairest—warrior and poet—beauty and statesman ; some whose deeds were forgotten ere they ceased to exist—some whose names will live in recollection to the remotest time ! There was the Duke of Durazzo, whose perfidy afterwards toward his kinswoman and sovereign was so deeply avenged, even by her bitterest enemy ; the venerable Charles Artus, grand chancellor of Naples ; Francis de Baux, who, perchance, even then nourished the passion that after a lapse of years betrayed him into rebellion—with his kinsmen of different characters and fortunes, Raimond and Rinaldo ; there were the youthful princes of Taranto and Acciajuoli, their Mentor, and their noble mother, the titular Empress of Constantinople, who resided at Naples while her eldest son attempted to make good her title by his sword ; there was the celebrated Maria of Sicily, the accomplished daughter of King Robert, whose name, like Laura's, has descended to posterity immortalized by the genius of a poet lover ; her youthful and timid namesake, the sister of Joanna and heir apparent to the throne ; Philippa, Countess of Montoni, who had risen from obscurity to the highest station at court, and her brilliant grand-daughter, Sancha, the bride of the Count di Murzano, with her dark lustrous eyes and rich brown cheek ; there was the myrtle-crowned minstrel, Guillaume de Corbienne, and the fascinating Marchebrusa ; and, eminent among all, the gay, the great, or the powerful, was Petrarch, he whom monarchs delighted to call friend ; and yet another,



Florentine, then living in comparative obscurity in the Neapolitan territory, whose name is chief among the glorious of his land—Boccaccio! The latter was then in person tall and robust, of noble air and handsome features; his whole face and figure stamped with the character that spoke from his keen, full eyes and bold brow—a mind generous, frank, and independent. He had not the commanding energy expressed in the countenance of his illustrious friend, nor that marvellous union of enthusiastic feeling with more than human majesty; but his bold, manly outline, unembarrassed demeanor, and sparkling wit, found its way more readily to the favor of the dames. He was serving on the knee, and with a laughing semblance of devotion, the fair Maria of Sicily, at whose command romance after romance had flowed from his pen, and to whom, it is said, the Decameron owed its existence; the lady, so fancifully described by her lover under the name of Fiammetta, “with long golden ringlets, that floated airily over her fair and delicate shoulders—a cheek where the rose and the lily shared their empire—eyes like those of the peregrine falcon, and lips that seemed wrought of rubies,” smiled coquettishly as she touched her lip to the goblet which Boccaccio prayed her to consecrate.

But, among these and others, the flower of Italy’s nobility, was *one* whose pre-eminence would have been universally acknowledged, even if honors and ceremonies had not proclaimed her first in rank and state,—the youthful and lovely queen. Yet it was not alone in the material elements of beauty that her unrivalled loveliness, more angelic than mortal, consisted. Her form, rather below than above the middle stature, yet of the most perfect symmetry—uniting the grace and pliancy of extreme youth to the rich, full proportions of maturer womanhood; the classic contour of her head and superb forehead, shaded by her parted and pleached hair, proclaiming the intellect there enthroned; her eyes, of the deepest and darkest blue, revealing, with lightning rapidity, every emotion of the ingenuous soul—languid, and soft, and brilliant at the same moment, where every varied expression, pensive or sportive, of gaiety, of feeling, or of scorn, seemed, as it were, to lie in wait, to be called forth at a word or a glance; her pure transparent cheek, and exquisitely chiseled mouth—might, of themselves, have constituted her claims to what men call beauty. But there was more—far more, in her air of noble simplicity—the “sweet and true majesty” of her person; her artless and benignant smile, which showed her freedom from aught in the remotest semblance of suspicion; the guileless heart, unconscious itself of any unhallowed feelings lurking in ambush, and

in its native nobleness trusting all others ; in the feminine and ineffable grace attendant on every movement ; and, above all, in the soul, the intellect, the genius that flashed out in every glance—that reposed in reflective calmness on the open brow—giving a dignity that might awe sages to the girlish proportions of a youthful female form ! We feel—who does not feel—the inability of the cold characters of written language to portray what so directly and deeply appeals to the heart ; more especially vain in the attempted description of Joanna of Naples—for we paint the lady of our love, and her whom every imagination has already enshrined as perhaps the most beautiful and engaging, as well as the most unfortunate of sovereigns or of women ; her who already reigns over the admiration of men, as over their warmest sympathies.

At the third service commenced the *entremets*, or pageants, accompanied by machinery and conducted by allegorical personages ; representations of battles or sieges. These were continued till the close of the banquet, and the entrance of twelve servitors in liveries of violet and crimson, bearing the gifts of the feast. Hounds and birds of various kinds, pieces of armor richly ornamented, brodered mantles, necklaces of gems and golden chains, were among the presents ;—they were borne, according to custom, to Joanna, the lady of the feast, and by her presented to the barons and knights around her ; each kneeling as he received the gift and kissing the hem of the fair donor's robe. There was a murmur of admiration as she bestowed a bacinnet of polished steel on her princely cousin, Louis of Taranto ; it might be at the appropriate nature of the gift, or at the free and noble grace with which he acknowledged it. Probably it was this exhibition of feeling on the part of the barons that kindled afresh the displeasure of King Andrew ; for, when a page on his knee offered him a falcon of rare breed, praying his acceptance in the queen's name, he pushed him away, saying, angrily :—

“Take back the bird to thy mistress ; let her give it to whom she lists ; for myself, I brook no constrained courtesy.”

The boyish petulance of the reply might have been forgiven in private ; uttered thus openly, it partook of the nature of deliberate insult, and was so felt by the Queen. The blood rushed in torrents to her princely brow ; then receding, left it pale as marble ; yet she did not deign to answer, though there was sudden commotion and murmuring, till Nicholas the Hungarian approached, and in a low tone apologised for the discourtesy of his pupil. “His highness hath been chafed to-day,” said the wily statesman, conscious how much even of his

own influence depended on preserving an appearance of amity between the King and Queen—"by the ill success of his favorite in the *joust*; I pray your Majesty, give no heed to his evil humor!"

"It disturbs us not; we know our royal consort too well to believe that aught but evil counsel and evil influence could move him to put such contumely upon us, and in presence of this company," said the Queen, calmly, though her eyes flashed indignantly as they fixed on the conscious minister, and every lineament of her beautiful face was taxed to express the scorn she felt. The Hungarian dropped his eyes on the ground; it was the first time Joanna had openly made him feel her knowledge of the base part he with his partners in ambition was playing, in so long fomenting secret dissension between herself and her husband, and he now well knew his power was at an end!

Slowly, and without daring again to meet the Queen's look, he retired; immediately Andrew with his minions left the hall, and the feast was broken up.

The banqueting hall was soon deserted; but not so the *salon de danse*, whither the gay assembly moved; where the musicians ranged in their galleries, poured forth their choicest melody from trumpet and castanet, and cymbal and *gigue*, and the "wheel with seventeen strings," unknown to modern times; mingled with the softer harmonies of the harp, and rebec or viol, and the richer symphony of the human voice, from the most eminent performers of the day, in the slow measures then in vogue; for the dance was a solemn pageant, unlike the *pavon*, or the livelier *galliard* of more recent times. The brilliant Maria of Sicily led the first measure, with a prince of the house of Taranto, to whom court ceremony assigned the boon of her hand; it was more gladly bestowed on the witty *Boccaccio* even while she rallied him on some alleged instance of disobedience to her commands.

"Now out on thee for a cavalier foresworn, and a recreant poet!" cried she. "Giovanni da Strada would blush for thee. Didst thou not promise me a new *Giornata* for this day's pleasure?"

"Fairerest Fiammetta," returned the lover, with downcast eyes, "most beauteous of tyrants, doth the earth yield fruit when the sun shines not upon her? Bright arbitress of my destiny! for three days have those eyes beamed coldly on me, and it is winter in my thoughts!"

"Nay—rather the frosts of indolence have nipped the blossoms of thy wit," answered the princess; "but come, we will

melt them ; and be they turned to dew, to water the sluggish plant !”

“ Most gracious and loveliest !” cried the enraptured lover ; “ inspiration descends like dew from the heaven of thy smile !” and with poetic ardor he kissed the fair hand extended to him.

Polished gallantries like these were poured in laughing profusion from many a lip in that gay concourse ; and many a fond ear listened, and many a tongue repaid them, as did the accomplished princess, with sportive *persiflage* ; many a pair, too, were perchance engrossed with deeper feelings, as they moved side by side in the mazes of the dance, or trod the tessellated floor in unconsciousness of all around them. Scarce regarded, spite of royalty, in the tumultuous whirl of the giddy scene, moved Joanna ; her bright cheek paler than its wont, and a shadow on her brow.

“ Alas, for the bloom of the soul, that flies even sooner than its rival of the cheek !” Alas, for the destiny of the high heart, which is ever satiety and sorrow ! Alas for the feelings warm as the bosom’s life-blood, the generous emotions, the noble impulses, which must be chilled and crushed into the narrow channels prescribed by interest and policy, though wont to flow like burning lava ! Alas for the waking time from the dreams of early youth, when its phantom pageants have paled with the twilight ! Alas for the hour when trustfulness takes her leave of the spirit, with whom she and her sister, white-handed innocence, had thus far walked side by side ! When pure-browed enthusiasm learns to hide her face from the cold, strange world ! When the free spirit first feels the iron that henceforth is to corrode its very vitals ; to bind in debasing bondage its glorious energies, to bow down to the dust its heaven-born aspirations !

Near Joanna, every faculty devoted to her and her alone, stood the gifted Louis of Jaranto. This prince, the flower of the nobility, had received, like the famous Gaston Count de Foix, the appellation of *Phæbus*, from his extraordinary personal beauty ; and to this distinction his tall symmetrical figure, his high and capacious forehead, half concealed by the clustering brown locks, his regular and noble features, of that intellectual cast which embodies the *ideal*, uniting the gentle with the severe, of a beauty so sculpture-like, that it might have been deemed almost feminine, but for the pervading expression of thought—the perfection of manly dignity and grace—and yet more his *princely* bearing—that union of affability, and majesty, which distinguished the Italian branch of the house of Anjou—fully entitled him ; nor were his mental accomplishments surpassed by mere personal endowments. A

deep passion for the beautiful Queen had been nourished in his breast from early youth ; fanned by the imprudent ambition of his mother, who at one time contemplated his marriage with the heiress of Naples. Years had only increased its ardor ; and now, when disquieted by her numberless vexations, Joanna yet suffered displeasure to linger on her brow—it was Prince Louis who stood nigh her, and exerted to the utmost his powers of pleasing, and strove by all of graceful wit, and brilliant fancy, and fervid eloquence, that nature had bestowed on him, to bring back her smiles. Though she knew not its real source, she felt the kindness ; and tears suffused her eyes.

" I grieve, fair cousin," at length she said, " that we so ill repay your courtesy to-night ; I pray you—for I would not mar your gaiety—waste it no further upon me !"

" Say not so !" interrupted the prince, in his lowest, blandest tones ; " you wrong me, dearest lady, to deem I could be gay while you are sad. Deeply, aye, even more deeply than yourself could, have I felt, and hoarded the resentment in my bosom—the profaning indignities which you, from day to day, you, glorious as the sun in heaven ! sustain from yonder recreant, whose base spirit foully belies his royalty—"

" Louis !" cried the Queen, reproachfully, while cheek and brow flushed with sudden and startling brilliancy—

The prince mistook, it may be, the cause of her emotion ; he heeded not the reproach. " His Hungarian blood," he pursued with angry vehemence, " shuts out manhood ! Accursed, thrice accursed, the policy that bound you to him ! By our lady ! but my steel thirsts to rid Italian earth of such a pest—and of his minions—"

" Bethink you," said the Queen mildly, laying her hand on the arm of her fiery kinsman—" whom you address, and the purport of your words ? To the wife of your King you dare revile your sovereign, and cast reproach on the memory of the royal dead !"

" God forbid I should revile the noble Robert ! But Andrew of Hungary is no sovereign of mine ! By the bright heavens ! anger fires the bosom of every true son of Naples, to see her Queen in such base thralldom ! Better that she were alone—free, free as the ringlets that wander down that radiant cheek, to rule the land in her inexperience, than—"

" I will hear no more—cruel that thou art !" cried Joanna, as she turned away. Well for her peace had it been, if the resolution had proved unalterable !

There was one in the assembly who watched with the most intense anxiety every movement of the Queen. It was the Countess of Montoni, commonly called Philippa the Catanese ;

this *fortune malheureuse* as she has been called, from the station of the wife of a fisherman of Sicily had risen to one of rank and trust, in the time of Violante of Arragon, the first wife of King Robert. Since her elevation, her success in winning the affections of the different princesses she served, and retaining her influence more than forty-five years, had been attributed by the vulgar to the possession of magical power; and the mysterious bearing of the aged woman, her deep interest in her royal foster-children, and her proud reserve to all others, induced many to regard her with superstitious fear. A keen and powerful intellect, quickened by long habits of observation, had, in reality, given her the superiority she had so long possessed, even over royal minds.

On a cushioned couch, half shrouded by one of the Gothic columns of the hall, and by the ample draperies of a window, the queen reclined, in evident abandonment of feeling. Her flowing robe of crimson velvet, brodered with gold, half concealed the lines of her person; but the fluttering of the rich lace that shaded her bosom, which throbbed well nigh to bursting, betrayed her extreme agitation. Her beautiful hand covered her brow; she was silent, it appeared, from inability to speak; for though she essayed once or twice to lift up her face and reply, emotion seemed to overpower her, and she dropped it again, or buried it in her hand. At her feet knelt Prince Louis; the flush of passionate earnestness on his speaking features—his voice modulated to that most bewitching, most dangerous of all tones—eager, tremulous—impassioned—yet low and soft as the promptings of a dream, which speaks so deeply to the heart, conveying volumes of feeling in one word—the blindest, yet most powerful eloquence that can issue from human lips! Warmly and hurriedly did he plead—silently, though in deep agitation, did Joan listen, till, waving her left hand for him to cease, she removed the other from her face.

“Are such,” she remonstrated, sorrow more than anger in her expressive eyes—“are such the words of condolence I hear from my trusted kinsman, him I would fain have named the brother of my youth? Thou hurlest scorn against those who have done me wrong, in thy judgment—to what far greater wrong wouldst thou tempt me?”

“It is no wrong,” cried the impetuous prince, “to snatch from the grasp of miscreants the sceptre so abused! I—I—who have loved thee, Joanna, not as a queen—not with the mere love of kindred—who worship thee, as the Eastern votary worships the heavenly sun—I would be first to lay down life to set thee free! Say but the word, sovereign over the

heart of Louis, as well as mistress of his allegiance—say but one word, and to-morrow, aye, to-morrow shall a cry of rejoicing ascend from liberated Naples—her chain of foreign thralldom broken! One word from those lips—one signal of that beloved hand—Friar Robert and his tribe—it needs not—you already relent—you accept me as your champion! And for the boy tyrant”——

“Never! never!” almost shrieked the Queen, springing to her feet with sudden energy—brow, neck, and bosom crimsoned with the violence of her conflicting feelings—“Traitor and tempter! I defy thee—away!” Then in a changed and calmer tone she cried—“Know, false prince, that Joan of Sicily stoops not to infamy—not for the empire of worlds! that she to whom thou this night hast dared unfold thy dark passion and thy purposed treason, scorns *thee* as she would scorn thy crime! Go hence, Louis, and see my face no more!”

“Oh, pardon!” cried Louis, grasping her robe to detain her as she started from him; “pardon for the madness of a moment! for a love that had never been revealed, as it hath grown up in gloom and silence, save for a moment’s phrenzy! Or let me here tear out the heart from my bosom, since for an instant it hath harbored a thought to offend you!”

Joan sank again on her seat. Her anger was quenched in tears—and in grief and pity alone she gazed on the suppliant prince.

“Oh, sore is my grief,” she said in harmonious accents, “to deem hardly of thee! I pardon, Louis, for I know thee noble—and know that some ill demon alone inspired those terrible words. Drive him far from thee, Louis, with prayer, and penance and adjuration. I, too, will pray for thee; Joan would sooner, far sooner, cast away her crown, than prove thee unworthy or base!”

The Queen passed from him as she spoke; Prince Louis bowed low, murmuring to himself—“’Twere worth the daring—but no! her nobleness hath saved herself and me!”

*Columbia, S. C.*

## ESSAYS FROM THE FIRE-SIDE.

BY FELIX MERRY. GENT.

### NUMBER I.

"It is rryghte funnife to see folk running about to and fro, reading of books, magazines, almanacs, and such short-lived things that do abound like boys' kites, that seem truly to fly higher by reason of tailles made of divers colored patches of rags and motley."—*Old Author.*

Now that the winter has set in with its chilling frosts and snows, we have been fairly driven from our favorite out-o'-door haunts to take refuge in the resources of the fire-side. We have been gradually prepared for the change by the sober skies and hues of autumn, which lead one on insensibly from the pomp of summer to the icy dead band of winter, and we can now draw our curtains to participate in the in-door comforts without regret. To say truth, we made a rattling summer of it this last season, (during which the skies seem to have shone more propitiously than they have generally done of late,) wandering carelessly away by the shaded rivers and fringed meadow paths of the country, so that we may afford a little quiet meditation at home. Having replenished our quill, we forthwith commence our reveries thinking along at the end of the pen, letting the train of ideas take what course it will—

"But how the subject theme may gang,  
Let time and chance determine ;  
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,  
Perhaps turn out a sermon."

Your familiar essay is not a straight-cut quaker garment, drab-colored, methodical, and with the fewest possible number of buttons, but a loose, easy sort of jerkin, jauntily worn, slashed with silk that may lend grace to a multitude of vagrant motions. True, it might not be in place at a grave lecture before the doctors, though villainously suited for the drolleries of Harlequin. It is a parti-colored dress (an outside of mirth lined with melancholy) that may be changed in a twinkling from merry Twelfth Night to sad Lent.

Here, in our room, by "the latter end of a sea-coal fire," we lend ourselves to these passing humors of the moment. Elia tells us,



"The truant Fancy was a wanderer ever—  
A lone enthusiast maid."

and it must needs be confessed she sometimes plays us strange vagaries. To compensate for the loss of the blue skies and sunny fields, she takes the faded materials of the outer world to wean them into

"A world of gayer tinct and grace,"

as one of the old poets richly expresses it. A softer lawn carpets the earth, the rustling branches cast a thin shade on the revels of the fays and wood nymphs, the famous old time retinue of the woods; or the meadow is sprinkled with gallant knights and coursers on the plain, or the solitary poet pours forth his tribute of thoughts with the ripple of the summer brooks. Indeed, with the poets, and a liberal disposition to be pleased infused into me by nature at my birth, I may survive the day were it longer than it is without weariness. If the actual goods of life are not as I would have them, I can draw my drafts to create better on the celebrated old firm of Fancy and Feeling, whose bills have never been dishonored. This is the true golden currency, based on the only real speculation. It furnishes the key that opens all the treasures of the hundred doors in the Arabian tale, the untold wealth and treasure of those heaps of pearls, amethysts, and ingots of silver. It transmutes all gross things by a process of alchymy: it is the hand and spell of the magician. Anon you shall see the air of our rooms become lighter, and the few square feet of carpet swell out into the green turf and fields, and somehow the curtains change into an overhanging forest of Arden, while the quaint old clock with its loud tick morals over the time like the fool in motley. Strike on with thy ever-swinging pendulous motion and honest breadth of face, companionable chronicler, and give the hour this many a year amid the "thick, coming fancies."

The clock is one of those ancient appendages to old-fashioned houses which are sometimes yet seen (thrust out from their fire-side station by modern fashion) standing on the stairway like a poor guest in waiting, or even degraded to the kitchen. It stands, a tall colossal form, like one of King Frederick's body-guard, keeping sentinel in the corner, and strikes the hour with a certain huskiness of tone, as if conscious of its antiquity. We would as soon think of going into exile ourself, as of parting with it. It has come to be familiar to me, like a friend, and from its long experience of life, travelling along hand in hand

with time, learns something more of the world than the ignorant give it credit for. It is a wise and beneficent monitor. The dial is emblazoned in rich colors, somewhat time-worn, of orange and azure, with the round, chubby face and outspread wings of a cherub, which is the guardian angel of the cheery hours spent under its sway.

Many of the best remembered scenes in the little drama of life are acted by the fire-side. Youth here learns its first sense of wonder in the awfully flitting shadows on the wall of the huge ogres and giants; and its first impressions of happiness in the family circle. As years come on, we draw nearer to the fire-side; the traveller longs for it upon his journey, and the sailor tossed upon the sea. It everywhere intimately associates with itself the idea of home in the mind. It is the last appeal to patriotism and the first to religion; it is the diminutive of country and nation, and is worthy of sacred worship, as it was formerly the station of tutelary penates. Its interest is drawn from the past and the present. We all seem to remember, as if we had lived in those days, the fire-side of old Christmas, which brightens up in the recollection, with the warm blaze of kindliness and hospitality which kindled the heart in the by-gone days. In the words of the old ballad of "Time's Alteration; or the Old Man's Rehearsal, what brave days he knew a great while ago, when his old cap was new."

"A man might then behold,  
At Christmas, in each hall,  
Good fires to curb the cold,  
And meat for great and small:  
The neighbors were friendly bidden,  
And all had welcome true,  
The poor from the gates were not chidden,  
When this old cap was new."

The old manor halls have vanished, and the voices that echoed along the lofty roofs, lie silent in death beneath many an honorable tomb in England; but the spirit yet lives to be cherished by the winter home fire-side.

There are fire-side friends, thoughts, books, and pleasures. We do not put the ordinary street acquaintance, or table companion, on the intimacy of the first, who must have our very tastes and feelings, and have grown up with the very stuff of our hearts. He must have read with us, walked with us, talked with us, and thought with us, before he shares this favorite nook. We know no better picture, either in fancy or reality, than a party of friends assembled around the fire-side. The soul thaws

out from its chilliness under the warmth of sociality. The light of the room has a mellowing effect on the atmosphere. Conversation becomes animated. The bare remarks, "What a cold night it is out o' doors," or, "you are looking remarkably well," mean more than they do on common occasions. Absent friends are then thought of, and present ones thought of the more. The parties become grouped on the sofa or by the table, in the light of the fire, which plays around the head, a kind of domestic halo. Our fire-side thoughts insensibly receive a more earnest shape, and naturally fall back upon memory. The scenes evoked from the past, and brought tangibly before the eye, have the rich coloring of a Flemish painting. There can be no better moment or spot for inspiration than a quiet, neatly-furnished room at evening, with the curtains closed, with a chair and table drawn towards the fire. Thoughts rise as naturally in the mind as the flame mounts in the chimney; the sparks and rapid gleams of light are so many bursts of fancy and humor; and when the flame smoulders, it covers a mass of warmth to be lighted up thereafter. The evening fire-side is also the place for books and reading. Candles shed a light on the page more luminous to our eye than the expositions of the most learned commentator.

The fire-side books are a choice class by themselves. This is one of the most distinctive epithets of criticism. It is a key to the author's humor, gaiety, and good-nature. Shakspeare is a fire-side author, but Milton is not; the first, indeed, is universal, a companion for the light-hearted girl, as well as the care-marked sage; but the latter is too far removed by his very elevation, almost

"too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food."

Cowper is a fire-side author in gratitude for his portrait of the sofa and the tea-table; Lamb, for his sketch of Mrs. Battle and old china; Leigh Hunt, for his "day by the fire-side," and all his other writings; Wordsworth, though claimed by the woods and groves, for his general spirit of humanity; and Goldsmith for his *Vicar of Wakefield*. The migrations from the blue bed to the brown, the game of hunt the slipper, and a hundred other incidents in this novel, all belong to the fire-side. The *Essayists* are of this class, from Montaigne and the *Tattler*, to the *Salmagundi*. The three volume novels are scarcely to be admitted; they depend too much on plot and story, and require too great a degree of labor, like undressed cocoa-nuts, before you can get at the substance, which is found tough and dry, with a

milky flavor. *The old novels* enter at once ; Square, and Blifil, and Parson Adams, and Dr. Harrison, and Winifred Jenkins, are pass-words to our heart at any time ; never more welcome than by the fire-side. The fire-side pleasures are the thousand and one games played by Gargantua when he had "washed his hands in fresh wine, pick'd his teeth with the foot of a hog, and talk'd merrily with his people." Backgammon, Blind Man's Buff, and all manner of romps and forfeits now a days, enter with nuts, almonds, roast apples on the triset or a bottle of old Falernian.

In these Essays by the Fire-side, we aim only at being cheerful without the attempt to be very wise. There is a happy negligence about this mode of composition, which appears to us its greatest charm both for the writer and the reader. The latter, trusting to the current of reflection as it were, commits himself to the voyage, indifferent to wind or stream. His course is mostly prosperous and without difficulty. An inspiring gale of fancy bears him on with light-filled sail and pennant streaming to the wind ; an aromatic conceit is like a spicy wind from the shore ; while a vein of wit sparkles underneath in the river like the sands of Pactolus.

We were so gratefully impressed with the excellence of this last nautical figure, that after laying the pen very deliberately on the table, walking to the fire and warming our hands over the coals with considerable complacency, we dropt back into the arm-chair, and insensibly fell into the following reverie.

We thought the ocean was full of your literary vessels, from the size of a ship of the line to her cock-boat, trimming their sails to all points, and meeting with all sorts of weather. Some carried too much canvass, some too little ; so that while the one was upset in the first gale, the other lay becalmed in fair weather. There came your steam vessel, betokening the gin and water poets, who take in a certain quantity of fuel, and attain a certain momentum, sending forth pitchy clouds of smoke and sparks of fire, which latter are seen to the most advantage in the surrounding darkness. It has been observed, that this literary craft sometimes explodes with great violence, scattering ruin over the minds of its readers, as one might remember there are awkward associations connected with so much fire. Yon Dutch galliots, laden with mill-stones, are the learned critical commentators, who look at the Pyramids through a microscope, and which, sometimes sailing in low canals and shallow streams, have been found before now irrecoverably imbedded in a mud-bank. A political writer was out with an entire Spanish Armada of pamphlets and speeches, which were suddenly wrecked and cast away by a breath of that proverbially fickle wind, the

multitude. A fierce controversialist sallied forth under an inordinate press of sail, with port-holes wide open, threatening to let slip the dogs of war. An arrant privateer, plying the small shot of wit and humor, was seen to run under the bows of this mighty cruiser of the deep, that suddenly appeared wrecked and dismasted. A good song was perceived to make a long voyage in a jolly-boat, while larger vessels sunk to the bottom. A collection of fine gentlemen's bon mots, that savored strongly of Champagne and hot punch, pushed off to sea from Gotham in a bowl, but was never heard of after, to the great loss of the underwriter, who was an honest publisher in Broadway. That our simile might run on all fours, we saw that whoever had the hardihood to venture upon a voyage, was in imminent danger from a certain species of rakish, black streaked Edinburgh clipper, which was often out on piratical excursions, sweeping the seas, quarter yearly. When a rich prize hove in sight, and one worthy of plunder, this vessel run up a blue and yellow flag, with some such dark motto visible on it in dark letters as *Judex damnator*, &c., which, we were told, meant "The Captain's d——d if he don't run her down." A capture was soon made, when the next object that met our eye was a simple book of true poetry, or rather a delicate young girl, in the first flow of feeling, cruelly made to walk the plank. The rough tones of the pirate, with the extreme horror of this scene, caused us suddenly to awake. Reader, our dream (if such it be) was ended.

## SONNET.

On truant heart! come back to thine own home—  
 Let not the roses lure thee, nor the blooms  
 Of the young spring entice thee more to roam;  
 Be thou not dazzled by those sparkling rooms  
 Where Beauty plays the queen, and flashes gems  
 From her dark eyes, and from her red lips pearls;  
 Oh truant heart! frail are the roses' stems,  
 They break in showers—and sudden tempest hurls  
 The spring blooms to the earth, and Beauty pales—  
 'Tis Life's sweet star, dimmed by the moon of Time;  
 Then come! come to the fountain, heart, that never fails,  
 Fountain of hallowed genius, thoughts sublime,  
 That flows through dream-land, pure, and bright, and free—  
 There is thy home, my heart: the fount is Poesy.

P. B.

## AN OCTOGENARY,

FIFTY YEARS SINCE.

### CHAPTER II.

My aunt's history had made so strong an impression upon my fancy, that I became as impatient for the time of my visit to arrive, as I had formerly been ingenious to invent excuses for putting it off. My strong curiosity to see the subject of her narration, actually sometimes inspired a kind of nervous apprehension that something would happen to prevent my visit ; that I might be summoned in some other direction, or that the good old gentleman might in the interval exchange his quiet home for the vault of his ancestors. No such impediment, however, occurred. The autumn months melted gradually away, and at last brought round the annual Festival of the Pilgrim Fathers. I obtained permission to leave Cambridge a day sooner than the regular holidays began, in order that I might have a good three days' visit, which I thought little enough for my purpose ; the reverend President giving a ready assent to my application when he understood its object ; for Colonel Wyborne was his old and valued friend. He entrusted to me a packet, containing some sermons of his which had been recently printed, as well as a verbal message of friendly compliments ; and having instructed me to call upon him on my return, with an account of his excellent friend, "he shook his ambrosial curls, (of his wig,) and gave the nod," which was the signal for my departure.

I louted low, and withdrew, inly pleased at the successful issue of an interview which was then considered as the most appalling of human ordeals.

On Tuesday morning of the last week in November, I bestrode the very indifferent beast which enjoyed the somewhat unenviable distinction of being the best livery horse in Cambridge ; and set forth, like Yorick, with (not quite) a half a dozen shirts and a black pair of silk breeches in my portmanteau, on my long-looked-for excursion. Contrary to established usage in such cases, the day was fine and the roads excellent. It was one of those delicious, mild, soft days which sometimes occur at the very close of autumn, and seem to breathe a second spring in the very presence of winter himself ; and to desire

"Upon old Hyem's chin and icy beard  
To hang a chaplet of young summer buds."

As I rode over Brighton bridge upon a steed which had not yet got over the stimulus of his double allowance of oats, with my back turned upon my nursing mother, whose cares are but too often felt to be only vexatious till it is too late to profit by them, and a week before me unhaunted by the apparitions of dead authors and living tutors, I respired the bland air with a joyous feeling of young life, and felt as if there was no such thing as pain or trouble in the world. I trotted along the pleasant winding roads through Roxbury, Brookline, and Dorchester, with a heart ready and willing to receive pleasure from every object which struck the senses. The trees were almost bare, and the earth was sere and brown; yet the yellow light of the rejoicing sun seemed almost as beautiful as the leafy glories of their summer's estate; the farm-houses, with their roofs sloping to the ground, the sheds laden with the golden pumpkins, prophetic of pies to come. The corn-barns with the yellow ears peeping out from between the interstices of the sides; the wood-pile, suggestive of images of comfort and merry winter nights; the picturesque well-pole not yet supplanted by the prosaic pomp of these utilitarian days; all were fruitful of happy thoughts and pleasant day-dreams. As I ascended Milton Hill, I saw for the first time the magnificent prospect it displays, and checked my horse on its summit to admire the wide sweep of country, the tufted hills, the winding river, and the glorious burst of ocean, with here and there a white sail gliding along its blue surface, which it commands. On the other side of the road I saw the charming villa of Governor Hutchinson, with the fine plantations he had made, and the trees under which he had hoped his latter days would have declined in peace; and I felt that his exile from this beloved and lovely spot was punishment enough for his political offences as a public man. It is said, and I can well believe it to be true, that he died of Milton Hill. It must have been a bitter thing to have revisited its beloved shades, and gazed on its gorgeous view in the visions of the night, and then to have awoke a neglected, impoverished, despised exile, for ever separated from the spot of earth which was dearer to him than all the world beside.

As I wound farther into the country, I often met, jogging cheerfully along, hale ruddy countrymen; some young, some grey-haired, presiding over wagons groaning under the weight of the victims which had been sacrificed against the coming festival. Hecatombs of beeves, ghostlike forms of

turkies, partridges, never again to rise on whirring wing; ducks fated to swim no more, save in their own gravy; passed in long procession like the shadowy train of Banquo's descendants. As I passed through the villages in my way, they had all a sort of pleasant holiday look; the labors of the year seemed to be over, and the inhabitants to be assisting one another to do nothing in the most neighborly manner possible; the boys, let loose from school, were playing foot-ball with all the energy which that manly game demands, but stopping in their sport to look at the passing stranger, and salute him according to the good old custom, with uncouth demonstrations of respect.

At noon, I bated from my journey, though bent on speed, and drew the rein at the door of what was to me a most promising hostelry; being a farm-house of the oldest description which New England affords, with its jutting second story as a "coign of vantage" against the Indians, its diamond pains of glass set in lead, and its window-frames opening inwards like folding doors; and which was proclaimed to be a place of entertainment for man and beast by a most truculent portrait of General Washington, which hung in chains from a superb old elm before the door. I soon learnt that the hospitable proprietor was no less a person than Captain Crake, who had seen hard service both in the old French war and in the recent struggle for independence. The gallant captain did me the honor to invite himself to dine with me, and I found him an entertaining specimen of a large class of our revolutionary officers, who had superinduced the military frankness and ease of one conversant with camps upon the sturdy independent yeoman of the old Colony. While I patiently exercised my molars and incisors in an almost hopeless attempt to subdue a beefsteak, which seemed as if it might have been ravished from the yet living flank of the sire of Abyssinian herds, I quite won the heart of my worthy landlord by the interest which I took in his descriptions of his campaigns, and of the well-fought fields which he had seen. He exhibited, with much satisfaction, the honorable scar in his arm which he had received at the storming of Stony Point, and the sword which the Marquis de Lafayette had presented to him, and his insignia of the Cincinnati. He also displayed a richly-chased gold watch, which had been given to him by a French nobleman whom he had made the captive of his bow and of his spear in Canada, I think at the taking of Fort Niagara, as a token of his sense of the humanity and courteous treatment which he had received at the hands of his captor. During his long term of service he had associated on terms of equality with gentlemen of much



higher rank in society than he had been accustomed to know, except at a humble distance; and he felt the loss of the company of his old companions in arms most severely after the army was disbanded. He had, as a resource against ennui, rather than any expectation of gain, hoisted the head of his beloved chief before his paternal door, to invite the passing guest; and the neighboring gentry always made it a point to stop at the captain's door as they passed, and gratify the veteran by treating him as one who had bravely fought his way to an equality with themselves at a time when the distinctions of rank were still strongly marked. I subsequently cultivated the acquaintance of the erect old man, and extracted from him many a curious fragment of public and private history. But my horse is again at the door, and I must return the military salute of mine host with what grace I may, and hasten onward, for I have no time to lose.

My horse, who, during the course of his long and active life, had done little else than tread and retread the weary round of what were in those days entitled the great and the little squares, which were certain roads encompassing Boston at a greater and less distance, began to show unequivocal symptoms of weariness and disgust at my eccentric orbit. No logic, either of whip or spur, could convince him of the propriety of advancing at a more rapid rate than a sort of shamble between a walk and a pace. To crown all, he managed to cast a shoe at the most inconvenient place possible, so that I had to lead him for a matter of four miles before I could find a blacksmith. All these untoward circumstances combined to make my approach to the end of my journey as gradual as might well be. Accordingly, when the sun set, as sober suns will do, at a little after five o'clock, he left me about five miles from Sanfield. Now this distance I could have soon annihilated if I had been unincumbered with my impracticable companion; but as it was, I was obliged to do as wiser men have been obliged in like cases to do before me,

“And will again, pretend they ne'er so wise,”

even to succumb to the wayward humor of my ill-conditioned helpmate, and to console myself with cursing the evil hour in which I formed the ill-starred union.

The day, which had been cloudless as a midsummer's noon, began, before the sun went down, to be overcast with black clouds portentous of showers. A piercing north-east wind reigned in the stead of the vernal breeze of the morning, and whirled the brown leaves in rustling eddies like a miniature tornado. As I stumbled onwards upon my journey, the twi-

light faded away, and was followed by a moonless night. I could scarcely distinguish my road, which seemed to grow longer and longer, under my feet. In something more than two hours, however, I was cheered by the ruddy blaze of a blacksmith's forge, which gave me assurance of being near a village. Upon reaching the smithy, I inquired of the son of St. Dominic as to my whereabouts; and was informed that I was on the confines of the village of Sanfield; and had ingeniously managed to take a wrong turning a few miles back, which had brought me more than a mile beyond my destination by a wrong route. Nothing remained for me now but to take the instructions of the worthy smith, and turn my horse's reluctant head in the opposite direction; and having been put in the right way, to pursue it till I should come to the high trees, which were the mark of my journey's end.

My nag, contrary to my expectation, seemed to snuff afar off the comfortable provender which awaited him, and laid his feet to the ground with a speed he had not put forth since the morning. As I advanced, I earnestly bent my eyes into the thick darkness on my right hand, in hopes of distinguishing the friendly branches which were to point me to the termination of my weary way. I looked with the more earnestness, as a few drops of a cold November's rain began to fall, and to threaten no inconsiderable addition to the discomfort of my benighted estate. At last, however, as I descended a considerable hill, I heard the *sough* of the blast stirring the boughs of many lofty trees on my right hand, and could perceive lights glimmering through the darkness at a considerable distance. These I at once knew must be the indications of the hospitable habitation I sought. The pitchy blackness of the night compelled me to dismount, and grope my way to the fence, and along it, in search of the approach to the house. This I felt to be prudent as I heard the hoarse murmur of what seemed to be a considerable stream near me. I groped in vain, however, for the carriage road; and could find but a small gate intended only for human ingress, about opposite where the little candle threw its beams into the night, like "a good deed in a naughty world."

In this distress I had nothing left for it but to tie my horse to the fence, and follow the adventure on foot. Entering the gate, I proceeded onwards, with the withered leaves crackling under my feet, and the wind sighing among the bare branches over my head. The rain now began to patter in more frequent drops upon the dead leaves, over which I walked, with the peculiar clattering noise which is delightful to listen to before a comfortable fire, but less musical to the ear of an amateur of Nature's harmonies, when he is behind the scenes and

in the midst of the performers. As I neared my hoped-for haven of rest, I was saluted by the fierce barking of a dog, who, if his size were answerable to his voice, might be a match for the shaggy "Dog of Darkness" himself. Now, however sweet it may be

"to hear the watchdog's honest bark  
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home,"

I put it to any one who has tried the experiment, whether it be an equally delightful sound as we approach a strange house of a dark night. I venture to say that the stoutest-hearted despiser of dogs and devils would feel some misgivings under such circumstances, lest his fate might be at least as hard as that of the noble bard just quoted; who was welcomed on his return to Newstead, by having

"His Argus bite him by the breeches."

It would not do, however, to be daunted by this new lion in my path, which I afterward found was chained like the one in Pilgrim's Progress; so on I fared, like any errant knight, resolved at all hazards to achieve my adventure. The house seemed to recede as I advanced, and I thought that I had measured a good mile before I reached it; it was, in fact, about a quarter of a mile. As, however, there is an end to the disagreeables as well as to the agreeables of life, I at last stood in the porch, wet, hungry, and tired; and made the brazen knocker give clamorous notice of my presence. The door was soon opened by an elderly woman, of respectable appearance, of whom I inquired if this was Colonel Wyborne's house, and whether he were at home: to both which interrogatories I received the expected affirmative, together with an invitation to walk in. The good woman eyeing me attentively, then said in the negative-affirmative form in which inquiries are generally put in New-England,

"Sure you are not the Mr. Dalzell whom the Colonel expects from College, are you?"

I assured her of my confident belief in my identity with the individual in question; upon which she replied,

"Well, the Colonel will be right glad to see you, Sir, though he did not expect you till to-morrow, or he would have sent the chariot to meet you at Captain Crake's. But how did you get here, Sir; you surely hav'n't walked all the way?"

I gave the information desired; upon which she promised to send the coachman for my horse, and requested me to walk

into the parlor where the Colonel was sitting. She accordingly threw open the door on the right as I entered the hall, and ushered me into an apartment, the lightsome cheerfulness of which was enhanced by the chilly, wet, famished condition in which I entered it. The master of the house, however, was not there; though the chair drawn to the fire, the small mahogany table covered with a green cloth, and sustaining a massive silver candlestick and wax candle, and the second volume of Sir William Temple's works in folio, showed that he had not been long absent. The housekeeper then left the room by the door by which we had entered, for the purpose of finding him, and announcing my arrival. The first object which attracted my attention was the noble fire, which roared up the chimney, to which I incontinently rushed, and bathed my shivering frame in the genial warmth. When I had imbibed as much caloric as my forward man required, I turned what Lord Castlereagh used to call "a back-front" to the generous blaze, and took a survey of the apartment. The walls were pannelled in oak, with a gilt moulding, now a little tarnished. Between the two windows opposite was a large mirror, framed in mahogany, with gilt sconces for lights. Under it was a table covered with a rich Turkey rug, which was well piled with books and papers, and beneath which appeared a couple of small globes. The closed window-shutters were well-nigh concealed, as well as the high window-seats of oak, by the depending folds of the crimson damask curtains. Between the two windows on my right hand was a card-table of mahogany, black with time, clasping heavy balls in its clawed feet. On the side of the room opposite to the card-table was a most luxurious easy chair—a fit cradle for declining age—and a foot-stool; both covered with chintz protecting the crimson damask, which, on occasions of importance, was revealed to match the curtains. In the nook on the side of the fire-place answering to the door by which I entered, was a secretary; its looking-glass doors opening over what seemed to be a chest of drawers, but which, when drawn out, formed a writing-desk with pigeon holes innumerable. Above the looking-glass doors were three smaller drawers; the inner one with fluted rays diverging from the middle of its lowest side to its edges; the whole crowned by a sort of pyramidal pediment, the polished wood reflecting the surrounding objects like marble, and the brass handles glistening like gold. A thick Turkey carpet covered the floor, and a sufficient number of inviting chairs, with carved frames and well-stuffed seats, expanded their arms to welcome the weary guest. It may be readily conceived that I took in this inventory in less than a tithe of the time it has taken to recount it, and had again

turned to the blazing hearth. The chimney was one of those which men built when the forests grew up to their very doors, and it was their ambition to consume them as rapidly as possible. The fire-place was encircled with my favorite Dutch tiles, and surmounted by a capacious mantel-piece; which, as well as the pannels over it, were covered with particular care.

While I was thus engaged in surveying these images of comfort, and basking in the blessed warmth, I heard a slight noise behind me, and, turning suddenly round, I saw before me my venerable host, who had just entered by a door which I have not mentioned, opening from the side on the left of the fire-place as I stood with my back to it. The apparition was one which might have startled one who might be taken by surprise. His face was furrowed with wrinkles, his teeth gone, his eyebrows bushy but of a snowy whiteness; under which his eyes looked out with a keenness and brilliancy which seemed almost preternatural. His head was covered with a crimson velvet cap with a silk tassel in the centre, under which he wore a linen cap, turned up in front and at the sides over the velvet one, of the purest white. He had on a branched-damask dressing-gown, pearl-colored silk breeches, a large flapped waistcoat of the same, embroidered with silk, white silk stockings and black velvet slippers; his neck encircled by a white stock clasped behind with a large paste buckle. In his hand he bore the fellow of the silver candlestick upon the *stand* before mentioned; and under his other arm he carried the mate to the volume of Temple's works, which I have said lay open upon it.

It was plain that my arrival had not been announced to him, as, indeed, it hardly could have been in the minute or two which had elapsed since my entrance; and he stood for a moment gazing at me from beneath his shaggy eyebrows, with an earnestness which had the expression of sternness and almost of austerity. I immediately advanced, and relieving him of his folio and candlestick, introduced myself as his dilatory cousin, who had at last redeemed the promise which his parents had made for him—of a visit to their much-honored relative. By the time I had delivered myself to this effect, and had deposited his honorable load upon the stand, he had fully recovered himself; and with a countenance beaming with affectionate pleasure and hospitable joy, he took both my hands, and warmly pressing them, he bade me a most cordial welcome to his house, adding—

“I am the more glad to see you, my dear boy, because your being better than your word in coming a day sooner than you promised, shows that you were really in earnest to give an

old man pleasure, and not merely induced by your dear parents' request. However, I am afraid that your ride hither has been a more fatiguing one than I had hoped to have made it, for I should have sent John and the carriage to meet you at Crake's. But, however, here you are, and you cannot come too soon or stay too long." Saying which, he again shook me by the hand, and wheeling his arm-chair, with my assistance, to the fire-side, he motioned me to take a chair by his side, and we sat down and talked

"Affectionate and true,  
A pair of friends, though I was young ;"

and though my revered friend had the advantage of the Matthew of the poet by a dozen years. The punctilious politeness of the old school, informed with the soul of real kindness of heart, and the evident gratification which my visit to his solitude gave him, made me feel as much at my ease with him as if a draught from the Fountain of Youth had washed away threescore and ten of his years. We talked first and foremost of my parents, of whose well-being I gave him what information I possessed ; and in every particular of whose way of life in their new home he displayed the warmest interest. He then inquired after the welfare of his old friend, my Aunt Champion, and received, with marks of hearty satisfaction, my accounts of her abounding in all that should accompany old age, as well as the affectionate salutations of which I was the bearer. He then talked about the College, in which he felt all that warm interest which has in all times done honor to her sons, with but few melancholy exceptions. I duly presented the greetings of the president, and announced the advent of the sermons which graced my portmanteau. Having suitably acknowledged these favors, my venerable friend suddenly looked up in my face, and said—

"By the way, I am very selfish to be catechising you in this way without remembering that you must be almost starved. How long is it since you dined ?"

I replied that I dined at Capt. Crake's at about one o'clock. "Bless me !" he replied ; "that is seven hours ago and better. Do me the favor to pull the bell, and this matter shall be put to rights. Are you not ravenously hungry ?"

I should have done injustice to the sentiments of my heart if I had replied in the negative, and accordingly assented to his proposition in its fullest extent ; and having pulled the bell as he desired, heard, with unmitigated satisfaction, his directions to Mrs. Waldron, his housekeeper, to have supper anticipated, and

furnished forth with all despatch. Many minutes did not elapse before that excellent person made her appearance, and with the assistance of a grey headed-negro, brought in a small dining-table from the hall, which was soon covered with a table-cloth of the finest damask, and spread with a pair of nicely-roasted cold chickens, and a ham worthy of Westphalia itself, a loaf of the purest of wheat bread, and some smoking roasted potatoes, flanked with a decanter of old Madeira and a flagon of home-brewed beer. After due justice had been done to these viands, they were replaced by a pumpkin pie, of wonderful dimensions and admirable composition; escorted by a cranberry tart, the white flaky paste of which was beautifully contrasted with the celestial rosy red of the fruit; and by a noble Stilton cheese. My hospitable entertainer surveyed my feats as I rapidly made the good things before me invisible with the appetite of a hungry boy, with an air of complacent good-humor; and as I approached the end of my labors, suggested the medicinal virtues of a bowl of hot punch to my consideration. I could not dissent from a proposition emanating from such a source, and the motion was carried by general consent. Peter, the grey-headed negro just mentioned, was accordingly despatched for the materials, and soon returned with the lemons, sugar, shrub, and old Jamaica, and a small kettle of hot water; which, being deposited, he retired again, and brought back with him the punch-bowl, of the most precious porcelain of the Celestial Empire, and a fit receptacle for the nectarous compound it was to receive. Peter, under the special eye of his master, concocted the mixture; and having launched the last lemon paring upon its bosom, consigned the precious burden to his master's hands. He having touched it to his lips, passed the bowl to one who took a more liberal draught. Peter having removed the remains of the supper, and moved the table nearer the hearth, Colonel Wyborne and I drew our chairs closer to the fire and to each other, with the genial bowl between us, (for the heresy of ladles had not crept in within the pale of good fellowship,) and we wore away the evening hours in most delightful talk.

The conversational powers of my host were unimpaired by years, and had just enough of a smack of what was then called the old school, to give a racy flavor to his abundant small-talk. His remarks were rich and varied to a degree which I have never heard surpassed, though I have listened in my time to most of the famous conversationists of the age. His experience of life, which, though it had been completed a half a century before, was of the most extensive description, seemed to be as fresh in his recollection, as if he had left the bustling

scene but yesterday. The images of his early years and his European sojourn, were as distinct and sharp in their outlines as if they were but just impressed; for the events of his retirement were not numerous or striking enough to have effaced or impaired them. His society, both on this occasion and all following ones, had a charm from this very circumstance, which that of no other man—even one who had enjoyed the same early opportunities, but had continued to mingle with the base crowd—could possess. He seemed to transport you, by the magic of his words, to an age that was past, and to a circle which had become historical, and many members of which had taken their niches in the temple

“Where the Dead are honored by the nations.”

The insignificant particulars which he now and then incidentally dropped of the habits and way of life of the illustrious acquaintances of his youth, gave a vitality to the cold ideas I had formed of them from books and their works, and almost seemed to evoke them from the shades to our presence. He delighted, too, as most old men do, to go back to his school-boy and college days, and describe the boyish troubles and frolics of those hours when that flame burnt high and strong, which was now flickering in its socket.

Thus, in various converse, the hours flew imperceptibly away; blazing logs had been reduced to a glowing mass of coals; the candles had nearly measured out their little span of life; and the great clock in the hall had tolled the knell of another day. The good housekeeper, who had several times made for herself errands into the room to see what was going on, at last entered, unbidden, with the chamber candlesticks, and wishing us a good night, withdrew. The Colonel then made a move to retire, declaring that he had not so egregiously violated the regularity of his life for many a year. He first desired me to ascertain whether the bowl was empty, and, having been assured by me, in return, that “the tankard was no more,” invited me to light the candles and be shown to my sleeping apartment. He, accordingly, assuming one of the tapers, marshalled me the way that I should go, through the hall, up a pair of stairs properly so called, ascending in two flights with a spacious landing between, and as unlike as well as may be the cork-screw abominations which put in jeopardy the lives and limbs of the present generation. My chamber was in the front of the house, over the winter parlor in which I had spent the evening. My host, giving a general survey to the apartment to see that all was in due order, shook me affectionately by the hand; and enjoining it upon me to lie as



long as I chose in the morning, bade me a good night, and left me.

The appearance of my dormitory was quite in keeping with the specimen of the house I had seen, as far as I could judge by the light of my candle, assisted by the expiring rays of a few brands, which were all that were left of a cordial fire which had been lighted on my arrival. The bed was of ample capacity, swelling up with a downy buoyancy, and covered with a gorgeous quilt, evidently the handiwork of fair hands of other days; the pillows were ruffled, and the sheets of a most inviting whiteness. Over the bedstead the tester was suspended from the ceiling, from which flowed, on all sides, thick curtains of green damask. An India cabinet occupied the space between the windows opposite the bed, yet redolent of the perfumes which it imbibed in far Cathay, and displayed on its pictured surface the rich costumes and quaint customs of her inhabitants. Between the windows opposite the fire-place was a massive chest of drawers, upon which stood an old-fashioned oval dressing-glass, turning upon pivots on what had once been a white and gilded frame. The chairs were of richly-carved mahogany, without arms, the backs having a lotus-like expansion outwards at the tops, and the seats apparently the fruit of the same gentle labors which had produced the quilt. By the bedside was an elbow-chair, the brother of the one below, only this was covered with white dimity. Upon a table in the middle of the room I found my portmanteau, while the open door of a closet on the right of the fire-place displayed drawers already expanded for the hospitable reception of my integuments. On the other side of the fire-place was another closet, with a window opening into it, with water and the appliances of the toilet, and a shelf of books. The floor was covered with a comfortable English carpet, and green damask curtains hung heavily before the windows.

The gardens of Alcina would not have smiled more invitingly upon me at that moment than did that snug apartment. The extinguisher was soon on, and I was luxuriously buried in a soft valley between two mountains of down. I lay awake for a moment to enjoy the sound of the winter's wind howling around the house, and every now and then dashing the rain against the windows with a fitful violence, and sometimes roaring down the chimney, as if the fiend that rode the blast were in vain clamoring for his prey. These sounds, however, fell fainter and fainter upon my weary ear, and I was soon fast asleep.

Y. D.

## THE GIRL OF THE SKY-BLUE LAKE.

### A BALLAD.

BY L. L. G. NOBLE.

#### PART I.

"Push off, push off the birch canoe;  
The wave and the wood are still;  
The screaming loon is fast asleep,  
And so is the whip-po-wil.

The moon light-blowing flowers I love—  
On yon little isle they grow—"  
So said a black-eyed Ottawa girl  
In silvery accents low.

"Off, off with the bark canoe, my boy,  
And tarry till I come back—"  
"No, sister," said the red-neck'd boy,  
"The panther will smell my track.

Our boat upon the deep shall rock,  
And in it the paddles three;  
My little grey dog my bow shall watch,  
But I will keep with thee."

"Now, nay, across the lake I go  
Alone to the flow'ry isle;  
I'll come e'er the big-owl screams for day,  
So tarry thou here the while.

Thou art a bounding hunter bold,  
As the wolf and panther know;  
And thou shalt whoop at the water stars  
That flash in the skies below:  
And when the still woods halloo back,  
The braver wilt thou grow."

Now half way over the sky-blue lake  
Hath paddled the wild red girl,  
Kneeling, a wearied arm she rests;  
The waters round her curl.

Away she looks with beating heart,  
Away to the purple isle :  
Beneath it swings a round bright moon ;  
She listeneth all the while—  
Heard she one far shrill whistle-sound,  
Her sadness were a smile.

The lake was still, as still could be,  
And bright as a warrior's blade ;  
And, save the dash of the leaping fish,  
Not a waking sound was made.

The lovely bright-eyed Ottawa girl  
Hath bent o'er the low canoe,  
And smoothed anew her raven hair  
In the glass of the shining blue.

And now, is at the islet's edge  
The stem of her birchen bark :  
And so is the bare, the springy foot  
Of a hunter tall and dark.

" My deer-eyed dove," the hunter breathed—  
And the maid fell at his knee :  
Along its lash a bright tear flashed,  
And thus again spake he.

" My dark-eyed dove, the twisted shells,  
With tints of the blood-red snow,  
I've brought thee now, and scarlet bird,  
And skin of the spotted doe."

The red girl of the sky-blue lake,  
She loves that chieftain bold :—  
He loves again : but hatred lurks,  
And ever by day and night, it works  
In the heart of her father old.

And hither, when the swan leads off  
Her brood on the sleeping swell,  
Beneath a climbing vine they meet,  
With tenderest words in accents sweet,  
The tale of their loves to tell.

## PART II.

The Indian boy is fast asleep,  
And dew on his wolf-skin gray :  
Hath cried him weary long ago ;  
His little gray dog is moaning low,  
And the big owl screams for day.

Poor lonely sleeping Indian boy,  
How wild are his fitful dreams !  
—In mirth she comes ; and sinking now  
To the water-moon she seems.—

A wolf is trotting in the brake,  
All under the panther's limb ;  
But they have licked a fawn's sweet blood,  
And careless are grown of him.

Then darker grew the shadowy woods,  
And bent with a crackling sound ;  
Shines through the dark the flashing foam  
On the pebbly beach around.

Too late the warning loon has yell'd  
To the shallow-wading crane ;  
For now the thunder blast is up,  
And whirls the driving rain.

Oh, red girl of the sky-blue lake,  
Look well to thy dancing bark ;  
The wind is loud, the wave is white,  
And the breaking morn is dark.

The wind is loud, the wave is white,  
Look well to thy slender oar :  
The loon hath need of his wing of jet  
To battle the might of the waves, that fret  
Along to the foamy shore.

Alone, upon the frothy beach,  
In the still and pleasant morn,  
The Ottawa child was waiting yet,  
But frightened and forlorn.

His eyes are red, his hair is wild ;  
He hath donn'd his wolf-skin gray ;  
His shivering dog is moaning low ;  
The child hath turn'd him round to go ;  
He can no longer stay.

Yet once, with aching heart, he looks  
 To the isle of flowers again ;  
 It seems a sleeping bank of green  
 Upon a silvery plain.

Within its shade, the voiceless swans  
 Are sailing two by two ;  
 But never his eye can catch a glimpse  
 Of the maiden's birch canoe ;—  
 The bow-neck'd swans are all that move  
 Upon the silvery blue.

Turn home, heart-broken child ! turn home ;  
 That bark is in the deep ;  
 And she is gone with the tinted shells  
 To their own green caves to sleep.

Her spirit owns a brighter isle  
 Than floats the moon below ;—  
 Where never the thunder-blast is heard,  
 She lists the song of the scarlet bird,  
 And plays with the beautiful doe.

## GODFREY OVER THE DEAD BODY OF DUDON.

Tasso, Cant. 3. st. 68.

CHRISTIAN and Saint ! thy holy war is passed.  
 —Oh ! blessed soul ! on earth thou'st borne thy last ;  
 Thou'rt gone, on God to feed thine eager eyes,  
 And hast from him the glory of the skies.  
 'Tis not thy lot, but ours, invites to tears—  
 Thou still art blest. But we, with hopes and fears,  
 Still mortal, needs must mourn our love departed,  
 And weep for him who leaves us broken-hearted.  
 Still thou art with us ! not beneath the sod ;  
 We have but changed a mortal for a God.  
 Unfurl thy banner, wield celestial fire ;  
 And show our enemies an angel's ire.  
 Our cause is thine. We have our Saviour's aid,  
 Which makes ten thousand of each Christian blade.  
 He spake. The sombre night now chased away  
 The last dim radiance of departing day,  
 Lulled the sad mourners now with sorrow spent,  
 Gave truce to tears, and hushed the low lament.  
 Not so the chief ; for many a wearing care  
 Of preparations for the impending war,—  
 Rams, catapults, the phalanx, fleeing foes,  
 Tossed his brave mind and hindered all repose.

## CULTIVATION OF THE SUGAR BEET.

"Le vrai philosophe defriche les champs incultes, augmente le nombre des charrues, et occupe le pauvre et l'enrichit. Il sait rendre la terre plus fertile, et ses inhabitans plus heureux."—*Voltaire*.

**HISTORICAL** accounts of the discoveries in science and the arts, of the developement of the natural resources of a country, the commencement of any important branch of industry, the invention of labor-doing machines, and the introduction of valuable exotick seeds or plants, are not only interesting and instructive to the curious and speculative, but have a direct tendency to excite inquiries, whose results may be of the highest national consequence, and accelerate the progress of man in the career of intelligence and moral improvement. With what profound attention and thrilling solicitude would all the minutest facts, in relation to the invention of the mariner's compass, be read, if it were possible to collect them from authentic sources, or should they be fortuitously revealed, in an original manuscript of that gifted Neapolitan genius, who is supposed to have made this simple yet wonderful and most useful of all philosophical instruments? \* Who is there that has not dwelt with admiration on those biographical sketches, in which are narrated the intense studies, often-repeated experiments, anxious observations, and indomitable perseverance of Archimedes, Galileo, Toricelli, Kepler, Newton, Watt, and Fulton, while maturing the process of demonstrating, or the means of mechanically illustrating, the reality of those grand conceptions of truth or fact, which have had, and will through all time continue to have, such a mighty influence on the whole human race?

The introduction of the silk-worm into Europe from India, by Constantine; the importation of the grape-vine and olive into France and Spain; the establishment of woollen manufactories in England; the transplanting of the coffee-tree from Arabia, by the adventurous merchants of Holland, into Java, South America, and the West-Indies; and the cultivation of the first cotton-seeds in the United States, are events, trivial as they appeared at the period of their occurrence, of more momentous

\* The mariner's compass is generally believed to have been invented by Flavio Gaia, of Anafi in the kingdom of Naples, in the 13th century.

import than those tremendous political and military convulsions on which historians have but too generally delighted to dwell.

We are prone to seek mighty causes for grand results, and too often attach vast importance to subjects of universal excitement, when we are taught by experience, that most commonly they soon cease to claim attention, and give place to others alike unimportant, which are successively and as speedily abandoned; while the ingenious labors of an obscure mechanic, the utterance of a simple fact, the acclimation of a foreign plant, or the production of a new fabric, are destined to give profitable occupation to millions, and materially affect the condition of the most populous empires, and completely change the commercial relations of the whole globe.

From these considerations it has been presumed that a succinct account of the origin and progress of the manufacture of sugar from the Beet, with suggestions as to the probable advantages which may be derived from its introduction, would not be deemed unworthy of attention; since it has begun to be a subject of serious inquiry by many of the most intelligent, patriotic, and enterprising citizens throughout the Union.

The facts, in relation to the first satisfactory experiment which was made in Europe, were derived from such a source that the fullest reliance has been placed on their correctness.

The extraction of sugar from the Beet-root was attempted in Silesia by Mr. Achard, in the early part of the present century; but the successful establishment of this new branch of rural industry is due to France, and may be considered as having been invented by Maximilian Iznard. This gentleman, while attending a course of chemical lectures in Paris, observed an experiment which showed that the juice of the Beet contained a large portion of saccharine matter; and he intimated to the professor the expediency of ascertaining, by more extensive operations, whether it would not be an object, in a national point of view, to establish the cultivation of the Beet-root for the purpose of supplying the country with a product for which it was dependent upon distant tropical climates; and especially since the exigencies of war had rendered it impossible to meet the general demand for consumption, while the limited quantity obtained was at the enormous cost of ninety cents per pound, in consequence of the great risk of importation from the long and rigorous blockade which was maintained along the whole maritime frontier of the empire by the vast fleets of Great Britain and her allies. This patriotic suggestion, instead of being seized upon with avidity and liberally entertained, was, as is too generally the case with all new and bold propositions, cold-

ly repulsed by the following unexpected remark :—" I am a philosopher ; it is my duty to illustrate the principles of science, but not to apply them to the purposes of political economy." But the young man, being of an ardent temperament, and more deeply imbued with the progressive spirit of the age, was not satisfied with a replication so pedantically antiquated in its import, and so adverse to an enlarged range of inquiry. The thought was too magnificent,—too important in its scope and consequences, to be obliterated by the haughty dictum of a mere routine professor. The vivid prescience of the sanguine pupil roused all the energies of his mind, and he was irresistibly impelled to prosecute a theory, whose verification could not fail of being highly honorable to himself and beneficial to his country. He immediately communicated to a fellow-student the views he entertained on this all-engrossing subject, and it was determined that they would ascertain whether it was worthy of national consideration as well as individual enterprize ; but as their means were limited, they were aware that the operation could not be performed in a manner which would at once command universal attention ; still it was believed that enough could be accomplished to excite public interest, if they were as successful in the result as was confidently anticipated. A few bushels of the Beet-root were procured, and without the aid or facilities of appropriate machinery, but depending on manual labor and imperfect instruments for reducing them to pulp, and extracting the saccharine matter and condensing it to sugar, they obtained enough of the raw material for the process of crystalization ; which was performed at one of the large refining establishments in Paris ; and half a dozen small loaves were obtained, which equalled, in beauty and quality, those manufactured from the best imported muscavadoes.

Sufficient data were thus established to enable them to determine that the culture of the Beet, as a substitute for the sugar-cane, could be profitably undertaken ; but it required a capital greater than they could procure on their own responsibility for the rent of land, labour of tillage, the erection of edifices, and the construction of machinery, in an establishment sufficiently extensive fully to test the correctness of their calculations, and to enable them to realize the advantages which would accrue to them and their country from this novel branch of industry. Without hesitation, they determined to appeal to the minister, who had charge of all subjects connected with the internal prosperity of the empire. A memoir was drawn up, containing a detailed account of the experiment which had been made, and the object which they wished to accomplish, with the request of a loan on the part of government of sixty thousand francs,



to enable them to carry it into effect. This was presented, with samples of the refined sugar which they had produced; but the minister, having numerous and laborious duties to perform, and being frequently importuned to encourage various schemes, which most commonly turned out to be chimerical rather than useful, he declined affording the requisite assistance. Almost in despair, and as a last resort, they waited upon Chaptel,—showed him samples of the sugar, frankly related all they had done, and solicited his good offices to induce the government to encourage their efforts.

The mighty genius of that illustrious man instantly grasped the whole subject in all its extensive relations and consequences; and so impressed was he with its importance,—the great and beneficial influence it would have on the agricultural, mechanical, and laboring classes, as well as on the public and private prosperity of the whole population of France,—and so anxious was that great pioneer of chemical philosophy to insure the patronage of the Emperor, and so confident was he of success, that he ordered his carriage and drove to the palace, where he found Napoleon at breakfast, and placing upon the table one of the loaves of the Beet sugar, he observed: "Behold, Sire, an indigenous product of France." The Emperor had the loaf broken, and tried it in his coffee; he was astonished and delighted; inquired how it had been obtained; and when the process had been succinctly described, asked why the culture could not generally be introduced. Chaptel informed him what had been proposed to the minister, and the result. He listened with profound attention to the statement, for the project exactly quadrated with his enlarged views, and that enlightened policy by which he sought to render the empire entirely independent of all other nations for the comforts and luxuries of life. In the attainment of that object the most liberal encouragement had been extended for developing the national resources of the country, and calling into existence such products as the soil might afford, or that scientific and mechanical ingenuity could create and render subservient to the multifarious wants of the inhabitants and the demands of the government.

The minister was sent for, who was directed to bring the memoir which had been presented. This was read, when, in his usual prompt and decided manner, Napoleon observed: "We do not loan, but will advance whatever sum is requisite for the prosecution of the experiment, on an extensive scale, and in the most thorough and complete manner."

A few days after, a decree was issued to accomplish the object. Six large plantations and factories were ordered to be com-

menced, and Mr. Iznard was appointed superintendant of the first, which was located in the village of Moussan during the year 1811. The buildings and machinery were erected, vast fields of Beets planted, and all was going on prosperously, when the disastrous results of the battle of Leipsic rendered the labor which had been expended fruitless; for the Prussian army, in its route to Paris in the autumn of 1813, encamped on the ground; and the first crop of Beets which had been cultivated, and was sufficient to have produced fifteen hundred pounds of sugar per day during the period of manufacture, was destroyed.

The abdication of Napoleon and the subsequent events, which changed the dynasty and destinies of France, were adverse to the developement of this grand scheme of improvement.

Still, the factory founded by Mr. Iznard was resumed in 1816; but Mr. De Danbasele, who for many years was concerned in a large Beet sugar manufactory, and is now the superintendant of the National Experimental Farm, states, in a memoir on "Indigenous Sugar," published in 1836,—that this industry, although so powerfully favored by the imperial government, seemed to expire with it; and it was not until 1820 that but few people believed that it was any thing more than a ridiculous attempt to achieve what was impracticable. Yet the sparks of this manufacture were preserved, and it maintained its position under the moderate duties which were imposed on foreign sugar for the mere purpose of revenue, and has never ceased to increase and improve. So that, in truth, it may be said it has prospered not only without the aid of the government, but in spite of it; for nothing is more remarkable than the disdainful manner in which it was treated by the national administration. The Bourbons, it appears, could not overlook the stigma of its imperial origin; and from a vindictive antipathy to Napoleon, avoided doing a great good to their country by neglecting to prosecute, with vigor, what had been so favorably commenced; thus verifying the truth of the remark made by the illustrious victim of the sovereigns of Europe on the bleak summit of Saint Helena, that, "during thirty years of exile, the Bourbons had learned nothing and forgotten nothing."

At last, on the accession of Louis Phillip to the throne, the government was compelled to notice the existence of a branch of industry which had become so important from the great results which had been produced, that it could no longer be disregarded. The manufactories, which amounted to only fifty-seven in 1828, had increased to four hundred in 1835; and the sugar produced had augmented from ten million of pounds to

sixty millions in the same period. Still the attention of the government was not excited at that time, for the purpose of affording its patronage, but to mature measures to discourage, if not to ruin, the enterprising individuals who had embarked in the business.

The minister of finance reported that the Beet sugar was rapidly excluding that of the Colonies; that the loss of revenue for the year 1835 alone amounted to seventeen millions of francs, in consequence of the diminution of importations; he therefore proposed a tax on the indigenous manufacture, of seven francs and a half upon every hundred pounds, to make good the deficiency; and, what is most remarkable, this was done mainly through the influence of the owners of plantations in the French West India Islands, the persons concerned in that Commerce, and such a pretended investigation by a committee of the legislature, with the aid of the officers of finance, as induced a belief that the manufacturers could afford to pay it and continue their establishments.

That such an experiment was considered not only impolitic, but a rash and retrograde movement, by some of the most enlightened men of France, may be inferred from the following remarks in one of the most influential publications of that country:—

“However desirable it might be to preserve or favor the Colonies, the time of their exclusive supply of the market, with sugar, is gone by; the species of cultivation naturalized in thirty-six departments is well worth the produce of three islands lost in the bosom of the ocean. To prefer the latter to the former, is as reasonable as to adhere to the use of bows and arrows after the invention of gunpowder. The making of Beet sugar, for which the population of France has shown a wonderful aptitude, should be taken advantage of for uniting the agricultural and manufacturing arts. The whole system of the law for imposing taxes on Beet sugar is bad; it starts from false ideas, and leads to the most lamentable results.”

It is not a little astonishing, that such notions of political economy as produced that law should be entertained by the statesmen at the head of affairs, in a country which, since the splendid reign of Henry IV. had been distinguished for the encouragements which have been afforded to establish and advance all such branches of industry as were deemed essential to the prosperity of the people and the glory of the crown.

But, even the abandonment of that enlightened and patriotic policy, which has rendered the name and administration of a Colbert ever memorable and dear to France, has not produced

such deleterious effects as were fearfully anticipated by that vast number of persons who were engaged in the various and extensive agricultural, mechanical, and manufacturing labors which this new source of wealth demanded. Ingenuity in the construction of machinery, and continual discoveries and improvements in the process of chemical analysis, have triumphed over the numerous difficulties which, it was apprehended, would render success not only uncertain, but ultimately paralyze exertion. As late as 1833, there were but thirteen manufactories in Valenciennes, and by the recent accounts they now exceed seventy. Land, which was sold four years since for 500 francs an arpent, has risen to 1200.

The great amount of capital invested in the establishment of plantations and manufactories for making Beet sugar, may be conceived when it is known that there are nearly seven hundred in successful operation; some of which crush seventy-five thousand pounds of roots in twenty-four hours, and turn out one million pounds of sugar annually. One gentleman near Arras cultivated four hundred arpents of Beets; and so large is his manufactory, that the works consume the steam of a hundred and twenty horse power engine, and he made three million pounds of sugar last year.

The facility with which the operation of obtaining sugar may be performed without the aid of machinery driven by steam engines, as is generally the case, is illustrated by the following statement, which appeared in the "*Journal des Debats*" of April, 1836.

"Four residents of the village of Mollens in the department of the North,—one a blacksmith and the others farmers, formed an association for manufacturing Beet sugar, with a capital of seventy-five dollars. They were enabled daily to make a loaf of sugar weighing from forty to fifty pounds. Their mode of manufacturing the sugar was of the most simple kind. They used currycombs to rasp the Beet roots, and linen bags for extracting the juice; the syrup was boiled in the family iron pot on the blacksmith's forge."

It has been ascertained by chemical analysis, that one hundred pounds of Beet root contains from eighty-five to ninety pounds of water, six to eleven pounds of sugar, and from one to two pounds of ligneous substance; pectic acid, albumine, salts and earth together, from two to two and a half pounds. The average quantity of juice obtained from one hundred pounds of Beet is about seventy pounds, the weight of the pumice left being thirty pounds. The quantity of sugar extracted from one hundred pounds of the best kind of beets, by those most skilled in the process, is seven pounds.

Of the seven varieties of the Beet root usually cultivated, the White, (*Beta Alba*), which was introduced from Germany, is preferred by the experienced manufacturers, as it is found to contain a larger portion of saccharine matter in a given weight of the root than any of the others. Next to it is the Yellow Beet, (*Lutea Major*). The former variety must not be confounded with another, called in France *Disette*, and by us the Scarcity Root, (*Beta Silvestris*), which is also white, though often striped red and white; the last is much larger, but more watery, and of course deficient in sugar.

The quantity of Beets raised in France on an acre varies from thirty to thirty-five thousand pounds; but a farmer in Middlesex county, Massachusetts, raised in 1835 eighty-six thousand nine hundred and sixty-one pounds of Scarcity root on an acre, and fifty thousand pounds of the sugar Beet have been raised this year, in Ohio, on an acre; but from an estimate submitted to the President of the Massachusetts Agricultural Society last year by Mr. Iznard, it appeared that the nett income from a given capital invested in the culture of Beet sugar would be at least twenty-five, and might amount to seventy-five per cent.

The advantages to be derived from the culture of the Beet, beyond that of the sugar it will produce, are very important to the agriculturists; for it has been ascertained that the kind of tillage which this, as well as all other kinds of top-rooted plants require, soon ameliorates even the most barren soils; for, besides the certain destruction of all weeds, and the perfect pulverization of the earth to an unusual depth, so salutary in the rotation of cereal and leguminous crops, there is annually a large quantity of vegetable debris left upon the field when the beets are gathered, which, being ploughed in, forms a valuable dressing; and the pulp, after the juice has been expressed, is greedily eaten by cattle, sheep, and hogs, which they prefer to all other food; and great numbers are fattened upon it by the manufacturers, or it is sold to the neighboring farmers for that purpose; and in both cases,—where the former raise the beets used in their establishments, the means of enriching their lands are thereby greatly increased. There is, in addition, the residuum of the refiners, which forms an excellent manure,—especially as a top-dressing.

So remarkable, in fact, has been the fertilizing effect of this culture in France, that thousands of acres of gravelly and sandy land, which had hitherto been considered so worthless, that no attempt had ever been made to subject it to tillage, are now, after having been planted for a few years with the sugar beet,

converted into the most prolific wheat-fields which that country affords.

It has been recently discovered in France that pot-ash may be obtained from the residuum of the Beet root. The molasses which remains after the crystalization of the sugar, being distilled to obtain alcohol, leaves a quantity of sediment, which was formerly thrown away; but Mr. Dubrunfaut has ascertained by experiment, that it is so impregnated with alkaline matter, that it equals one sixth of the quantity of sugar made from the Beet root; and taking the amount of sugar annually manufactured, which is 42,000,000 kilogramms, there may be extracted 7,000,000 kilogramms of pot-ash, equal in quality to the best imported, which, according to the market price of that article, is valued at 9,000,000 of francs.

This discovery has been rendered still more important from another which has just been made public. After eight years of experiment, Merle and Malartie, dyers at Bordeaux, have succeeded in producing a new blue pigment, from the prussiate of potash, as a substitute for indigo. The color, in all its shades, is of superior beauty to any known. It is unchangeable by air, acid, or soap; and cloth may be dyed with it at from twenty-five to fifty per cent. less expense than from indigo. So satisfactory, indeed, has been the results, that several of the largest woolen manufacturers are having their goods dyed with it; and it is believed that this precious article will render France independent of foreign countries for indigo,—the annual consumption of which has amounted to 20,000,000 of francs.

There never has been any new branch of industry which has been so speedily extended as that of the culture of the sugar beet; for not only has it reached all the southern departments of France, but Belgium, Holland, Germany, Prussia and Russia have entered the career, with a zeal and success which promise momentous advantages to all that portion of Europe which has been most conspicuous for great and rapid advancements in the arts of civilization; while in this country the spirit of inquiry has been universally induced, and experiments are in progress which are of cheering import. Although our territory nearly touches the tropical region, and two of its most valuable products have been naturalized; yet it is doubtful whether that of sugar can be better raised in Louisiana and Florida, from the cane, than in the middle and northern portions of the Union from the Beet root. At all events it is a subject well worthy the profound consideration of the national and state governments, as well as the people; and from that enterprize and intelligence which has been displayed by the farmers, mechanics, manufacturers, merchants, and capitalists,

in the establishment and prosecution of the various labors by which they have all been enriched and the whole country advanced in prosperity, we have a right to anticipate the most favorable results.

If science and the arts flourished in Egypt, Babylon, Greece, Rome, and Carthage, they were for the exclusive benefit of the few, and not as the grand means of ameliorating the adverse fortunes of the many. Those who were distinguished for their attainments in letters and philosophy, constituted select classes, to whom were confined the fruits of their researches, while the economical labors of every denomination were prosecuted by slaves, or by a population nearly as ignorant and degraded in character. War was the chief and favored vocation of the noble, the ambitious, the affluent, and the enterprising; and governments were engaged in plans of belligerent expeditions, procuring the means to raise and support armies, or for giving additional splendor to the magnificence of courts, instead of devising such measures as were best calculated to render all classes enlightened, independent, and happy. Agriculture was deemed a rude and almost barbarous occupation; the mechanic arts, manufactures, and trade, were left to the least intelligent; while foreign commerce was regarded as a kind of tolerated piracy. Military talents and feats of arms were more estimable than the loftiest attainments in moral excellence,—the news of victories produced higher excitement than the grandest discoveries of genius; and the returning chieftain, reeking with the blood of devastated empires, was greeted with the ostentatious pageantry of a triumph, when those, who, in the pacific and useful walks of life, had in reality conferred the greatest benefits on mankind, lived without respect or reward, and died unnoticed and unhonored.

How changed is the condition of the world at this period, when TRUTH AND UTILITY are the exalted inquiries of philosophy. The profession of arms, and the organization of armies, are now subjects of secondary interest. They are considered only as the means of giving efficiency to the laws, commanding the respect of other nations, and as the guaranties of peace. In this enlightened age the establishment of a single manufactory is deemed of infinitely more importance to a nation than twenty victories; and the introduction of a new agricultural staple of greater benefit to the people than the conquest of a province.

Those nations which are most distinguished for an advanced state of civilization,—for their wealth, power, grandeur, and refinement, have reached that lofty position in consequence of the encouragements which were liberally offered for the pre-

motion of agriculture, manufactures, commerce, literature, science, and the useful as well as the ornamental arts. Russia, Holland, France, England, and the United States present glorious illustrations of what can be achieved when the affairs of government are directed by minds as capacious, conceptions as grand, and views as comprehensive and far-reaching as those of Peter I, Henry IV, Frederick II, Napoleon, and the patriotic statesmen who have guided the destinies of Great Britain and of this Republic.

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SONNETS.

## INDOLENCE.

## I.

THERE is no type of indolence like this :—

A ship in harbor, not a signal flying,

The wave unstirr'd about her huge sides lying,

No breeze her drooping pennant-flag to kiss,

Or move the smallest rope that hangs aloft :

Sailors recumbent, listless, stretched around

Upon the polished deck or canvass—soft

To his tough limbs that scarce has ever found

A bed more tender, since his mother's knee

The stripling left to tempt the changeful sea.

Some are asleep, some whistle, try to sing,

Some gape, and wonder when the ship will sail,

Some “damn” the calm and wish it was a gale ;

But every lubber there is lazy as a king.

## II.

To see a fellow of a summer's morning,

With a large fox-hound of a slumberous eye,

And a slim gun go slowly lounging by—

About to give the feathered bipeds warning

That probably they may be shot hereafter—

Excites in me a quiet kind of laughter.

For, though I am no lover of the sport

Of harmless murder, yet it is to me

About the laziest sight on earth, to see

A corpulent person, breathing with a snort,

Go on a shooting-frolic all alone :

For well I know that when he's out of town,

He and his dog and gun will all lie down,

And undestructive sleep, till game and light are flown.

P. B.



## POT POURRI;

### LITERARY, POLITICAL, AND NONSENSICAL

No quality of style is more generally attractive than that easy carelessness which the French express by the significant word *abandon*, and of which, perhaps, their literature furnishes the best examples. A want of correctness and coherence is apt to disfigure it, but only when the writer is not thoroughly master of his subject. "Quand un esprit juste et plein de chaleur," says Voltaire, "possède bien sa pensée, elle sort de son cerveau toute ornée des expressions convenables, comme Minerve sortit tout armée du cerveau de Jupiter." Voltaire himself is one of the most striking instances of the justness of this comparison. Madame de Sévigné may also be cited as an admirable *abandoniste*, if the word may be coined. The epistolary style, indeed, is that to which this characteristic is best adapted. In poetry no one can rival La Fontaine's exquisite ease and *naïveté*, and nothing he has written is surpassed by the following delicious epilogue to his fable of the "Two Pigeons:"—

"Amans, heureux amans, voulez-vous voyager ?  
Que ce soit aux rives prochaines.  
Soyez-vous l'un à l'autre un monde toujours beau,  
Toujours divers, toujours nouveau :  
Tenez-vous lieu de tout, comptez pour rien le reste.  
J'ai quelquefois aimé : je n'aurois pas alors  
Contre le Louvre et ses trésors,  
Contre le Firmament et la voûte celeste,  
Changé les bois, changé les lieux  
Honorés par les pas, éclairés par les yeux  
De l'aimable et jeune Bergère  
Pour qui, sous le fils de Cythère,  
Je servis engagé par mes premiers sermens.  
Hélas ! quand reviendront de semblables momens !  
Faut-il que tant d'objets si doux et si charmans  
Me laissent vivre au gré de mon ame inquiète !  
Ah ! si mon cœur osoit encore se renflammer !  
Ne sentirai-je plus de charme qui m'arrête ?  
Ai-je passer le temps d'aimer ?"

However much men may have reason to rejoice at the march of mind, which has trampled down so ruthlessly time-honored superstitions and venerable customs, the rest of the animal creation must abhor the intellectual illumination of the present age as cordially as the owl does the garish light of the sun. Well may they all now complain to the moon of the manner in which their ancient reign has been molested and destroyed. In days of yore the world was at their feet, and now there is none so poor as to do them reverence. Then they were Gods, with crowds of adorers ever prostrate before them; but alas! what now is the value of an Apis beyond and above the weight of his flesh? The butcher and the epicure are his only priest and worshipper since the schoolmaster has gone abroad. And as to the poor crocodile, whilome "the favorite son" of Egypt, is he not as much an object of distaste in his own country, as another quondam favorite son is in a state that shall be nameless?—Not that I mean to institute any comparison between the two gentlemen,—propriety forbid!

Amongst the sufferers by this revolution, "the little busy bee" has especial cause for grief. Now-a-days she is nothing but an industrious fly of a larger growth, that provides us with an aliment which some like and some don't like; (the latter class consists mostly of Benedicts when the *honey-moon* is over,) though by the ancients she was esteemed a precious and sacred animal. Melissa was the name bestowed upon her, after the nymph, who, according to mythologists, was the first to teach men the use of honey; and thus, by giving them something more delectable than the bodies of their enemies, abolished the practice of Cannibalism. Bees were consecrated to Apollo, and if we may believe a respectable legend, the second temple of Delphos was constructed by their labor. The Ephesians pretended to derive their origin from a colony of Athenians conducted by the muses themselves under the form of bees. Thence the figures of bees which are found upon the ancient medals of Ephesus. Varro calls them the birds of the muses, —*musarum volucres*; and they are certainly most useful in furnishing poets with allusions, comparisons, and images which are still delightful. If Homer wishes to paint the persuasive eloquence of Nestor, he says that "his words flowed from his lips like honey." Vengeance, he also affirms, is sweeter than honey. Plato, in his dialogue of Ion, describes the poets fluttering about like bees in the garden of the muses, where rivers of honey are ever flowing. "The poet," he adds, "is a sacred, light, and volatile thing;" in imitation of which La Fontaine says, "*Je suis chose légère, et vais de fleur en fleur.*" On Plato's lips, when in his cradle, bees deposited their honey.

The infant Pindar, exposed by his parents upon branches of myrtle, was nourished by bees—a kindness they are also stated to have done to several other distinguished poets. Xenophon, for the sweetness and grace of his style, was denominated the Bee. Let me finish this dissertation on “to ‘bee or not to bee,” with some lines of Claudian in his poem in honor of Sérena, wife of Stilico, in which he has enshrined these poets’ darlings:—

“ Si floribus illis,  
Quos neque frigoribus Boreas, nec Sirius urit  
Æstibus, æterno sed veris honore rubentes  
Fons aganippeæ permessus educat undâ,  
Unde pisæ pascuntur *Apes*, et prata legentes  
Transmittunt seclis heliconia mella futuris.”

“ Oh ! my muse,” says he, “ too long a time has elapsed without crowning her (Serena,) with those flowers which neither the icy blast of Boreas nor the burning breath of Sirius will destroy ; but which, always watered by the delicious stream of Parnassus, will eternally preserve their perfume and beauty. Upon them feed the sacred bees, and extract from them the Heliconian sweets which they transmit to future ages.”

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“ All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,” says Johnson ; and I wonder why Dr. Samivel—Samuel, I mean ; (that fellow, Weller, Jr. is always *bozzing* about one’s mental ears ; it’s time he should be sent to where he came from—*id est*, to the *Dickens*.) I wonder, I say, why Dr. Samuel bestowed the epithet “ fasting ” upon his Gallic neighbor. Certes, he had never been in Paris when he did so, or was too prejudiced to make acquaintance when there with the restaurateurs, thick as autumnal leaves in Vallambrosa, of that most gastronomical metropolis. Had he used the word *saucy* instead, there would be nothing to say against it ; for what can be more saucy than a Frenchman, either at dinner, or before or after the same ? Is he not blessed with a sauce *avec laquelle on peut manger son propre père* ?—and are not the words that come out of his mouth strongly impregnated with the sauciness of what goes into his mouth ? For example, listen to what a Parisian scribbler has the assurance to say about our own mother tongue—the language of Shakspeare and Milton, and General Jackson, LL. D.:—“ The English language has been praised for borrowing from all languages, all arts and all sciences, the words

which are necessary for it. I am willing that the same praise should be given to it for this pliability as is due to the first efforts of the Dutch to establish, upon the resources of commerce, the fortune of their incipient sovereignty ; but their activity sprang from and attested their indigence, and in the same way it may be asserted that the facility with which the English adopt words, is a proof of the sterility of its *fonds* and the poverty that authorizes such borrowings." A pretty fellow to talk of "such borrowings," when his own idiom has been obliged to loan from ours a phrase to designate the noblest and most indispensable of all the objects of human delight—*rosbif*. The same scribbler is very angry with Voltaire for calling the French "une indigente orgueilleuse qui craint qu'on ne lui fasse l'aumône," and complaining of its poverty. This is the unkindest cut of all, for Voltaire's own works, he affirms, belie his words:—"He has made it all that he could wish ; he has pitched it upon every key ; has mastered it in both prose and verse, and in both styles found it at his pleasure clear or energetic, sweet or vigorous, lively or grave, simple or florid, naive or sublime." He further boasts that there is no subject of which his language cannot speak in a luminous, precise, interesting, and useful manner:—"Only open the good books in every department that constitute the glory of our language you will find it frolicsome in Rabelais, energetic in Montaigne, naive (there's a word, by the way, for which I confess we have no full equivalent in English,) in La Fontaine, harmonious in Fléchier and Malherbes, full of sweetness in Racine and Fénelon, unctious in Massillon, vigorous in Boileau, Pascal, and Bourdaloue, sublime in Corneille and Bossuet." A very imposing catalogue truly, and one against which I shall take good care not to splinter a lance ; so "ditto to Mr. Burke."

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Apropos of the subject of the last paragraph, Voltaire may certainly be affirmed, take him all in all, to be the greatest master of the language in which he wrote. In his poetry he sometimes makes it speak with a fullness, a strength, and a sonorousness of tone, which none of his compeers have succeeded in imparting to it in the same degree. How resonant are the following lines, for example, from *Alzire*, if I am not mistaken :—

"L' Americain farouche est un monstre sauvage,  
Qui mord en frémissant le frein de l'esclavage !"

With what magnificence of intonation might Talma have rolled

them out ! Please to observe, *en passant*, that Mr. de V. by the word *Americain*, does not mean the universal Yankee nation, but "Messieurs les Indiens." Every reader of Virgil remembers the trumpet-tongued line, "Exoritur clamorque virum, clangorque tubarum ;" but it is scarcely superior in the adaptation of the sound to the sense to this one likewise from Alzire,

J'entends l'Arain tonnant de ce peuple barbare."

Is not that the very *tantamare* of the brazen-throated instrument ?

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"There is a soul of poetry in all things prosaic,"—in other words, every thing is poetical in one way or another, from the star-bespangled firmament to the mud-pool ; from the cloud-capp'd mountain to the mole-hill, from the mastodon to the pissmire ; from the Colosseum to the mouse-trap ; from a locomotive potent enough to drag the world if it only had a road to run upon, to a tea-kettle, or any other steam-engine, however insignificant. Even a pair of scissors may be the *principium et fons* of verse, as the subjoined rhymes will testify, which were perpetrated by a friend of mine on seeing an article of the sort, formed like a snipe in the hands of a fair damsel. If you don't relish them, gentle reader, throw them in the fire, and then you'll have, if not "thoughts that breathe," at least "words that burn."

In days of yore, when Superstition's cloud  
Involved in darkest folds the wretched world,  
To beasts and birds in worship nations bow'd—  
The only Gods whose banners they unfurled.

Alas ! for human frailty, when deprived  
Of succour from above—how far it strays  
In error's tangled path ! how well contrived  
The traps which Satan for his victims lays !

In that fair land especially, where Nile  
His fertile waters pours upon the plain,  
To feathered idols many a gorgeous pile  
Resounded with the crowd's adoring strain.

But since the lamp of knowledge has been fed  
 With truth's undying oil, and holy light,  
 Upon the earth in bless'd abundance shed,  
 Has scattered all the mists of Pagan night—

Since then, another mode has been devised  
 To win our homage for the flying tribe,  
 And if, sweet Miss, you're of it not apprised,  
 List, while the plan I hastily describe.

There is a little instrument which dames  
 Employ when with the needle's toil engaged,  
 It's "scissors" termed, (to call things by their names,  
 And keep your curiosity assuaged.)

Well, on these instruments, in sculptur'd grace,  
 Unhallow'd artists with their cunning skill,  
 The forms of ducks, and crows, and buzzards place,  
 Or some small bird that boasts a *lengthy* bill.

(Aye, "lengthy"—lengthier than the longest one  
 Which, when the year is verging to conclusion,  
 Poor dandies get, to spoil their Christmas fun,  
 And fill their empty pockets with Confusion.)

For well it's known that whatsoe'er is seen  
 In hands of those who make our planet bright,  
 (The ladies,—Heaven bless them all—I mean,)  
 Is sure devoutest homage to excite.

Hands that the rod of empire might control,  
 Are not so potent, near, as those of beauty;  
 They're but a tea-cup to a *Wistar* bowl,  
 (I hope this striking simile will suit ye.)

Breathes there a man with soul and eyes so dead,  
 Who dares resist a set of snow-white fingers,  
 Or eke the *shears* with which they cut the thread?  
 On such a set e'en now my mem'ry lingers.

They held a pair of "scissorlings" adorned  
 With shape of that poetic bird, the snipe,  
 Whose nose would all comparison have scorn'd,  
 For length and beauty, with a Dutchman's pipe.—

But cease, my muse! too lofty is the theme  
 For thy weak note in worthy strains to sing,  
 Where loveliness and modest sweetness beam,  
 Thou'lt fly, alas! with frail, Icarian wing.

If brevity be indeed the soul of wit, as undoubtedly it is, the most admirable piece of eloquence that was ever delivered, without excepting the oration on the crown, or the one for Milo, or the speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts, or that on Foote's Resolutions in reply to Senator Hayne, or even that by which a certain Commercial Representative was demolished not long ago, is the harangue of Cortes to Philip the 2d of Spain, when, having in vain applied to ministers for the reward of his services, he threw himself in the way of the king, "My name is Fernando Cortes; I have conquered more land for your Majesty than you inherited from the Emperor Charles V, your father, and I am dying of hunger." There is some little difference between both the length and the pithiness of this discourse and those of the oratorical effusions, for instance, of the marvellous personage who can set a ball in motion without a partner, "solitary and alone." If it be true, as the French poet affirms, that

"Le sage est ménager du temps et des paroles,"

it may certainly be a matter of question whether he or many of his compeers will be immortalized for their wisdom. With them "time and words" are the last things on which they ever think of exercising economy. To each and all of them might their audiences repeat the observation of the Lacedemonians to a certain extensive orator, "We have forgotten the beginning of thy harangue, on account of which, not having understood the middle, we cannot reply to its conclusion." Elaborateness, copiousness, voluminousness, diffusiveness, redundancy, or "redundant superabundancy," or whatever other term you like best to convey the idea of a three days' speech, is peculiarly characteristic of our American discourses. If they were "boiled down," it would be amazing, how little space they would, for the most part, be found to occupy,—and "I guess" people would generally prefer their accustomed "calves' foot," to the calves' head jelly they would be served with by that same boiling process. How often is Boileau's line about a loquacious dame—"qui parle toujours et ne dit jamais rien"—brought to one's recollection in these spouting times! How resolutely is a single idea beat out, like gold leaf, until it covers the widest possible superficies, and loses all its efficacy and original appearance! *Ecce signum!*

That "amplification" which Cicero calls the triumph of eloquence—"Summa autem laus eloquentiæ amplificare rem orando; quod valet non solum ad augendum aliquid et tollendum aliud dicendo, sed etiam ad extenuendam atque abjicien-

dum"—is a very different thing from the exuberance deprecated. An idea may unquestionably often be developed and strengthened by analagous ideas, by comparisons, contrasts, and illustrations; but a Ciceronian amplification bears, alas! but little resemblance to a Bentonian one. A mud hovel may cover more ground than St. Peter's Church, but it is still a mud hovel for all that. Cicero's praises of amplification, however, are to be taken *cum grano salis*. They were prompted, in great measure, by his vanity; for he well knew that it was this pride, pomp, and circumstance of word and thought which especially characterized his own productions. He knew that he was drawing his own portrait when he drew his distinction between an eloquent orator and a mere speaker,—“Disertum, qui posset satis acute ac dilucide, apud mediocres homines, et eomuni quâdam hominum opinione dicere; eloquentem verò, qui mirabilius et magnificentius augere posset atque ornare quæ vellet, omnesque omnium rerum quæ ad dicendum pertinerent fontes animo ac memoriâ contineret.” Not always does he follow his own direction,—“vitandas vacuas voces, et inanem verborum sonitum”—some of his amplifications being altogether empty words and thundering sounds. The close, serried style of Demosthenes is a better model, and on that account more difficult; but “quo difficilius, hoc præclarior.” The illustrious Athenian, indeed, sometimes indulges in amplification, and with the most powerful effect. What can be finer in this respect than the following passage from his oration on the crown. “You ask me, Æschines, for what virtues I aspire to be crowned? Without hesitation, I reply, because, in the midst of our magistrates and our orators whom Philip and Alexander have universally corrupted, beginning with yourself, I am the only one whom neither delicate hints, nor seductive words, nor magnificent promises, nor hopes, nor fears, nor favor, nor any thing in the world, has ever forced or induced to relax aught of what I deemed useful to the rights and the interests of my country; because as often as I expressed my opinions, it was never, like thee, as a mercenary, who, similar to a balance, leanest on the side which receives the most, but under the invariable guidance of an upright, just, and incorruptible spirit; because, in short, called more than any other man of my time to the discharge of public functions, I have always fulfilled them with scrupulous devotion and perfect integrity: it is on this account that I demand that crowns should be decreed me.” The manner, says an elegant critic, in which Demosthenes amplifies, has nothing to do with the imagination—it consists in giving to his reasonings more fullness, force, and dignity; he widens less than he deepens; he graves rather than paints; or, to change the image,



he opens his arms with less grace, but he folds them with much more vigor, than Cicero. Among modern orators, Massillon has some fine specimens of amplification. The two following are beautiful—"The Church has never opposed aught to persecution but patience, and firmness; faith was the only weapon with which she vanquished tyrants. It was not in shedding the blood of her enemies that she multiplied her disciples; the blood of her martyrs alone was the seed of the faithful. Her first teachers were not sent into the world, like lions, to spread murder and carnage; but as lambs, to be themselves slaughtered. They proved, not by combatting, but by dying for their faith, the truth of their mission." Preaching the duty of benevolence to a youthful king, he says, "All this vain glitter which surrounds you, is for others; the pleasure of doing good is for yourself alone. All other pleasures have their bitterness; this sweetens them all. The joy of doing good infinitely surpasses that of receiving it; resort to it again and again, it never palls; the more it is tasted, the more we render ourselves worthy of tasting it. We become accustomed to our own prosperity, and insensible to its charms; but we can never cease to feel the delight of causing the prosperity of others." But enough of amplification on the subject thereof.

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Gentle reader, I feel "most musical and most melancholy," and have just been reading Shakspeare's sonnets; so a sonnet I must indite. "Here goes," as poets usually observe:—

I'm very sad!—I cannot well say why,  
 But o'er my spirit hangs a sombre cloud,  
 And from my bosom comes the frequent sigh;  
 My very soul seems wrapp'd in sorrow's shroud!  
 In vain I gaze upon the light above,  
 In vain I wander mid th' enamell'd fields—  
 In vain from place to place I ceaseless rove;  
 Relief unto my breast, ah! nothing yields.  
 Alas! I fear I'm weary of this life!  
 This ever-shifting scene of pain and woe—  
 This battle-field for every form of strife,  
 Where man in every brother meets a foe;  
 What shall I do to cure this worst of ills?—  
 I have it! zooks!—a box of Brandreth's pills!

There, doctor, there's a puff for you. Have it inserted by all means in your next advertisement among the certificates. If

you only make it believed that your infallibles can minister to a mind diseased, people won't be apt to throw them, with other physic, to the dogs.

By the way, kind reader, having induced you, as I trust I have, to inhale the aroma of one of my poetical flowerets, I can't permit myself to suppose that your olfactorys are not panting for more of the same delicious fragrance. I have always had a sort of canine appetite for Heliconian celebrity; but some how or another I have never been able to impress the world with a conviction of my right to wear the laurel, and indeed, as the following verses, written a good while ago, will testify, have not quite succeeded in satisfying myself that I was likely to obtain it :—

Oft have I uttered fervent vows  
That poet's wreath might grace my brows;  
Oft sighed to see my humble name  
Inscribed upon the rolls of fame,  
Among that bright, resplendent host,  
Our nature's purest, noblest boast :  
But all in vain I've tuned the lyre,  
And struck with eager hands the strings ;  
No muse, no fair would e'er inspire  
One strain like that the poet sings !

Modest, at all events, if not otherwise distinguished ! Once, however, I did feel certain that I was on the eve of having my fondest aspirations realized. I began a tale !—a tale in rhyme, which I intended to be the most pathetic, tear-extracting effusion that was ever concocted ; but I stuck fast in the middle of said tale—or rather a good way this side of the middle. It will be a satisfaction to me, nevertheless, to see what I did accomplish of it in print, and I shall therefore avail myself of the present opportunity to lay it before the reading public. In case it produces a decided sensation, it is not impossible that I may be tempted to finish the *torso* :—

I stood alone amid the festive crowd,  
My soul beneath a load of anguish bow'd ;  
All seemed to say in animated tone  
That bliss had there upraised her sparkling throne ;  
Resplendent shone the varied founts of light,  
In gorgeous mirrors glitt'ring doubly bright ;  
Blithe rose the notes of music's gayest shell—  
Those notes that youth and beauty love so well !  
While thro' the mazes of the graceful dance  
Moved shapes that might an angel's self entrance ;  
More brilliant than the dazzling lustre round,

More musical than music's sweetest sound.

"And am I, then, the only one," I mused,

"Am I the only one with spirits bruised

By grief's fierce conflicts, in this num'rous throng ;

The only one to whom this joyous song

Sends saddest discord to the inmost heart ;

To whom this splendor may no light impart,

But makes all gloomier, as the solar blaze

Involves the night-bird in the darkest maze ?

Am I the only one who may not float

Adown the stream in pleasure's painted boat ;

Alone condemn'd to breast the current's sweep,

Alone condemn'd, alas ! at human joy to weep !"

I raised my eyes—before me was a face—

Oh, how describe that peerless, wond'rous grace !

Hast thou not seen, when wand'ring wild in dreams,

A form that still upon thy fancy beams ?

One such as never bless'd thy waking sight,

For mental charms too fair, too pure, too bright ?

One in whom all the loveliness of earth

Illumined seemed by rays of heavenly birth !—

Oh ! if thou hast, then may thy mental eye

An image of that matchless maid descry !

Here I dismounted from my Pegasus, and have never got into the saddle again, at least to prosecute this melancholy expedition. I intended to fall desperately in love with the "matchless maid," and to make her equally smitten with me. In proper time we were to be married and be supremely blest. A few months after the ceremony we were to embark in one of the packet ships from New-York, and in case we were not drowned or killed by sea-sickness on the passage, were to reach Havre in safety, and thence proceed to Italy. There we were to wander about, and our wanderings were to be described in the most picturesque and poetical manner, and at length were to establish ourselves in an exquisite villa on the borders of the most exquisite of all exquisite sheets of water, the Lake of Como. There we were to spend a most delicious time amid the varied charms of nature and art which there abound. Pasta, who has a villa there, was to be inhabiting it at the moment, and we were to become exceedingly intimate with her, and get an abundant supply of her unrivalled singing *gratis*—having the same idea in reference to music as the old French woman had with regard to balls :—

"Ah ! quel plaisir d'aller à un bal,  
Surtout quand il ne coûte rien !"

We were to visit all the palaces in the neighborhood, and feast upon the pictures and statues they contain, of which a most connoisseur-like account was to be given, and we were to take especial delight in boating upon the lake. But this was to be the direful spring of woe unequalled! One serene afternoon we were to be tempted by the loveliness of the sky and the placidity of the waters, to embark upon a trip to the most romantic part of the lake; but before we had gone far, one of those sudden storms which are there not unfrequent, was to arise, (of which a description was to be given that would have had no parallel in ancient or modern poetry,) our boat was to be upset; I was to make the most unheard-of efforts to rescue my *Alexandrina*—to swim with her to the land—to place her upon the green sward—to use every means to reanimate her senseless form—but in vain! The vital spark was to have fled, and I was to fall horror-struck and motionless by her side! After a while we were to be found by some passers by, and be carried back to our desolate villa. There I was to remain in the most awful state of mind for months, every day visiting and bedewing with my tears a splendid mausoleum, in which was to be deposited the body of my wife. Subsequently I was to return to my native land, having required some composure of spirit. Among the first houses I was to go into after reaching my place of residence, was to be the very one in which I had first beheld my lost one! The associations of the apartment were to be too potent to be resisted. I was to fall senseless on the floor, to be taken home, confined to bed for a long time in a raging delirium, and to recover from it only to be a maniac for the rest of my life!! But how was I to tell the story if I continued a maniac? That's a question which I disdain to answer. Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no—you know what.

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#### ON A DANDY.

*Viewing his person in a Mirror.*

FLOXO, admired of silly girls,  
 Arranges his redundant curls  
     Before a polished glass;  
 Like "Peter Bell among the trees,"  
 The solitary dandy sees  
     "A solitary ass!"

## EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

WERE the present plans and arrangements of this expedition within the customary rules of the Naval Service, or were they the results of official inquiry, we might feel some hesitation in calling their practical wisdom and utility in question. But as they have not the advantages of such authority, as they embrace provisions derived more from conjecture than experience, and are rather the expressions of private opinion than professional judgment, we may be allowed to speak of them frankly and freely.

One of the most prominent objects of this expedition—and that which has struck the imagination of the public with more force than all others—is connected with explorations in higher latitudes than those frequented by any other branch of our national marine. We may well doubt if, independent of this *exploring* purpose, and the unreflecting enthusiasm it has awakened, the expedition itself would have ever been set on foot. The first question we have to ask then, is, can any thing in the shape of extraordinary explorations be effected by this expedition?

There are confessedly but two vessels in the squadron calculated in the slightest respect for the hazards and hardships of such a service. These are the two brigs; and the only peculiar quality which *they* have, as fitting them for this service, is an increase of strength; and yet this advantage, so far from atoning for their clumsy architecture, or keeping pace with the hardships to be endured, scarcely deserves the name of a sober preparation. Their diminutive size renders them incapable of seriously attempting the object proposed, except at a peril that borders on infatuation. Should they, in their proposed researches, find their immediate communication with the open sea intercepted by fields of floating ice, or from any other cause be obliged to contend with the severities of a polar winter, every soul on board must inevitably perish. The only kind of vessel that could stand the least chance of surviving such a trial, and preserving the lives on board, must be of three times their strength, of at least double their capacity, with a small, hardy crew, an ample supply of provisions, and unfailing sources of artificial heat.

It will be said it is not intended these brigs should winter in the ice. Very true; it is not *intended*, but may it not *occur*? What researches can they make in these latitudes without such a liability? They might, perhaps, with comparative safety,

dart up a short distance, and then dart back again; but what discoveries, if there are any to be made, could be expected by such a palpitating process? Islands or continents might lie in a different longitude, and at no great distance too, and they be none the wiser. So that, as for any probable discovery, or important research, to be effected by these brigs, we look upon it as an idle dream. The public, if they expect any thing in this shape, will inevitably be disappointed. The squadron is calculated to operate only in comparatively mild latitudes,—in those seas so constantly frequented by ships of other nations, as well as our own, as almost to preclude the possibility of an important or novel discovery.

Casting out of the account, therefore, the visionary expectations connected with extraordinary explorations, what remains to warrant the extensive arrangements and vast outlay of this expedition? Surveys constitute the only remaining object, so far as the Navy is concerned, that we have heard named. This we consider attainable and useful, and yet not of a character that requires the force of such a squadron. Let our readers conceive for a moment of *five ships and six hundred men* in attendance on some *four or five individuals* occupied in astronomical observations, and hydrographical surveys! What a specimen of political wisdom and national economy! The simple statement of the fact, without any comment of ours, is enough to convince any sober man of its extravagance and folly.

Nor is this ridiculous feature of the subject very much relieved by the wants and occupations of the naturalists, who accompany the expedition. It is not necessary that a few gentlemen, quietly employed on subjects connected with natural history, should have in attendance on their noiseless occupations, *five ships and six hundred men*! Nor do they desire it; they are men, if our information be correct, of unaffected modesty and genuine merit:—men who have enlisted in this enterprise from love of their professions, and not from motives of ostentation. All *they* require is such facilities as the successful pursuit of their favorite studies render indispensable; and this is all, so far as their connection with the squadron is concerned, that the sensible pride of the *nation* requires.

There has been from the first a strenuous endeavor to combine three commending and irreconcilable objects in this expedition:—the power and splendor of a naval armament,—extensive facilities for surveys and scientific investigations in mild latitudes,—and the ability to endure the hardships and hazards of polar explorations. Each of these objects is so distinct, requiring preparations and resources so peculiar to itself, that

any effort to combine them, to subject them to the spirit and pervading purpose of the same enterprise, must terminate in a failure with all.

The objects of a naval armament subject every thing to the etiquette of a man-of-war ; objects connected with surveys and scientific research render every thing subordinate to the accuracy of charts, and the curiosities of the museum ; while the objects of polar exploration reduce every thing to a successful conflict with the most hostile elements. Yet these objects, so distinct, so separate and irreconcilable, have all been made to enter into the plans and promises of this expedition. Each has been made, in its turn, to hold up its pretensions to the public, and so present its claims as not to expose its fatal conflicts with its neighbors.

Had any one of these objects been presented separately, it would probably have awakened only that attention which it merited ; but by being associated with others, with which it is utterly irreconcilable, it has been made to assume a fictitious importance ; while over the incongruous association a blending haze has been carefully cast, which only served to magnify and deceive. In this heterogeneous, self-destructive character, the enterprise has been made to accommodate itself to the enthusiasm and pride of all classes. To the friends of the Navy, it has held out the respect of countless tribes of barbarians for our national flag ; to the advocates of science, it has presented the trophies of successful research through a wild, unfrequented province of nature ; to the lovers of the marvellous, it has held up the novelties and splendors of polar explorations. By these means it has found advocates, and made converts, wherever there was vanity to be gratified or ignorance to be duped.

In the flurry and hot haste of a preparation for realizing these glorious dreams, all the dictates of sober wisdom, all the suggestions of grave experience, have been forgotten. The lessons, taught by the hardships of similar enterprises in other regions, have been treated with derision ; the perils, privations, and wrecks of other adventures have thundered their admonition in vain ; while, deaf to the past and blind to the future, a disjointed, impotent squadron, composed of materials selected without judgment, and ships built without models, has been thrown together. With this it is proposed to strike a permanent terror through the heart of savage nations, to penetrate the resources of a thousand unknown islands, to invade the everlasting ice of the pole ! The uninquiring public, in their amazement and idolatrous credulity, have shouted it onward, satisfied if they might only have the privilege of perishing under the wheels and trappings of the Juggernaut !

If an individual has ventured to question the wisdom or practicability of this enterprise, it has been regarded as an evidence of uncommon stupidity, or of an implacable hostility to the extension of human knowledge. There is scarcely an editor of a public journal who would venture his reputation, or patronage, in a sober, impartial investigation of this subject. To all questions of distrust, his reply is :—the expedition *must* go ; the people have taken it into their heads that it *shall* ; and any argument on the subject will oppose as little resistance as straws thrown against the force of a cataract. Thus the public are hopelessly left to their illusions, to the phantoms of their cheating dreams ; from which they will wake only to denounce the opiate that prompted them. They will, however, awake with one lesson that will not be very soon forgotten. Empty coffers and disappointed expectations read powerful lectures.

We are not opposed to an expedition got up for useful purposes, and aiming at attainable objects. If the intention be scientific research in milder latitudes, then let a suitable ship be fitted up for the purpose, and a competent number of scientific gentlemen be employed ; if it be polar explorations, then let a ship of sufficient capacity and strength to endure the hardships of such an enterprise be built and sent out ; or if it be to overawe savage tribes, then let a befitting part of our naval armament be employed. But any effort to combine these, to compass them in the same expedition, must result in a failure with all. We have never yet heard the object of this expedition distinctly stated, nor do we believe there is a man in the United States who can afford us any definite information on the subject. It is all in a yellow, golden fog, and assumes such shapes as the imagination of each may call forth. And yet the lives of hundreds and the treasures of the nation, are to be put at issue on these unstable, ambiguous phantoms !

There is, however, one relieving feature in this mistified affair, and that is, its freedom from the stamp of official responsibility. Neither the Department, nor the Board of Navy Commissioners, nor the enlightened sense of the service, has ever set the seal of its sanction to this frenzied enterprise. It has sprung up without their care ; it maintains its distracted existence without their charity ; and will go to its last home without their tears. The prophet of Nineveh mourned over his withered gourd, not because it had sprung up in a night, but because it was *his* ; but there is no proprietorship here to awaken a sentiment of regret. It is a great rickety limb, fastened to the body of the Naval Service by forced ligatures, and is already smitten with the palsy.



## REVIEWS.

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*Ship and Shore: or Leaves from the Journal of a Cruise in the Levant*, by an Officer of the United States Navy. Published by Leavitt, Lord & Co., 1835: 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 312.

*Visit to Constantinople and Athens*; by the author of "Ship and Shore." Leavitt, Lord & Co., 1836: 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 348.

THERE has been a dearth of books during the past month. We may look for a plentiful harvest in the spring; for which favorable season for the trade the publishers seem to be reserving their supplies. In casting about, as faithful caterers should, for some pleasant works not recently published, which we could conscientiously recommend to our readers as sources of intellectual recreation for the long winter evenings, we bethought ourselves of the two admirable volumes at the head of this notice. They are confessedly the productions of the Rev. Walter Colton, Chaplain of the United States Navy. As the author of "Ship and Shore," this gentleman acquired an extended reputation, and "Constantinople and Athens" has largely enhanced his just claims upon the public approbation. Both works are written in an easy and affluent style, which shows cultivation as well as copiousness of talents,—and talents that, if judged of by their variety, should be esteemed the best.

That "fatal facility" which, according to Sir Walter Scott, attends upon the octo-syllabic measure in poetry, is evinced by many of our American writers in their prose productions. Ideas do not seem to flow, but to ripple from their pens. The feather plucked from the grey goose's wing never flew through air as swiftly as they cause it to fly over paper. The merest tyro will make you a novel in a month, write you a five act tragedy in a fortnight, pour forth a poem in a week, and strike you out a Magazine paper in a day. The rail-road principle has been introduced into Literature; books will soon be written as well as printed by steam; and if a Napier press can be worked by Electro-Magnetism, we see no good reason why Animal Magnetism cannot be applied with equal success to the brain. The old roads seem to be deserted. From Boston, which

used to be the mart of book-publishing, although it is no longer so, a new work used to travel leisurely by mail-coaches, easy stages, or by packet-sloops, slow sailers, till it reached New-York; thence it journeyed and voyaged with due deliberation to Philadelphia, and so on to Baltimore; till before the year of its birth had expired, it might be heard of as having been seen floating somewhere on the tide of Westward emigration. The writing of the book bore some analogy to its dissemination. If a man did not keep his work by him the nine years prescribed by Horace, he never let it go from his hands in less than two. In those good old times, every author was a Dr. Slop—he ambled along quietly and reached his journey's end surely. But now, whenever an author condescends to write at all, he canters along as clumsily as an Obadiah, and makes just as great a splashing in the mud. We are amused with the fancy of a modern Obadiah of a writer, coming in contact, round the corner of an argument, with an ancient Dr. Slop. The latter would justify our simile by falling plump into the dirt, overthrown by the momentum of the other; although his learning and skill were ten times as great. Presumption, assurance, and impetuosity always ride slapdash over modest merit in this world.

We have made these *appropriate* remarks to what we intend to say about Mr. Colton's books, on the principle of contrast. Deep shadows bring out strong lights.

Let the reader take up the "Ship and Shore," or "Constantinople and Athens," after having blundered through the last American novelty, and see how clearly and pleasantly he moves along. Here is no hurry, no confusion, no incongruousness of images, incidents, and ideas, but all is quiet, orderly, and well-adjusted. A year elapsed between the publication of the two volumes, although their matter had been previously prepared during the leisure of sea-voyages. This was showing a proper deference to the public—a decent appreciation of the good sense of readers, who could not be supposed to deem a new author justified in attempting to take their admiration by storm.

We had hoped that, before this time, the publication of a third volume from the author's memoranda on "Italy" would have afforded us the opportunity to speak of the works previously published. We learn that it is not his intention to extend, but to enlarge the present series, by giving, in a new edition to the Ship and Shore (of which an edition of three thousand lays lightly on the publisher's shelves), many new chapters of description and adventure in that portion of the world, which, though clothed by the imagination in the divinest hues, would, we think, be invested with novel charms by the pen of our author. We bespeak for the new edition the public favor. We desire to turn towards the works, as they now are, the private regards of those who would choose their reading as they would choose their fireside friends, for quiet excellence of character, unstudied attractiveness of manner, and fresh

display of wit and feeling. These are rare in an American book—we are sorry to say it—but they are rare. We are a race of imitators. Originality seldom finds its reward with us. We fall therefore into the copying of models, instead of fashioning new forms ourselves, out of the glorious materials which lie about us. When we go abroad, we must needs look upon European matters with the eye of an Englishman, instead of that of an American. We refer things to English standards, instead of to those of our own country.

There is a correspondent in the New-York American newspaper, whose letters are free from this reproach. The charge cannot be laid to the door of the author of the admirable letters from Paris, which have appeared in this journal; still less are Mr. Colton's delightful reflections, narrations, and descriptions subject to the imputation of being anti-American. He writes with the love and thought of his country filling his heart. He sees the world as a poet no less than as a patriot and a man. His ornaments and illustrations are new, and in good taste; the verse with which he occasionally relieves his prose is pleasing, and his style, so far from being in the least dull, has been esteemed too sportive for the sober pen of a clergyman. We cannot see, however, why the wearing of black cloth should veil the eyes from beauty, or shut up the heart from the merry influences of life.

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*Principles of Political Economy. Part the First: of the laws of the Production and Distribution of Wealth.* By H. C. CAREY, author of an Essay on the Rate of Wages. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard, Chestnut Street. 1837.

It is refreshing to find among our own writers occasional instances of intellectual independence, well sustained by learning and ingenuity, at a period when so much deference is paid to opinions and doctrines of a foreign growth. Whatever difference of opinion may exist respecting the topics discussed by Mr. Carey in the present volume, however widely the views and speculations he has advanced may depart from many of the received notions of the day, especially as set forth by English writers on Political Economy, it will be conceded, we think, that he has fairly taken the bull by the horns, and if he has not succeeded in mastering so well-trained an animal, he has at least maintained his ground with courage and ability. To call in question the theories of Malthus and Ricardo, will be, without doubt, regarded by many persons as little better than rash presumption, and the result of an overweening confidence in his own powers on the part of our author; as if every original idea conceived in the brain of an American thinker required to be stamped with the impress of foreign authority before it should be allowed a current value in the republic of letters.

Mr. Carey, fully aware of the difficulties he has to encounter in entering the lists with such redoubtable antagonists, carrying with them an influence that leads captive not only the imaginations, but the understandings of large classes of readers, thus endeavors to propitiate their indulgence to his speculations :—

“ To all such, he would desire to call to mind the fact, that in almost all departments of knowledge the orthodoxy of the present day is but the heresy of time past, and that many of those doctrines now held by themselves, and believed to be undeniably true, were, but a little time since, ridiculed as absurd. The disciples of Ptolemy had, as they believed, undoubted evidence of the truth of this system. They saw the sun revolve round the earth, and they found in the scriptures confirmation of the correctness of his theory. Copernicus was denounced as a heretic, and his system was deemed too absurd for serving confutation ; yet that of Ptolemy exists no longer, and it would now be as ridiculous to call in question that of Copernicus, as it was in former times to believe in its truth. Such having been the case in past times, it is *possible* that it may be so again, and that doctrines in Political Economy, now so firmly established that to call them in question is deemed proof of want of ability for their comprehension, may pass away, and be as utterly forgotten as is now the Ptolemaic system.” Preface, v—vi.

It is not our intention in the present article to follow Mr. Carey throughout the whole extent of his speculations, and his criticisms upon preceding writers, as we should be led into deeper water than we care to conduct our readers or to venture ourselves. But there are portions of the volume which strike us as well adapted to arrest attention at this particular crisis in the practical affairs of our community, to which we propose to refer.

Nothing is more common than an over-estimate of the value of landed property ; and this error has been of such serious import to enterprising men at all periods, that it is astonishing so many continue to fall into it. When one takes into view the numerous favorable circumstances that must conspire to give any value to a tract of wild land, however fertile may be its soil, or abundant its natural resources, it is a subject of wonder that any man should have the courage to undertake its reduction and settlement. But the cheapness of the article becomes attractive, and the consequence attached to an extensive land-holder, in vulgar minds, often leads to investments which the sober exercise of the judgment would not fail to condemn. It is clearly shown, we think, by our author, that the land heretofore appropriated to use, the world over, “ is not only not worth as much labor as it has cost to produce it in its present condition, but that it could not be reproduced by the labor that its present value would purchase.” Take, for example, the value of real estate in England, and compare it with the annual products of that country, which are respectively stated as follows :—Real Estate \$8504,000,000 : Annual Product \$1350,000,000. It thus appears, that the value of real property of every description in England, which is derived from the labor of many centuries bestowed upon it, is now worth but little more than the product of six years : so far is

its present value from being equal to all the labor that has been brought to bear upon it. But to come nearer home. Mr. Carey furnishes the following statement in regard to New-York:—

“The assessed value of lands, houses, &c., in the State of New-York, in 1834, was three hundred and eighty-seven millions; being, as we are informed, about two-thirds of the true value. Adding thereto one-half, we should have five hundred and eighty millions, or, for round numbers, we will say six hundred millions, for the real value, being equal to that number of days' labor; or of that of two millions of men for one year. The State contained, at the last census, above half a million of males between the age of sixteen and sixty, and now has probably six hundred thousand. The total value of real estate is, therefore, equal to between three and four years' labor of the male population. Let the reader look at the vast extent of land in cultivation—at the quantity of labor required to clear and enclose it, and to construct the roads, canals, and rail-roads, by which it is intersected—at the churches, school-houses, court-houses, and other public buildings—at the cities and towns which it contains—at the wharfs, bridges, and improvements of every description that are so numerous; and he will be satisfied that double, or treble, that quantity of labor would not re-produce them.”—p. 106.

WILLIAM PENN furnishes a practical example of this principle:—

“He imagined, when he obtained a grant of all that land which now constitutes Pennsylvania, and westward as far as the Pacific Ocean, that he had a princely estate. He invested his capital in the transport of settlers, and devoted his time and attention to the new colony; but, after many years of turmoil and vexation, found himself so much embarrassed in his affairs, that, in the year 1703, he mortgaged the whole for £6,600 sterling, to pay the debts he had incurred for settling the province. We have been favored with an extract from his MS. accounts, showing the amount of his expenditures and receipts during the first twenty years; by which it appears that he received the grant in payment of a debt, amounting, with interest, to £29,900; that his expenditure, interest included, was £52,373, and that the whole amount received, was only £19,460; leaving him *minus* altogether, £63,113. Some years afterwards, the Government made an agreement with him to purchase the whole at £12,000, but a fit of apoplexy prevented the completion of the agreement. At his death, he left his Irish estates to his favorite child as the most valuable portion of his property. *His American property was not worth the cost of production.*”—p. 107.

According to our author, the value of a thing depends on the amount and quality of labor bestowed upon it, and cannot exceed the labor required to re-produce it. Light and air ordinarily possess no value, because they exist in unlimited quantities; but they acquire value when labor is applied to give us the use of them, at the place and in the manner that is most convenient and agreeable to us. For a similar reason, large tracts of land are often valueless. “Year after year, and perhaps century after century, passes away,” says our author, “during which time capital is invested in roads through them, yet they yield nothing to the owner in return for the taxes paid, or for the means invested for their benefit,” although rich in mines of iron or coal. The soil is unfit for cultivation; but as soon as a canal is constructed, or a rail-road built, and a further application of capital is made in the shape of manufactories, then a value is created.

The owners of unoccupied lands in the United States, says Mr.

Garey, have found, to their cost, that the natural agent was of little value. Led away in the same manner with William Penn, and others, they supposed that land must become very valuable; and many men of great acuteness were led to invest large sums in the purchase of it. Robert Morris, the able financier of the revolution, was one who pressed this speculation to its greatest extent. He took up immense quantities at very low prices, often as low as ten cents per acre; but experience has shown his error. His property, although much of it was excellent, has never paid cost and charges; and such has been the result of all operations of the same kind. Numerous persons, owners of thousands and tens of thousands of acres, who have been paying county and road taxes, and have been impoverishing themselves thereby, would now gladly receive the amount of their expenses and interest thereon, losing altogether the original cost. This does not arise from the absence of fertility, but from the nature of value in land, which cannot exceed the amount of labor bestowed upon it, and must generally fall short of it, as those parties now find.

This view of the subject may be considered as gloomy and discouraging, but the truth of the picture cannot well be denied. A vast amount of cost and vexation of spirit might be spared by a proper attention, before one embarks in an enterprise of doubtful issue, to all the circumstances essential to success. The possession of thousands of acres of the most fertile lands will not suffice to provide for the wants of a human being. The spontaneous, or even the cultivated productions of the earth, will not supply him with a sufficiency of food, nor with a comfortable shelter; these are to be bought at an expense of labor and time, which gives them a value his land does not possess. We thus find that the first emigrants to a country suffer many privations, although surrounded by a genial climate and a fruitful soil. Indeed, as remarked by our author, "the history of all early settlements is one of great wretchedness and discomfort." Abundant evidence of the truth of this position may be obtained by adverting to the history of any one of the American Colonies, or of the more modern colonies planted by Great Britain, in the Western Hemisphere, at New South Wales, Swan River, or at the Cape of Good Hope. The great inducement for voluntary emigration to these places has been the cheapness and fertility of the land, which we are so accustomed to regard as the great source of wealth. But it is found to require many years of practical cultivation and unremitted industry before land acquires any value, which ordinarily does not take place until the less fertile tracts are brought into subjection. Labor is the price man pays for all that is valuable to him; without it, luxuries are insipid, and the best advantages of situation unimproved. The planter, whose land produces freely, becomes negligent and idle; while the less favored cultivator, with a bad soil, learns habits of industry, and improves his condition. Compare the condition of the New-England farmer with that of the Southern land-holder, and it will be readily

admitted that a country which is said to produce spontaneously nothing but "rocks and ice," is far preferable, in point of value, to the cultivator, than the richest tropical regions, where nature luxuriates in the variety and splendor of her productions. To the hardy yeoman, a farm in Maine is more valuable, in this point of view, than the choicest plantation in the "Republic of Texas."

In illustration of the effects of extended cultivation upon wages, Mr. Carey examines the condition of the laboring classes in Europe, at different periods. The following statements are derived from Eden's "*History of the Poor*;" which means, as language is used in the United States, according to our author, a history of "*the people*:"—

"In the reign of Henry the Second, so many *English* slaves were exported to Ireland that the market was glutted; and from the reign of William the First to John, there was scarcely a cottage in Scotland that did not possess one. \* \* \* In 1283 a slave and his family were sold for 13s. 4d. In England, at that time, a few fish, principally herrings, a loaf of bread, and some beer, constituted the meal of the mower and the reaper. If such were the allowance in harvest-time, what must it have been during the rest of the year? Meat and cheese were considered more as rarities than the ordinary articles of consumption of the laborers. According to the valuation of personal property, made at Colchester in 1296, in most houses, a brass pot from 1s. to 3s. value, is to be met with; it seems to have been the only culinary utensil used. Almost every family was provided with a small store of barley or oats; rye appears to have been little used, and wheat scarcely at all. Some families possessed a cow or two, but more kept hogs; two or three were the usual number of the stock. From the small provision of fuel, it is inferred that very few houses had chimneys. In 1339 a gift was made of a nief, (or female slave,) with all her family, and all that she possessed, or might subsequently acquire. In 1351 the wages of haymakers were fixed by statute at one penny per day, payable in money, or in wheat at ten-pence a bushel, at the option of their employers."—p. 60.

Such was the poverty of the working classes in England at these early periods. An equally wretched picture of the condition of the peasantry in France in 1444, from the pen of a contemporary English writer, (Sir John Fortescue,) cited by Eden, and by our author, (p. 61, note) shows that there was not much to choose between the two countries. The cause is justly traced to bad husbandry, expended on fertile soils, and yielding very small returns. Five or six bushels of wheat, and the same quantity of oats to the acre, constituted a crop. The people were excessively indolent, the most industrious preferring light work and a poor subsistence, and many a life of helpless vagabondism, to a proper cultivation of the soil. Ignorance, amounting almost to semi-barbarism, and a low state of the arts, were the necessary attendants of such a state of society. The most fertile soils were of small value from the insignificant labor bestowed upon it—insignificant both in quantity and quality; and of the people, Fortescue truly says, "*they lyvyn the most extreme povertie and myservye, and yet they dwellyn in one the most fertile realme in the world.*"

A similar state of things is shown to exist at the present day in these English colonies to which we have already alluded. It ap-

pears from a "Report of the Committee of Correspondence of the Colony of Western Australia," communicated by Lord Glenelg to the Statistical Society of London, February 20, 1837, that the cost of provisions and other articles of necessity is such, that high nominal wages and profits give but a very small measure of the comforts of life, notwithstanding the exuberant fertility of the soil.

The author's peculiar views as to the cause of value, are well fortified by an imposing array of facts, and the objections which he anticipates, are satisfactorily met; but without going into an examination of the bearing of his theory upon other commodities than landed property, of which we have attempted to convey some idea, we shall conclude our notice of this valuable work with one other quotation on the subject of emigration:—

"In the United States, emigration from the east to the west is very great, but it is not forced. High wages give to every man the means of accumulation, and he changes his place of residence when his means warrant him in so doing. He goes to new lands that have the benefit of roads and canals made through them previously settled, enabling him to send his produce cheaply to the cities and towns, and receive thence, at small cost, the articles required for his consumption. He has the aid of steam-boats and rail-roads; and the capital thus invested, for the advantage of the land he purchases, enables him to improve his condition rapidly. Emigration thus carried on, is a natural and healthful operation; but if the Government were to undertake to transport thousands, and tens of thousands, without capital; and if, instead of taking them to Indiana and Illinois, which are sufficiently near to benefit by the roads and canals of New-York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, and by the steam-boats of the Mississippi, they were taken to the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains, far from all settlements, what would be the consequence? Could it be other than poverty, distress, wretchedness, waste of labor, and capital? We think the reader will agree with us that it could not. \* \* \* If it be asked, why wages are high in the United States, where, as yet, population is limited, the answer is readily given. Security, peace, and light taxation, have, at all times, rendered labor productive, and caused a rapid growth of capital. While all other nations have expended, in war, a large proportion of their production, the United States have preferred to employ their means in adding to the machinery by which labor is rendered productive; the result of which is, that, at this time, the agriculturist, the manufacturer, and the sailor, are aided in their operations by better machinery than exists in any other part of the world."—p. 71, 72.

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*American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge,*  
for 1838: Charles Bowen, Boston.

WE mentioned, in a notice we wrote of the first number of the *American Almanac*, eight years ago, in another journal, that the volume would be counted well worth a five dollar-note, provided it could be had for nothing less. Of the correctness of this assertion we have never doubted; and, so well are we persuaded of its truth, that, on examining the volume for the present year, we affirm there is no extravagance in it. For it is a fact, not to be denied, that no work of the same compass in American literature has been published, containing such a mass of valuable information—a co-



pious collection of interesting statistics that will make these volumes necessary to every well-selected library, whether private or public. Books generally of this class have been so defective in design, as well as in execution, that, after an ephemeral use, they have ceased to be of value. The American Almanac, on the contrary, to the student and to the politician, and even to the general reader, will increase in value as long as it shall continue to be preserved.

Although it might have been apprehended, that with the publication of each successive volume there would be a difficulty in obtaining fresh supplies of appropriate materials, yet such are the talents, and such has been the industry, of the editors, that the present number, for ought we can see, is as interesting as either of its predecessors. In the miscellaneous department are the following articles:—Prognostics of the Weather; Aurora Borealis of January 25th, 1837; the Meteors of November 13th, 1836; the Law relating to Aliens in the United States; the London Periodical Press; Publication of Books in Europe; International Copyright; Products of the Press in Germany, France, and England; Prices of Fourteen Articles for Twenty Years; Prices of Flour; Age and Life of Trees; Disease among Shell-Fish, and Select Scraps. All these articles are prepared with care, and they abound with facts interesting to every class of readers. The ennuyée will be assisted in his moments of sadness by studying the Prognostics of the Weather. The lover of nature's wonders and mysteries will find food for his favorite passion while examining what is said of the Aurora Borealis and the Meteors. To the political economist, the Law relating to Aliens, and the Prices of Articles, will be particularly acceptable; and the antiquarian and the book-maker will be likely to give preference to the articles on the Periodical Press and International Copyright. We have remaining space only to recommend to those of our readers, who have not yet done so, to procure the American Almanac; and, not only the volume for 1838, but the whole series, if they are to be had, consisting of nine volumes.

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*The Oriental Key to the Sacred Scriptures; as they are illustrated by the existing rites, usages, and domestic manners of eastern countries, with a short account of the different books and writers of the Sacred Volume.* By M. CORBETT. The introduction by the author of the "Oriental Annual." Philadelphia: Joseph Whetham, 1837. pp. 336.

Mrs M. CORBETT, the author of this work, is an English lady, recently arrived in our country. She has produced a number of works in various departments of literature, which are well known on both sides of the Atlantic; but this is the first to which she has given her name. It is also the first she has attempted in America;

and she has every reason to be proud of it; and we ourselves are bound to thank her for having thus commenced her career,—preferring usefulness and information upon subjects of vital import, to efforts which might excite greater attention and create more dazzling fame, without conferring any benefit either on the head or the heart. She observes in her preface:—

“Since my arrival in the United States, a few months ago, I have had occasion to remark that in no country, at least that I have visited, is the command to ‘search the Scriptures,’ more revered and obeyed than in this. Such being the case, I cheerfully cast my mite into the rich treasury of Biblical knowledge; feeling assured that it will meet with the encouragement it deserves—whatever that may be.”

A graceful introduction by the author of the “Oriental Annual,” contains some remarks upon the scope of Miss Corbett’s work; from among which we transcribe the following:—

“The Bible, it will be remembered, is essentially an eastern book. It gives the history of an eastern people.”—“Many parts of the Bible are now unintelligible to the general reader, only because they allude to eastern usages, with which the large mass of Christians are unacquainted.”—“Among a people, acknowledged upon all hands to be of extreme antiquity, and entertaining much obstinate prejudices in favor of primitive usages, the ancient practices of their race have been preserved to this day almost intact, and thus serve to illustrate, in a very remarkable degree, many of the hitherto inscrutable passages of Holy Writ. It is surprising to what extent the works of modern travellers in Asia have contributed to throw light upon obscurities, considered beyond the reach of modern exposition, until penetrated by the information which those writings have conveyed upon subjects intimately connected with many embraced by the Hebrew Scriptures. In proportion as we become familiarized with the modern histories of eastern nations, we shall find numerous Scripture difficulties vanish before the light which those histories cast upon them.”

After stating that such is the object of Miss Corbett’s work, the editor of the *Oriental Annual* proceeds thus:—

“The author of this little work has performed her last task with great perspicuity, and cannot fail of being intelligible to that class of youthful readers for whose instruction the volume is especially intended. It is printed in a cheap and popular form, in order that it may find its way into schools, where it must prove of great service. The author has contrived, besides bringing together a great mass of information, to render the work highly interesting; thus supplying a motive to read it, beyond the mere school duty. The general defect of books of this description is, that they consist of mere dry details, repelling rather than inviting the young mind, which seeks to be amused at the same time that instruction is imparted; but in the following pages the matter is so judiciously varied with incidents of great and frequently even of stirring interest, that the youthful student cannot fail of forgetting his task in the pleasure provided. The whole arrangement is extremely lucid and so easily intelligible, that the youngest pupil at schools cannot miss the scope of any portion of it. It may be safely and conscientiously recommended as a most useful little manual, and will, no doubt, meet with similar encouragement to that given to the works already published by the same author.”

In this recommendation, which is sustained by letters from some of our conspicuous clergy, we cordially concur.

*The Love-Chase, a Comedy, in Five Acts :* by JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES, author of "Virginus," "The Daughter," &c. New-York, Geo. Dearborn & Co., and Adlard & Saunders.

THIS Comedy is unlike any one of the author's former productions, if we except the "Beggars Daughter of Bethnal Green," which, without being dramatically effective, abounds in beautiful thoughts, and is pervaded by a vein of the tenderest and purest feeling. "The Love-Chase" is spirited and effective in representation, and, with some few obacurities of expression, delightful closet reading. Mr. Knowles seems to have studied the old masters of the drama with close fidelity. His use of words is precisely similar, and to one not acquainted with the antique school in this art, his strange quaintness might appear in questionable taste. His inversions, also, and neglect of the little connecting links of sentences, smack of the Elizabethan era. Familiarized as we are with his peculiarities, all these things seem to add raciness to his plays. There is a fire and vigor about them, a copious expenditure of thoughts, which indicate the richness of the mine from which they are taken. It is no extravagance to say that Knowles is the only Shakspearean dramatist of the age. His knowledge of the human heart constantly shines out through his pictures of character, and now and then there are felicitous touches of fancy and feeling.

The conception of the name and plot of the drama, are very happy. The chase of the innocent deer is neglected for the chase of Love.

They follow here a gentler lure,  
And seek a nobler prey.

This drama, more than any other of the author's productions, admits of the quotation of fine, spirited passages as testimonies of his genius, but we have space only for two or three. As we read the opening of the second scene of the first act, we seem to hear the view-halloo, and to be in the midst of all the wild excitement of the chase :

" Well, Master Wildrake, speak you of the chase!  
To hear you one doth feel the bounding steed ;  
You bring the hounds and game, and all to view—  
All scudding to the jovial huntsman's cheer!  
And yet I pity the poor crowned deer,  
And always fancy 'tis by Fortune's spite,  
That lordly head of his, he bears so high—  
Like Virtue, stately in calamity,  
And hunted by the human, worldly hound—  
Is made to fly before the pack, that straight  
Burst into song at prospect of his death.  
You say their cry is harmony ; and yet  
The chorus scarce is music to my ear,  
When I bethink me what it sounds to his ;  
Nor deem I sweet the note that rings the knell  
Of the once merry forrester !"

The character of Sir William Fondlove is perhaps the best conceived. His attachment to his daughter, and "sneaking kindness" for the Widow Green, are admirably portrayed. We have seen the following capital sketch of a nice, buxom, bouncing widow, quoted repeatedly; but it will not suffer from repetition:—

"The pleasant Widow Green!  
Whose fortieth year, instead of autumn, brings  
A second Summer in. Odds bodikins,  
How young she looks! What life is in her eyes!  
What ease is in her gait! while, as she walks,  
Her waist, still tapering, takes it pliantly!  
How lolling she bears her head withal:  
On this side now—now that! When enters she  
A drawing-room, what worlds of gracious things  
Her courtesy says!—she sinks with such a sway,  
Greeting on either hand the company,  
Then slowly rises to her state again!  
She is the empress of the card-table!  
Her hand and arm!—Gods, did you see her deal—  
With curved and pliant wrist dispense the pack,  
Which, at the touch of her fair fingers fly!  
How soft she speaks—how very soft! Her voice  
Comes melting from her round, and swelling throat,  
Reminding you of sweetest, mellowest things—  
Plums, peaches, apricots, and nectarines—  
Whose bloom is poor to paint her cheeks and lips."

Lydia, a soft, quiet, lovely creature, under the guise of a waiting-maid to the "pleasant Widow Green," is our favorite in the comedy. How sensibly she talks of love! There is a lesson which might profit both maids and widows in the following:—

"I cannot think love thrives by artifice,  
Or can disguise its mood, and show its face.  
I would not hide one portion of my heart  
Where I did give it and did feel 'twas right,  
Nor feign a wish, to mask a wish that was,  
Howe'er to keep it. For no cause except  
Myself would I be lov'd. What were't to me,  
My lover valued me the more, the more  
He saw me comely in another's eyes,  
When his alone the vision I would show,  
Becoming to? I have sought the reason oft,  
They paint Love as a child, and still have thought  
It was that true love, like infancy,  
Frank, trusting, unobservant of its mood,  
Doth show its wish at once, and means no more!"

## MISCELLANIES.

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**THE SOUTH—ABOLITION—THE RIGHT OF PETITION.**—The young men of the city of New-York have of late held a spirited meeting on the subject of Mr. Patton's Resolution, abrogating the Right of Petition. On this subject, in connection with the South and Abolition, we have a few remarks to offer.

We were in Washington at the commencement of the late great Abolition row, and certain we feel, from all that we have thought, seen and heard, in regard to the subject, that the Southern members are the principal cause of the continuance and increase of the evil which they are so eager to uproot. It is matter of record that as long as petitions were silently received and referred to the Committee on the District of Columbia—where they went to sleep, and were heard of no more—no danger was ever perceived as likely to result from them; it was scarcely known abroad that such petitions were ever presented. But the moment that the demon of mischief put it into the heads of the Calhouns and the Wises to insist upon the rejection of those petitions, there has been a perpetual and ever-augmenting agitation, until the worst peril that can threaten the country seems imminent. At first, Abolitionism was an insignificant rill, which went bubbling and murmuring by, unnoticed and innocuous, and such it continued, until the most absurd alarm began to be entertained that it was about to deluge and overwhelm the land—when an attempt was made to dam it up. This had the effect to swell it immeasurably beyond its original channel. Other streams, also, of far greater depth and force of current, have been made to mingle with its waters, until we now behold a sea, tempest torn and fathomless, on which the bark of the Union is tossed about without chart or compass. Instead of the mere question of total Abolition, which never would have rallied beneath its banners a sufficient portion of the intellect and numbers of the North to produce any decided mischief, the inhabitants of that section are now obliged to take their stand in the same line with the fanatics whom they condemn, for the protection of rights which they regard as sacred—in battling for which, they believe themselves fighting *pro aris et focis*. The insults, too, which sometimes indiscriminately have been heaped upon them, have aroused that spirit of indignation which is the most difficult to be quelled. Sectional pride and constitutional rights are enlisted to a certain extent, in support of what they would

rather have aided to put down, had they not been touched and infringed. The matter was one indeed which ought to have been left to the North to manage; and the North would have eventually managed it in such a way that no serious troubles would have ensued. Northern prejudices alone would have presented an almost insuperable obstacle to the efforts of the fanatics—for we do maintain the truth of what De Tocqueville remarks in his most admirable book, (a book, by the way, which we are glad to see will soon be republished here, and which on this point, contains more justness, philosophy, and pith, than can be found anywhere else in print,) that there is a far greater antipathy to the negro in the North than in the South, and that the great mass of the former could never be aroused to sympathize sufficiently with the slaves to make any very strenuous efforts to break their chains; even if none of the other impediments we have alluded to were in the way.

It will not be long before the pernicious effects of this "infamous resolution" will be felt. Should there be a calm for a while, it will be a treacherous one—let no man trust himself upon the waters in faith of its continuance. There is a cloud, and a dark cloud, lowering heavily on the horizon, big with storms. It will soon pall the entire heavens, and when it bursts, may the ship which is exposed to its fury be well prepared to meet it—for no ordinary struggle will she have to undergo with the billows she has so often and so nobly mastered. This cloud is the Texas question—a question introduced by the South, on which the South challenges debate. Will not the whole subject of slavery be then necessarily thrown open, and a dangerous state of excited feeling be brought to bear upon it? Will not the South then be obliged to permit the debate? Does she not herself invite it, for does not the whole question hinge upon that point? Or if she endeavors still to stifle its discussion, will not the same headlong passion, the same exasperated sense of wrong which impels her course, be infused into the breast of the North? And what must be the result of such a battle as will then be fought? "Quò, quò, scelesti, ruitis?"

Deeply, then, is it to be deplored that the Southern members deem themselves forced to act as they do—for the question of slavery might be discussed *ad infinitum* in the House, without causing the slightest alarm, if they would only keep cool. Was it not far more thoroughly examined and dissected in the Virginia Legislature than it ever has been in Congress, and what mischief was apprehended from that debate, in the very midst of the slave population? Again, we say, and the whole North says it, Abolitionism never will be put down by the violent measures that are pursued. While the South thinks she is pouring a Niagara upon the volcano which is infallibly to extinguish its fires, she is only adding strength and fury to its eruptions. She can never frighten the North into an abandonment of the right to petition; in trying to accomplish that object,

she is only endeavoring "up a high hill to heave a hugh round stone," and she may be sure of seeing

The hugh round stone, resulting with a bound,  
Come thundering down, and smoke along the ground,

onward upon those who "meet it on its smoking way." The course for her safety, her tranquillity, is courtesy and mildness.

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THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—This institution, after a long sleep like Rip Van Winkle's, of twenty years, has of late been raised by the exertions of a few individuals to a palmier state than ever. Its present rooms in the Stuyvesant Institute are princely after its late neglected out-of-the-way condition in a fourth loft in Chamber street. The old pictures of the Dutch Governor and the family worthies seem dazzled by the bright glare of the new gas-lights, and have hardly become accustomed to the numbers who throng the rooms at the regular meetings. The books, old folios, and dog-eared quartos have lain quiet so long in a dignified repose, that under the touch of the librarian a few old tetchy writers on controversial divinity have been seen to curl up their leaves and warp up their backs in a manner not a little contemptuous. These old fellows in their alcoves are not to arrest the march of improvement. The society now promises to do much for American History. It has undertaken the publication of a new series of historical collections (the plan of Dr. Hawks) on an enlarged and liberal scale. These will consist of an entire collection of early original manuscripts, and scarce, printed tracts, connected with the history of this country. They will be chronologically arranged, and the name of the originator of the scheme is sufficient guarantee that they will be admirably edited. To relieve the society from debt, a course of public lectures has been undertaken by the members—the first of which was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Hawks. Much anxiety was felt to see how the Orator and Historian of the Church would acquit himself in the new position of a public lecturer. His success was complete. We have rarely witnessed more general enthusiasm than this address drew forth from those who heard it. As a literary composition, it was ardent, yet chaste and polished. A sketch of the contrast between the different nations of Europe, who sent their representatives to people the new world, was pointed and very happy. The vindication of the Antiquary was too warm not to be sincere, and was felt to come from one who could muse and reflect over an old ruin himself. The sketch of the life and maidenly character of Pocahontas was marked by a power of striking and picturesque description that brought the living scene and the actors thick and thronging before the hearer. There were many ladies in the audience, and the virgin graces of Pocahontas were skilfully reflected on the sex. These were delicately insinuated into the neutral ground between compliment and

flattery. Never was a speaker listened to with more pleasure than the felicitous Orator of the evening.

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**ELECTRO-MAGNETISM.**—As it appears to us that the public interest and curiosity on this subject have been wantonly trifled with, we shall set forth a few facts we know, by way of giving an idea of the present prospect of obtaining an useful force for mechanical purposes from Galvanism. We have seen Mr. Davenport's machine, and it appeared to us, as a model, perfect. We could see no reason, and could imagine none, why boats and vehicles might not be expected to be propelled by this machine, made of sufficient size; and we were even convinced that large machines would be more powerful in proportion than small ones. If we have doubts now, they arise from the conduct of the inventors, and not from any new views we have been able to take of their invention. But it appears to us they must have doubts or difficulties of which we know nothing.

A machine of six magnets, on three bars, (each bar having a magnet at each end, and the three crossing each other at a common centre, so as to make a wheel turning horizontally on its centre,) the bars being seven inches long, raised a weight with a steady, equal, and continuous pull, equal to 90 lbs., 1 foot in a minute, and would evidently have gone on any required time at that rate. Momentum has nothing to do with it; as the pull began, so it continued. A less machine did less in proportion; but this less one was made before the larger, and perhaps the latter was better made. Now 90 lbs. 1 foot in a minute, is equal to only  $\frac{1}{11}$  of a horse-power; but 366 of these machines would hardly weigh more than one horse.

The invention, we are told, had been put into stock—3,000 shares; of which for the present 300 only were offered for sale at \$100 each. The value of the invention, then, is taken to be \$300,000 for the present; but the inventors profess to expect that the shares will rise enormously as soon as it is demonstrated that the power is applicable on a large scale. So they no doubt would; yet it is only a few weeks since an advertisement appeared, stating that a few more might still be had at \$100; but not stating when this demonstration was to be made. An attack on the thing appeared in the Journal of Commerce, written by a man who did not profess to have seen the model, but who said one thing to the point, viz:—that if a machine of only one horse-power could be exhibited, all doubts would vanish. Two or three lame and unskilful answers appeared in different papers, arguing the matter, but avoiding this point, the only one worth touching. These answers say that Professor Silliman and others have been convinced this power may be increased "beyond any limits that can with certainty be assigned,"—a beautiful phrase, which means, we fear, and we say it sorrowfully, that no amount of power the parties concerned are willing to name,



can be obtained. They have arrived at  $\frac{1}{3}$  of one horse-power, but they cannot say "with certainty" how much farther they can go.

But we are happy to assure our readers that this idea will be followed up by good heads elsewhere, if it fail here; as we have evidence that machines have been constructed both on the European continent and in England, to act by galvanic power, and the matter will be fully investigated. Mr. Delarive, of Geneva, who is well known in the scientific world, assured an American gentleman, who met him lately in England, that the principle had been discovered and experimented on there, and that a boat had been constructed as an experiment, which seemed to answer very well. He said it would be an expensive power, but he hoped we should be able to make it useful.

We hope something great will yet grow out of this discovery. It seems as if man had laid his hand on the invisible principle of power; as if the galvanic battery were a talisman, and electricity a genius, wherewith he might compel the material world hereafter to his will, dispensing with the cumbrousness of smoky machinery, and escaping, in a great measure, from the ancestral curse of labor.

P. S. We have seen a machine since the above was written, which Messrs. Cook and Davenport have completed and have not yet had time to test. They estimate it at a half horse-power, and we think the estimate is not too high. We are told, too, and we believe it is true, that the bulk and weight are much less than those of a steam-engine of similar power.

Messrs. Cook and Davenport do not at all abate their pretensions as to the power of this principle. They think it must be the greatest motion-power of the world; and they add, what seems to us undeniable, that they must either succeed in applying it to all sorts of mechanical purposes, or arrive at some new principle in magnetic science which will prevent them. Nothing is now known, or has hitherto been ever suggested, as possible, that can interpose any obstacle to their fullest success.

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PRESCOTT'S HISTORY OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.—We acknowledge with pleasure our receipt of this magnificent work. It is comprised in three octavo volumes, which are by far the most beautiful ever issued from the American Press; and we know of few English books superior in external elegance. Each volume is embellished by a finely engraved portrait—the first by one of Isabella, the second by one of Ferdinand, and the third by one of Cardinal Ximenes; of which the latter appears to us the best executed. The most perfect taste seems to have presided over the whole preparation of the volumes. They will be considered as indispensable to every American library as Mr. Irving's *Life of Columbus*. We received them too late in the month for any review, or even a quiet perusal; but we have every confidence that their matter richly merits the elegant form in which it appears. The work is published by the

American Stationers' Company, Boston, and entitled, "HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA, THE CATHOLIC, BY WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT."

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**THE MOTLEY BOOK.**—The American publisher,—James Turney, 55 Gold street,—of the *Pickwick Papers*, announces for the third of February the publication of a new humorous work, to be entitled "THE MOTLEY BOOK ; a series of Tales and Sketches by the LATE BEN SMITH ; with illustrations from designs left by him with his literary Executor." It will appear in a similar form with the *Pickwick Papers*, on the 1st and 15th of each month till completed. We hail this work more particularly as the production of an American author ; the field in this country for humor and description is wide and almost untouched, and from the publisher's fly-leaf we look for many good pictures of native life. The following passage from the prospectus unfolds a pleasant design ; the execution of which we shall watch with much anxiety. "Life and character, and what is touching and humorous in life and character, constitute the staple of its pages. To while away a dull hour, cheer a doubting or desponding head, and to prove that the world is not yet turned into a moping show or melancholy pageant, has been the author's object."

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**HOLGATE'S CHART.**—This chart is Historical, Biographical, Genealogical, Geographical, and Chronological. It gives the origin of nations and scripture tribes ; it unfolds the most important revolutions and minor changes, which they have exhibited ; it gives the number of inhabitants at different periods ; it gives their character, as well as the character of the country which they inhabit ; the most important antiquities and other artificial and natural curiosities ; battles fought, number of men engaged, place where fought, numbers slain, and ravages committed. In Biography it tells of the most eminent individuals of each nation ; kings, generals, governors, and judges, priests, prophets, philosophers, orators, poets, and other celebrated personages. It gives also the genealogy of these individuals ; their birth and age, when any important enterprise is accomplished. The year of their death is also given with their family connexions ; wives, sons, grandsons, great-grandsons, &c. uncles, cousins, brothers, and the genealogy of these individuals is also not unfrequently presented with their family relations and national extraction.

In Geography, nations are arranged with reference to geographical position ; cities are placed in their appropriate countries. It is contemporary also ; a single glance affords what is transpiring in all parts of the world at the same period of times. All this is done by lines and symbols. The plan is perfectly simple, combining amusement with instruction—while the memory is invigorated and enlivened by the exercise.

# American Monthly Advertiser.

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FEBRUARY, 1838.

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## MR. BUCKINGHAM'S ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

*New-York, Oct. 25, 1837.*

**MEN, BRETHREN, AND FELLOW-CHRISTIANS,—**

The numbers of human beings that every day approach your shores from all parts of the old World, must so familiarize you with the arrival of strangers from every quarter of the globe, as to justify your indifference towards all who do not ask your attention on some special account, since it would be impossible for you to show it to every individual of so countless a multitude; and without some grounds on which to establish exceptions, none could be fairly expected to be made. This consideration, while it will fortify me in the propriety of the step I am taking, will also, I trust, dispose you to lend a favorable attention to the short statement of the circumstances which have driven me to your shores, of the motives which impel me to the course I am pursuing, and of the objects, which I hope, under the blessing of Providence, and with your aid and protection, to accomplish.

A train of events, much too numerous to be narrated in detail, occasioned me very early in life to leave my native country, England, and to visit most of the nations of Europe—still more of the interior of Asia—many parts of the continent of Africa—and some parts also of the two Americas. It was after an active life of some twenty years thus devoted, and in which it fell to my lot to traverse, I believe, a larger portion of the earth's surface, and to visit a greater number and variety of countries than almost any man living of my age, that I settled as a resident in the capital of the British possessions in India, where I remained for several years.

During the voyages and travels that I was permitted to make along the shores of the Mediterranean, amidst the Isles of Greece, in Asia Minor, Egypt, Nubia, Palestine, Syria, Arabia, Mesopotamia, Chaldea, Assyria, Babylonia, Media, Persia, and India, I had an opportunity of personally inspecting almost all the remarkable cities and monuments of ancient greatness in the several countries named; including the gigantic pyramids, colossal temples, stately obelisks, majestic statues, and gloomy catacombs and sepulchres, which stud the classic banks of the Nile, from Alexandria and Grand Cairo to the cataracts of Syene;—the hoary mountains of Horeb and Sinai,

and the Desert of Wandering, across which the children of Israel were led from out of the land of Egypt, to the promised Canaan; the plains of Moab and Ammon, with Mount Pisgah, the valley of Jordan, and the Dead Sea; the ruined cities of Tyre and Sidon; the ports of Joppa, Acre, and Cesarea; the villages of Nazareth and Cana of Galilee; the cities of Sechem, Samaria, and Bethlehem; the mountains of Lebanon, Hermon, Tabor, and Carmel; the Mount of Olives and Mount Zion; the holy city of Jerusalem, with all its sacred localities, from the pools of Siloam and Bethesda, near the brook Kedron, in the valley of Jehoshaphat, to the more touching and endearing spots of the Garden of Gethsemane, the Rock of Calvary, and the Sepulchre in which the body of our Lord was laid.

While these were the objects of my inspection in Egypt, Arabia, and Palestine, the Scriptural countries of Syria and Mesopotamia were scarcely less prolific in the abundance of the materials which they presented to my view. In the former were the sea-ports of Berytus, Byblus, Tripolis, and Laodicea, with the great interior cities of Antioch on the verdant banks of the Orontes, Aleppo on the plains, and the enchanting city of Damascus, whose loveliness has been the theme of universal admiration, from the days of Abraham and Eliezer to those of Naaman the Syrian, and the great Apostle of the Gentiles, and from thence to the present hour: while the great Temple of the Sun at Baalbeck, the splendid ruins of Palmyra, the gorgeous monuments of ancient splendor in the Roman settlements of Decapolis, and the still earlier dominions of those who reigned before either Greek or Roman in Bashan and Gilead, and the regions beyond Jordan, added splendor to beauty, and combined all that the traveller or antiquary could desire.

Mesopotamia, including the ancient empires of Chaldea, Assyria, and Babylonia, into which I passed from Palestine, largely rewarded my researches. In the former, the celebrated city of Ur of the Chaldees received me within its gates, and I passed many days in this ancient birth-place and abode of the patriarch Abraham. The extensive ruins of Nineveh, spread in silent desolation along the banks of the Tigris, and the fallen Babylon, stretching its solitary heaps on either side of the great river Euphrates, were also objects of patient and careful examination; as well as the Oriental capital of the Caliphs, Bagdad the renowned; and the remains of the great Tower of Babel, on the plain of Shinar, of which a considerable portion still exists to attest the arrogance and folly of its builders.

Media and Persia came next in the order of my wanderings; and there, also, the ruins of the ancient Ecbatana, the tomb of Cyrus at Pasargarda, and the splendid remains of the great Temple at Persepolis, gratified in a high degree the monumental and antiquarian taste; while the populous cities of Kermanshah, Ispahan, and Shiraz, with the lovely valleys of Persian landscape, amply fed my love of the beautiful and the picturesque.

In India, as the field was more extended, and the time devoted longer by several years, far more was seen, experienced, and felt. It

may suffice, however, to say, that all the outlines of that magnificent "Empire of the Sun," from the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf on the west, to the Bay of Bengal on the east, were traced by my voyages along its shores; for after navigating and accurately surveying both the seas named, from Suez to Bah-el-mendel in the one, and from the mouths of the Euphrates to the port of Muscat in the other, I visited Bombay, and all the ports upon the coast of Malabar; from thence to Colombo and Point de Galle in the Island of Ceylon; afterwards anchored at Madras, and entered the ports of Bimlipatam and Vizagapatam, on the coast of Coromandel and Orissa, in the region of the Idol temple of Juggernaut; and ultimately reached the British capital of India, Calcutta, on the banks of the Ganges.

It may readily be conceived that in so extensive and varied a track as this, the personal adventures I experienced were as varied as they were numerous; and I may assert, with confidence, that while privation and suffering had been endured by me in almost every form—in hunger, thirst, nakedness, imprisonment, shipwreck, battle, and disease—so also, every pomp and pleasure that man could enjoy, from honors bestowed, and hospitalities received, agreeably relieved the tedium of my way; so that although my course was not invariably on a bed of roses, neither was it always across a path of thorns.

Amid all these changes, however, there was one thing which, in me at least, remained happily the same. No length of travel, no amount of suffering, no blandishments of pleasure, no intimidations of tyranny, no debilitation of climate, no variety of institutions, had been sufficient to abate in me, in the slightest degree, that ardor of attachment to Liberty, civil, political, and religious, which God and Nature implanted in my breast from the cradle,—which experience fanned into maturity with manhood,—and which Providence, I trust, will keep alive in my heart to the latest period of my advancing age. Animated by this love of Liberty, which you, the people of America; as you know how to cherish among yourselves, will not be disposed to condemn in others, I continued, even under the burning clime and despotic rule of an Eastern tyranny, to think, to feel, and to speak, as every Englishman, proud of his country, his ancestors, and his laws, ought to do, so long as he bears that honored name. For thus presuming to carry with me from the land of my fathers that spirit, which made England for so many years the Hope of the world, and which, infused into the early settlers of your own still freer country, and continued in their proud posterity, makes it now the Asylum and the Home of the Oppressed; for this, and for this alone, I was banished by a summary and arbitrary decree, without trial, hearing, or defence; my property destroyed, to the extent of not less than 200,000 dollars, and the prospective certainty of another 200,000 dollars at least, cut off, and annihilated at a single blow.

With the details of this atrocity it is not my purpose or intention to trouble you; but while I record the fact, as one which forms an

important link in the chain of circumstances that impel me hither, I may add, that the almost universal indignation of the people of England has been expressed against this gross injustice—that a Parliamentary Committee, composed of men of all parties in politics, unanimously pronounced its condemnation—and that the highest authorities among our public men have expressed their abhorrence of the deed; but from the impunity enjoyed by the East India Company in their oppressions abroad, and the impossibility of making them subject to our legal jurisdiction at home, no redress has, to this hour, been obtained, nor, according to all human probability, is any ever likely to be procured.

From the period of my arbitrary and unjust banishment from India, up to the reform of our Parliament in England, I was incessantly and successfully engaged in directing the attention of my countrymen to the evils of the East India Monopoly, and enlisting their interests and their sympathies in demanding its extinction. With this view I was occupied about six years in addressing the British public through the pages of the "Oriental Herald," and four years in a patriotic pilgrimage through England, Scotland, and Ireland, on a crusade against the abominations of the East; in the course of which I traversed all parts of the three divisions of our kingdom, visited almost every town of the least importance in each, and addressed, in public speeches, lectures, and discourses, on this important subject, not less than a million of my assembled countrymen, in audiences varying from 500 to 2,000 each, including persons of all ranks, from the peasant to the peer, of both sexes, of every age, and of every political and religious persuasion.

The result of all this was the kindling a flame throughout the entire nation, which burnt brighter and brighter as the hour of consummation approached, and at length became perfectly irresistible. More than an hundred provincial associations were formed, among which Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Glasgow, and Birmingham took the lead, to demand the abolition of the East India Company's commercial monopoly, and the amelioration of its civil government; and not less than £100,000 was raised and expended in the legitimate promotion of this object, through public meetings, deputations, and the powerful agency of the press.

The reform of Parliament being accomplished, I was invited, under circumstances of the most flattering nature to myself, but on which I will not dwell, to become the representative of the town of Sheffield, in which, and to which, I was then personally an entire stranger, but its invitation was founded on a knowledge of my public life and labors alone. I was successfully returned to the first reformed Parliament as its member, and had the happiness to advocate, in my place, in the British House of Commons, the views I had maintained in India—for maintaining which, indeed, I was banished from that country—and which I had since, by the exercise of my pen and tongue, for ten years, spread so extensively in England. The triumph of these principles was at length completed by the ac-

accomplishment of all my views. The India monopoly was abolished and free trade to India and China secured. The liberty of the press in India was established, and trial by jury guaranteed. The political as well as the commercial powers of the East India Company were curtailed. The horrid and murderous practice of burning the widows of India alive on the funeral piles of their husbands was put down by law. The blood-stained revenue derived from the idolatrous worship of Juggernaut was suppressed. The foundation of schools—the promotion of missions—the administration of justice—were all more amply provided for than before—and to me, the sufferings and anxieties of many years of peril and labor combined, were amply rewarded by the legal and constitutional accomplishment of almost every object for which I had contended, and the gratification of almost every wish that I had so long indulged.

In addition to my ordinary share in the duties of the Senate, I had the happiness to be the favored instrument of first bringing before it the great question of Temperance; and through the investigations of a Committee, I had the satisfaction of presenting to the world such a body of evidence and so demonstrative a Report, as to convince a large portion of the British Nation, that it was their solemn duty to God and man, to follow their American brethren in the noble example which they were the first to set in this most important branch of Moral and Social Reform.

Of the remainder of my labors as a member of the British Legislature, it is not necessary that I should speak: but I may perhaps, without presumption, be permitted to add—and there are happily now in the city of New-York some of the most intimate and influential of my constituents among the merchants and manufacturers of Sheffield, who can confirm the statement—that I had the happiness to sit as the representative of that large and opulent town for a period of six years, in the enjoyment of as much of the confidence and approbation of its inhabitants as it was possible for any representative to be honored with; and that in every annual visit made to my constituents, for the purpose of giving them an account of my stewardship in Parliament, and surrendering up my trust to the hands of those who first bestowed it on me, I was uniformly crowned with the testimony of their unanimous approbation, and sent back to the House of Commons as their Representative, with, if possible, still more unlimited confidence than before.

The period came, however, in which it was necessary, for the interests of those who are dear to me by blood and family ties, and for whom it is my duty as it is my happiness to provide, that I should quit my senatorial duties, and after nearly thirty years devoted to the service of the public, at a sacrifice of ease, fortune, leisure, domestic enjoyment, and indeed every thing but honor and character, that I should resign my trust to some more fortunate successor, and devote the few remaining years of health and activity, that might be spared me, before old age should render exertion impracticable, to providing a retreat for the winter of life, and acquiring the means of making that retreat independent as well as honor.

able. I accordingly announced this intention, and the reasons on which it was grounded, and at the close of the last session of Parliament, in July, 1837, I paid a farewell visit to my constituents at Sheffield, where, though all our previous meetings had been cordial, hearty, and affectionate in the extreme, this was more cordial, more affectionate—though tinged with a new element of sorrow and regret—than any that had gone before.

These, then, are the circumstances, and I have narrated them with as much brevity as possible, which have led me to quit the land of my nativity, and go, with my family, to other shores. The motives which have induced me to prefer those of the United States, as the first, at least, to be visited in my course, and the objects which I hope to accomplish among you, still require to be explained.

It is an opinion, not now professed by me for the first time, but long entertained, and frequently avowed, that America is destined, in the course of time, to be the great centre of Freedom, Civilization, and Religion, and thus to be the Regenerator of the World. In the ages that are passed, we have seen the rays of science and the beams of truth first illumining the countries of the East, and then passing onward, like the light of Heaven itself, progressively towards the West:—Chaldea giving knowledge to Egypt,—Egypt to Greece.—Greece to Rome,—Rome to Iberia, Gaul, and Britain,—and these three in succession to their respective settlements in America;—till these last, shaking off their dependance, and rising in the full dignity of their united strength, asserted and secured their freedom, and took their place among the most enlightened and most honored nations of the earth.

From that moment you have gone on, rejoicing like the sun in his course, increasing in population, in commerce, in liberty, in wealth, in intelligence, in happiness, till your people have penetrated the primeval forests, and spread themselves as cultivators of the soil from the Atlantic almost to the Pacific, till your ships cover every sea, and till the Message of your President, unfolding the measures of the past, and developing the prospects of the future, is looked for with interest at every court in Europe, and read with eager and intense attention by the humblest lover of freedom in every country in which it is made public.

Commanding, therefore, as you now do, a position the most favorable to national greatness, to useful influence, and to honorable renown; the vast interior of your extensive surface embracing every variety of climate, soil, and production; and your extended sea-coasts furnishing ports of attraction to all the world; with the Atlantic Ocean for your highway to Europe, and the Pacific for your approach to Asia; your mighty rivers, rising cities, populous villages, increasing colleges, temples of public worship, and adult and infant schools; what is wanting, but time, to place you at the head of those nations of the old world, who, less than a century ago, derided your intelligence and your strength, to both of which you have long since compelled them to pay the homage that was justly due.



While others, therefore, visit your shores, charged either with merchandise to sell, or gold and silver to buy, I venture to come among you, freighted with no cargo of goods for your consumption, or with the precious metals for purchase or exchange. In the midst, however, of all the bustle and animation that fills your crowded marts, there will be room, I hope, for one who brings only the knowledge and experience acquired by years of travel in the Scriptural and Classical countries of the East, to communicate to those who may have leisure and disposition to hear, and taste and education to enjoy, whatever can illustrate the history and poetry of early days ; and above all, whatever can tend to unfold the beauties, confirm the prophecies, and give strength and force to the sublime and important truths contained in the Sacred Volume of our common faith.

This is the first object which I hope to accomplish by my sojourn among you, and this alone would well justify my visit to your shores. If, at the same time, there be others not incompatible with this prominent one, but auxiliary and subordinate to it, that I may be permitted to pursue—such as a careful and impartial examination of your own resources, institutions, literature, and manners—so that while diffusing information for the gratification of others, I may be adding to my stores of knowledge for my own delight, I doubt not that I shall find among you all the kindness of aid for which you have so long been renowned.

The mode that I have chosen for the communication of the interesting details with which the past history and actual condition of the Scriptural and Classical countries of the East abound, namely, that of oral discourses, or extemporaneous lectures, may appear to some to be less dignified, as it is undoubtedly less usual, than the diffusion of this class of information through printed books. But it may be defended, first, on the ground of its greater practical utility, being at once more attractive and more efficient ; and secondly, on the ground of its high antiquity, and of the sacred and classical, as well as noble and historical precedents in its favor.

As to the ground of its attractiveness, it has been found, in Britain at least, that thousands would be induced to assemble to hear a traveller personally narrate his adventures, and describe the objects he has seen, where it would have been difficult to get even hundreds to bestow the time and labor of *reading* the same things in printed books ; and when I add that in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Glasgow, Belfast, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, Sheffield, Hull, Bristol, Bath, and others of our largest and most intellectual cities, audiences increasing from 500 to 2,000 persons have been attracted for six successive nights, without apparent inconvenience of fatigue—the proof of the superior attractiveness of spoken discourses, over printed books, may be considered as complete. Of their superior efficiency there is even still less doubt ; for the very fact of so many being assembled together at the same time, and hearing the same observations at the same moment, excites an animation, a sympathy, and enthusiasm, which is contagious in its effects

on both speaker and hearers, till their feelings flow in one common current; the facts sink deeper into the memory at the time, and the subsequent conversation, criticism, comparison, and reflection, to which this gives rise among those who attend, implant them with a firmness that no amount of mere reading could accomplish.

For precedents or authorities, it is not necessary to go far in search, so profusely do they abound in ancient and in modern annals. In Scriptural ages, the oral mode of communication was almost the only one in use, from the days of Abraham, who, according to the testimony of Josephus, thus taught the Chaldean science of Astronomy to the Egyptians—down to the time of Solomon—who discoursed so eloquently of the productions of Nature in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and from whose lips the profoundest maxims of wisdom were poured into charmed ears,—and from thence again to the days of Paul, who stood before Festus, Felix, and Agrippa, at Cesarea; and who, clothed in all the majesty of Truth, addressed assembled thousands at Antioch, at Ephesus, at Athens, at Corinth, and in Rome.

In classical countries the custom was universal, and there are many who conceive, with the great Lord Bacon, that one of the causes of the superior intellect of the Greeks, was the method in use among them of communicating knowledge by oral discourses, rather than by written books, when the pupils or disciples of Socrates, of Plato, and of Epicurus, received their information from these great masters, in the gardens and the porticos of Athens, or when the hearers of Demosthenes, of Eschylus, of Sophocles, or Euripides, hung with rapture on their glowing sentences, as pronounced in the Areopagus—the theatre—the gymnasium—or the grove.

Of classical authorities, the memorable instance of Herodotus will occur to every mind. This venerable Father of History, as he is often called, having been first banished from his native country Halicarnassus, under the tyranny of Lygdamis, travelled, during his exile, through Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Mesopotamia, and to the borders of Media and Persia, in which he was engaged for several years. On his return from his travels, he was instrumental in uprooting and destroying the very tyranny under which his banishment took place; but this patriotic deed, instead of gaining for him the esteem and admiration of the populace, who had so largely benefited by his labors, excited their envy and ill-will; so that he a second time left his native land, and then visited Greece. It was there, at the great festival of the Olympic Games, about five hundred years before the Christian era, being then in the fortieth year of his age, that he stood up among assembled myriads of the most intellectual auditors of the ancient world, to narrate, in oral discourses, drawn from the recollection of his personal travels, the subject matter of his interesting history and description of the Countries of the East; and such was its effect upon the generous hearts and brilliant intellects of his accomplished hearers, that while the celebrated Thucydides, then among them as a boy, shed tears at the recital of the events of the Persian war, and his young bosom was perhaps

then first fired with the ambition which made him afterwards one of the most accomplished historians of Greece, the people received Herodotus with such universal applause, that as an honor of the highest kind, the names of the nine Muses were bestowed upon the nine Books or subdivisions of his interesting narrative, which they continue to bear to the present hour, in every language into which they have been translated.

Pythagoras, of Samos, is another striking instance of a similar career. Disgusted with the tyranny of Polycrates, he retired from his native island; and having previously travelled extensively in Chaldea and Egypt, and probably India, he also appeared at the Olympic games of Greece, and travelled through Italy and Magna-Grecia, delivering, in the several towns that he visited, oral discourses on the history, religion, manners, and philosophy of the Countries of the East; and their general effect was not less happy than that produced by the narrations of Herodotus; for it is said that "these animated harangues were attended with rapid success, and a reformation soon took place in the life and morals of the people."

I might go on to enlarge the catalogue of precedents, for both ancient and modern history is full of them—Marco Polo, Columbus, Camoens, Raleigh, and Bruce, (all, too, treated with the deepest injustice by their countrymen,) will occur to every one—but it is unnecessary. May I only venture to hope, that as some similarity exists between my own history and sufferings from tyranny and the ingratitude of contemporaries which marked the career of those great men whose names I have cited—Herodotus and Pythagoras—as well as in the countries we each traversed, and the mode of diffusing the information thus acquired, by oral discourse among the people of other lands—the similarity may be happily continued, if not in the honors to be acquired, at least in the amount of the good to be done; and that in this last respect, the Olympia and Magna-Grecia of the East may fairly yield the palm to the more free and more generally intelligent Columbia of the West, is my most earnest hope and desire, my most sincere and fervent prayer.

I will say no more, except to add, that should my humble labors among you be crowned with the success which I venture to anticipate, and should Providence spare me life and health to follow out the plan I have long meditated and designed, it is my intention, after visiting every part of the United States of America, to extend my tour through the British Possessions of Canada, New-Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and the West Indies; to visit from thence the Isthmus of Darien, for the purpose of investigating this barrier between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; to make an excursion through Mexico; and from thence, pass onward, by the South Sea Islands, to China; visit the Phillippines and the Moluccas; go onward to Australia and Van Dieman's Land; continue from thence through the Indian Archipelago, by Borneo, Java, Sumatra, and Malacca, to India; traverse the Peninsula of Hindoostan, from the Ganges to the Indus, and return to Europe by the Red Sea and the Mediterranean.

Throughout the whole of this long and varied route, there are a few prominent and important objects, which as they have been long favorite objects of study, and have engaged a large share of my attention in the past, I shall hope to keep steadily in view, and do all within my power to advance in the future. It has long been my conviction, that among the most prolific causes of vice and misery in the world, those of Intemperance, Ignorance, Cruelty, and War, are productive of the greatest evils; and that the best service which man can render to his fellow-beings is, therefore, to promote, by every means within his reach, the principles and practice of Temperance, Education, Benevolence, and Peace. My belief is, that more of sympathy and cordiality in favor of these great objects will be found in the United States of America, than in any other country on the globe. Already, indeed, has she done more than any other country that can be named, for the advancement of Temperance, the spread of Education, the amelioration of the Criminal code, the improvement of prisons and penitentiaries, and the practical illustration of the blessings of Peace. And placed as she now is, between the two great Seas that divide the old from the new world, and separate the ancient empires of the East from the modern nations of the West—so that with her face towards the regions of the sun, she can stretch out her right hand to Asia, and her left hand to Europe, and cause her moral influence to be felt from Constantinople to Canton—she has the means within her reach, as well as the disposition to use those means, for the still further propagation and promotion of her benevolent designs. It is this which encourages me to believe that my ulterior projects and intentions, which I thus freely avow, will not lessen the cordiality with which the first and more immediate object of my mission to your shores will be received. The land now covered with the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the offspring of those noble and unyielding spirits, who, fleeing to the uncleared wilderness as a refuge from tyranny and persecution, found in its primeval forests the liberty which they in vain sought for in their native homes, and whose posterity, while filling these forests with cities, and covering the wilds with civilization and religion, have never yet forgotten those lessons of Freedom which their ancestors first taught by their practical privations and sufferings, and then sealed and cemented with their blood;—such a land is not likely to refuse its shelter to one whose past history may give him some claim to the sympathy of its possessors, whose present labors may be productive of intellectual gratification to themselves, and whose future undertakings, if blessed by Divine Providence, may sow the seeds, at least, of benefit to other widely-scattered regions of the earth.

To you, then, the People of America, I frankly submit this appeal; and at your hands I doubt not I shall experience that cordial and friendly reception which may smoothe the ruggedness of a Pilgrim's path, and soothe the pillow of an Exile's repose.

J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

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THE  
AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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MARCH, 1838.

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SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE January number of the United States Magazine and Democratic Review—"on this cognomen Phœbus never smiled"—contains, for its leading article, an olla-podrida of radicalism and elaborate absurdity, upon the "Supreme Court of the United States, its Judges and Jurisdiction," which, if it were only to condemn its deformities of style and enormities of taste, ought not to be permitted to pass without a formal denunciation. The detestable dogmas and the ridiculous inconsistencies with which it overflows, might perhaps be safely left to neutralize each other. For though there is something in this strange *ramassis* of base principles and complacent follies to provoke the indignation of the friends of the Constitution, there is much—much more than can excite only scorn and derision. *Sæpe bilem—sæpissime jocum movet.*

Who the proprietor of such a creed and such a vocabulary can possibly be, we have no right to affirm or even to conjecture. The legal portion of it we should have supposed to be the production of some aspiring law-student, who fancied that he was qualified to dissert—*de omni scibili et de quolibet ente*; while, on the other hand, the political depravity it exhibits would seem to indicate a thorough paced and veteran party hack. His accommodating disposition would qualify him for office under any banner, so far as principles are concerned. For scarcely does he take time to utter one of his vague random charges against the Court, in general, as it has heretofore ex-

isted, before he is unconsciously engaged in the refutation of it, in the same loose, wavering style of assertion and argument with which he opened his articles of impeachment. There is but one living character in the American dictionary of Weathercocks, who can rival this writer in versatility. As he is not reputed to be the author of the article in question, and is doubtless too much occupied with the arduous duties of his extraordinary mission abroad, to have found time for its composition, we are at a loss, from the intrinsic evidence it affords, to imagine which of the great unrewarded champions of *loco-focoism* is entitled to claim the honor of this Siamese offspring. If Orator Puff were in *rerum natura*, we should unhesitatingly award him the paternity. The characters of the one, as immortalized by the poet, and the other, as depicted in the article before us, are fac-simile likenesses.

“ MR. ORATOR PUFF had two tones in his voice,  
 The one squeaking *thus* ! and the other down *so* :  
 In each sentence he uttered he gave you your choice,  
 For one half was B alt, and the rest G below.  
 Oh ! oh ! Orator Puff,  
 One voice for an orator's surely enough.”

“ But he still talked away—spite of laughs and of frowns,  
 So distracting all ears with his ups and his downs,  
 That a wag once, on hearing the orator say,  
 ‘ My voice is for war’—cried, ‘ which of them, pray ?’  
 Oh ! oh !” &c.

The memorable catastrophe of that bivalved orator furnishes matter of serious reflection and admonition to all such double-tongues as appertain to this writer in the United States Magazine and Democratic Review. His own smartness will easily detect the fine moral that it conveys.

If the political and constitutional doctrines of the article under consideration had nothing but their own intrinsic weight to give them credit and currency—if they were put forth merely as the individual opinions of their author—as we have already said, it would be quite as well to let them pass without further notice. In that case it would not be worth while even to advert to the inconsistencies and misrepresentations teeming in every page. But when a Journal, of the high pretensions of the “Democratic Review”—born at Washington, in the very vestibule of the palace—suckled and papped in the grand official nursery of government patronage, comes before the country with a manifesto of its principles on subjects of such mo-



ment—they acquire higher claims to our attention ; and the momentum thus imparted to its attacks, cannot but create a deep solicitude for the institutions against which they are directed. They cannot now be considered in any other light than as part and parcel of the creed of that party, yet formidable by its numbers, and still more so by its recklessness, which has been so happily denominated by a conservative Senator in Congress—as the *SUBSERVATIVE* party. There are daily indications, besides, of the deep interest, and of the uncommon exertions of the magnates of that party at Washington, to disseminate the political and constitutional doctrines to which that Journal is devoted. How, or by whom prompted, it is, of course, impossible to show : but the startling fact is so—that this unseen influence is so pervading and resistless, that it has even induced the “*Subservative Democratic Republican General Committee*” of the city and county of New-York, which holds its courts at Tammany Hall, to combine the cause of polite literature with the cause of loco-focoism, and to issue a decree to all the faithful, of every tongue and nation, within their jurisdiction, to “support that periodical as, and for, an able auxiliary of the cause of *true democratic* principles—bringing to the aid of those principles all the grace of literature and all the force of logic !” Yes : and that college of literary and political censors have done this all with a gravity and entire unanimity which indicate that they aspire to be as much the head-quarters hereafter of true taste in literary, as of true principles in political matters. They are determined to verify the *beau ideal* of the Athenian Democracy, and to demonstrate to the world that the Loco-foco Democratic Republican party is the real incarnate Republic of letters. To “resolve” with them is to execute ; and, accordingly, we find in the protocol of their transactions on the first ult., that they already point, with the proud confidence of acknowledged victors, to the Democratic Review, “as a work demonstrating the utter falsity of the doctrine always advanced by the Aristocratic faction in this country, that the success of Democratic principles is hostile to the cause of literature.”\*

\* The following is the resolution of the precious convocation of Noodles above referred to :—

**TAMMANY HALL.**—February 1st, 1838.

At a meeting of the *Democratic General Republican Committee*, the following resolution was unanimously adopted :

*Resolved*, That this Committee have seen with pleasure the two first numbers of the United States Magazine and Democratic Review, a monthly periodical, published at the City of Washington, and hail it as an able auxiliary of the cause of true Democratic principles, bringing to the aid of those principles *all the grace of literature and all the force of logic* ; and this Committee do therefore

If this unanimous and sudden enthusiasm of the "Subservative Democratic Republican General Committee" in our city were the honest, unbidden, and unbought tribute of admiration for the "grace of literature and the force of logic," which the "United States Magazine and Democratic Review" had won from its readers in that body, we should be among the foremost to hail this resolve as the most extraordinary triumph of the Muses since the days of Orpheus. We should exult in it as the dawn of an Augustan era: as the *novus ordo seclorum*—fairly set in. But when we reflect that it is morally and physically impossible that any three members of that august body should ever have read, and still less understood, the graceful literature and forcible logic which they are so unanimous in glorifying, we are compelled to check those anticipations of the brilliant future, that awaits the cause of literature, in the triumph of the principles of true subservative democracy. There is not a man, whose mind and intelligence raise him three degrees above the standard of a "green goose," now cormorant on this island, who does not know that the idea of "literature" is a mystery to nineteen out of twenty of the individuals composing that politic diet, as profound as that of "vegetable" to the clown—who, being interrogated as to the meaning of that abstruse term—said, he could not "exactly say, but he knew it was something in the hinterior of a hanimal." We should require affidavits strong as proof from holy writ, to convince us that any three of the whole fifty-odd, ever had read three pages—barring the title-page—of the work which they appeal to for "demonstration of the utter falsity" which they say, some Aristocratic faction in *this* country has always maintained. No American ever could have penned this libel on his countrymen. It is evidently the language of some foreigner, who knows as little of the people he abuses as he does of the literature he affects to admire. It is true that the high literary and political authority of the municipal functionary who authenticates the resolve, as chairman, is *prima facie* evidence that he, at least, has given the work he endorses a careful reading and a full consideration. The certificate of an alderman of a ward, in a matter touching such high literary and political questions, carrying with it so extensive an influence, we are bound to pre-

warmly recommend it to the support of their fellow-citizens as a work demonstrating the utter falsity of the doctrine always advanced by the Aristocratic faction in this country, that the success of Democratic principles is hostile to the cause of literature.

By order of the General Committee,

ISAAC L. VARIAN, Chairman.

ELIJAH F. PURDY, }  
LEONARD LEE, } Secretaries.

sume, would only be conceded, after the most mature deliberation. But we are bound to inquire further, before we surrender our judgments to the "fascination of a name." Now, had the alderman examined or not the evidence—that is, the literary and political merits—the "grace" of style and "force of logic" of the "work" before he gave his unanimous "wote" in their favor? Could he, by any process short of the thumb-screw, be kept from falling asleep at the first three pages of any article, literary or political, which it has thus far contained? We hope, for the sake of our contemporary, that the answer is what we have no doubt it truly would be, that he could not. But if he could conquer the somnolency which would inevitably be superinduced by the novel pursuits of literature, what could he comprehend or conjecture about the "grace of literature" or the "force of logic?" One hundred to five—"money down"—that this high-reaching chairman does not know the force of the words, and cannot define either of the terms. Here is a personage, who not long since, in debate, publicly called an "umpire" an "empire"—and repeated his blunder over and over,—set up for an "arbiter elegantiarum!" We mean the ignoramus no personal disrespect; we make these observations to show that his official station of chairman, exalted as it no doubt is, in his estimation, is but a poor warrant for the literary and political passport which he has granted. At all events, it is not quite powerful enough to shield such outrages upon literary taste and constitutional principles, as those on which we are obliged to animadvert in the article upon the Supreme Court, now under consideration.

It is a striking coincidence, throughout the whole sketch of that elaborate essay, that wherever we meet with the most disorderly assemblage of metaphors, and all other figures of speech, known and unknown to rhetoricians,—wherever a chaotic crowd of adjectives and parts of speech, interspersed with suspicious scraps of learning from Latin and French, is huddled together—there we are sure to light upon some hideous monstrosity of political and constitutional doctrines. On the other hand, when he speaks, though only by accident as it were, with tolerable regard for truth and decency, it is wonderful—the change in his diction as well as his sentiments. His style sobers down instantly, from a dialect which borders on the "unearthly" to the language usually written and spoken by educated people in our own times where the English language prevails. Then the "hyperbolical fiend" which haunts him, seems to have passed out of his body, and, for the nonce, he talks with rationality and composure. But these "fits of easy transmission" to borrow a phrase from the philosophy of light—

are of the briefest possible duration. Presently the demon returns with accumulated fury: and apparently brings back "seven other spirits more wicked than himself!" Then the contortions of the victim are frightful to behold. But for fear that we may be suspected of exaggeration, we will take leave to exhibit an example of our author's self-contrast.

For instance—speaking of Judge STORY—his high legal and literary attainments, and his elevated character as a judge, win the following intelligible and correct tribute from this writer:—

"Judge STORY took his seat not long before the war of 1812, in the court, of which from the start, he has been a leading member. Learned, indefatigable, and enthusiastic, no man living has contributed more to the literature of the law; and no member of the Supreme Court has for twenty-five years left his impression more distinctly on the proceedings of that court; not to mention his numerous elaborate adjudications on a prolific circuit, many of which stand unappealed from. His works have wrought the miracle of converting English and European contempt into admiration of American law learning. The practice of courts, admiralty, revenue, prize and common law, equity, the lesser law of nations, as well as international law, constitutional law; in short, almost all the departments have been cultivated by Judge STORY with most praise-worthy labor and flattering success."

Of Chief Justice MARSHALL, also, his eulogy is in quite a tolerable high English style, and is drawn with more discrimination than we could have thought appertained to the writer. He says of that lamented Judge, and apparently with perfect sincerity at the moment of penning it:—

"In this long tract of time, one third of a century, one superior luminary was perpetually radiating the light of his powerful mind, &c. With a body of Mohawk make and vigor—spirit of perpetual elasticity and masculine understanding—he united that *genius* for logical argument and illustration, which, in the assembly and convention of Virginia, in Congress, and as Chief Justice of the United States, always placed him in the front rank of advocates, statesmen, and magistrates, and left his impression on the age in which he lived. His speech in the case of Nash and Robbins is a monument."

Now, having contemplated these portraits of the two Judges, let the reader look on the picture of them which follows. In the course of a villainous diatribe against the decision in the Dartmouth College case, he thus speaks of the Judges whose perfections he has above celebrated:—

"This is our present argument against the Dartmouth College case and all its legal affiliations. *Impracticable* construction was put by them upon the constitution, making *every* law a contract, as any judge might choose. It is futile and arbitrary to attempt to save limitation laws, marriages, divorces, salaries, or any other contracts, from this all-grasping construction, which leaves all enactment to the direction of every Judge. The same Judges who arrogate this despotic dictation; (to wit—the very Judge he has just eulogized)—having gone on applying technical meaning to national compact, with both over-precision and over-latitude: turning politics into law, and all laws into private contracts; such *nisi prius* manipulations of a constitution inevitably brought on confusion! One of the greatest of the late Chief Justice's undoubtedly great merits was, that he was not over-learned in the law; nor was it till a young and emulous Judge came from the east, laden with law authorities fresh from Great Britain, that construction ran riot with

'Conclusion retrograde, and mad mistake.'

"Did not Mansfield once say that he would not take the law from Keble and Siderfin? By authorities, for aught we know, it may be shown that the Dartmouth College cyclops is not deprived of its only eye by subsequent adjudication. But to plain folks, who regard things more than words, and principles more than precedents, that half-blind monster has been put *hors de combat* by the very champion who brought him forward. The *superfetation* which it appears, by Wheaton's Reports, was held up in *gremio legis*, during a most unnatural gestation, and at last delivered in 1827, by the Cæsarean operation, piece-meal, not only *seriatim*, but *summa ope*, with the assistance of a multitude of counsellors, Messrs. Wirt, Clay," &c. &c.

Avant! foul fiend! why tormentest thou this man at this rate? "*Exorcizo te!*" Nothing since the confusion of tongues at Babel has exceeded this! We pass by the tissue of rank misrepresentations contained in this wretched hotch-pot, as we purposely forbear, for the present, any observations upon the merits of the decisions which he arraigns in this ridiculous fashion. Because, forsooth, Lord Mansfield once happened to say that: "Keble and Siderfin were books of no authority," as every lawyer well knows they were not before or since the time of that great judge; therefore we are to discard all reports, throw all authorities to the dogs, and burn all law-books, and pin our faith on the sleeve of "plain folks" like himself—heaven save the mark!—"who regard things more than words, and principles more than precedents!"

To comprehend principles aright, it is necessary to be able to comprehend precedents. Now, from the whole tenor of the

foregoing flippant and floundering comments upon the decisions to which this writer refers, it is most evident that the natural and irremediable defects in the character of his mind will always prevent him from comprehending the principles of the decisions which he assails, and the qualifications which subsequent cases have established. But we cited this passage not to refute its assertions, but to show the extraordinary change this writer's style undergoes when he utters any of his radical nonsense. The contrast between the style of his eulogy and calumny, is not less remarkable than the shameful inconsistency of sentiment; and it invariably happens whenever he undertakes to enforce any portion of his Jack Cade maxims, that his imagination straightway becomes as foul as Vulcan's stithy; and while he drags his feet along the earth, through mud and mire, swamp and bog—

——“caput inter nubila condit.”

But we ought to hold this latter picture up to scorn and contempt for a moment before we dismiss it. Here we see the “one superior luminary,” who but just now had been “*perpetually* radiating the light of his powerful mind for one-third of a century,”—at a single dash of a pen blotted out from the catalogue of suns and fixed stars, and reduced to the rank of a humble satellite; just contriving to glimmer faintly and feebly by light reflected from another sphere! and from what new orb? Why, truly, from “a young and emulous judge” from down East: who just now was “a second Daniel come to judgment;” a “learned, indefatigable judge,” who had not only “cultivated all departments of law with success,” who had even achieved the “miracle of exciting English and European admiration of American law learning;” but whose only merit, or rather his worst fault, now is, that he came versed in the later decisions of the courts at Westminster Hall. With these we are led to infer, if we could believe this writer, he speedily succeeded in obfuscating the “perpetually radiating mind” of the illustrious Chief Justice, if indeed he did not wholly extinguish the “superior luminary!” Yes! we are now asked to believe that this is the real “secret history” of those ever-memorable expositions of the Constitution of the United States, which are the admitted productions of the mind and pen of the Chief Justice, and whose authority can never be shaken until the Constitution has lost that mighty pillar of its structure—the judiciary department—and the political edifice is ready to tumble into irretrievable ruin. Whether the preceding eulogy on the two Judges, who so long formed the “presidium et decus” of that court, is to be considered as a set-

off to this senseless invective, or with what view it was uttered as a prelude to it, there can be but one opinion upon the light in which it exhibits this writer. He stands self-contradicted, self-convicted of an infamous libel upon the character of the illustrious living and the canonized dead. That the arguments of such a writer must be as inconsistent and worthless as his praise or his censure, there needs no ghost to tell us.

If, by any chance, the style of the above extract should find favor in the eyes of any professional reader of this magazine, we beg, without any impeachment of his taste, that he will, at his earliest leisure, furnish us with the interpretation of one or two phrases in it, which we find utterly untranslatable. What are we to understand, for instance, by "*these nisi prius manipulations of the Constitution?*" We hope that we shall not be suspected of making a parade of our humble law-learning when we state that we have had our *viginti annorum lucubrationes* since we first took Blackstone in hand, and we had supposed till now that we had a tolerably clear idea of the origin and meaning of the terms—i. e. singly—above employed to express some horrible compound idea. He is speaking of the decisions of the Supreme Court—in *Banco*; and he stigmatizes them by those epithets of "*nisi prius manipulations!*" Yet we cannot suspect him of ignorance so profound as this would indicate. He must mean something which escapes ordinary comprehension. Whatever it may be, we feel assured that the chamber-maid's answer to Partridge in Tom Jones, when he said "*non-sequitur?*" would be perfectly in order: "*Non-sequitur! indeed; no more of a non-sequitur than yourself, you foul-mouthed fellow!*"

If, indeed, he intends by these severe and sarcastic terms to arraign the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States for presuming to entertain constitutional questions at the circuit; although the idea becomes intelligible, the ignorance implied would be still more glaring. For how, we crave to know, can any question—constitutional, legal, common law, or equity—come before the Supreme Court, except in cases where they have original jurisdiction, unless it have been first presented and decided at the circuit? If, therefore, the writer means to insinuate that the Circuit Courts have no right to entertain such questions, he cuts off at once the whole jurisdiction of the Supreme Court in cases arising under the Constitution of the United States, which cannot be originally commenced in the Supreme Court under our present Judiciary act. This, surely, is worse than assuming that he did not know the real meaning of the terms he has employed. It would prove

that he "regards things" even less than he appears to regard the legitimate meaning of words.

Or are we too favorable in our construction of this phrase ; and is it really the object of this writer to deprive that Court of the highest branch of its jurisdiction altogether ; to destroy at once the great end of its creation and the chiefest advantage of its existence ? Does he wish the constitution to be so construed as that the Supreme Court shall have *no* jurisdiction of *any* case arising under the Constitution of the United States ? Oh ! no ; if we are to credit his professions at the outset, he is all in favor of the Court and its jurisdiction in the abstract : but he insists only that the Judges have no right to exercise it ! He begins by protesting, very meekly, that "whatever may be his ideas of the proper theory on which an American Judiciary should be founded, he acquiesces in it as established ; and is only anxious to sustain, exalt, and improve it, in common with all our other American institutions." Indeed ! to sustain the Court is to defame it from its very origin, as having been created by the influence of British creditors when the Constitution was formed—a charge he makes, and which is the coinage of his own brain merely ; "to exalt it," is to charge its Judges, particularly Chief Justice Marshall and Judge Story, with having usurped a "despotic power ;"—"to improve it," he proposes to elect the Judges by the ballot-boxes !

But mark how he acquiesces in the "national Judiciary as established !" Does the following look like "acquiescence," or "an anxiety to sustain, exalt, and improve it ?"

"We shall then speak freely of these grave and potent dignities. It is our opinion that the Judiciary system of the United States is based on false principles. The entire omission, in its organization, of the element of responsibility to public opinion—that great conservative principle on which the health and vitality of every other department of our system *depends*."

We stop merely to observe, that if his premises were true, which they are not, the conclusion is as false as his grammar. He goes on :—

"The neglect of the essential distinction between judicial independence and judicial irresponsibility, which had its origin in a deceptive analogy between our system of national and the English system of monarchical sovereignty, we look upon as a fatal error."

We should be entirely at a loss to guess at the meaning of this stuff, about "the neglect of the distinction between judicial independence and judicial irresponsibility," if he had not sub-



sequently given us his idea of "judicial responsibility," which means, according to his creed, "bringing the Judges to the test of the ballot-boxes." These are his words: and his ideas of the proper theory on which an American "Judiciary should be founded," is, that they should be chosen annually, or possibly biennially, by the people at large!

We cannot think of wasting words on such insane projects. When the downward current of the age has grown so strong that such experiments as are here proposed shall need to be argued—the period will have arrived when discussion will be useless. "*Non verbis, sed ferris*," will then be the arbitrament. But can any thing be more unfounded than this writer's assertion that the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States are "irresponsible?" How are they irresponsible, when every suitor, every attorney, counsel, solicitor, proctor, and advocate, that come within their sphere of authority—nay, every spectator, whether aggrieved or not, who witnesses any act of oppression or injustice, any violation or neglect of duty, may prefer charges against any Judge, from the Chief Justice of the United States down to the humblest Justice of the Peace in the ten miles' square, directly to the immediate Representatives of the people? Is this no responsibility? Look at the various impeachments of Judges which have been made, and decide if a far stricter responsibility has not been exacted from them than from any officers in the other departments of the Government. There has never been a charge presented against any Judicial officer, from Judge Chase's impeachment to the present hour, that has not found a ready investigation in the House of Representatives. We hope and trust that it may be ever so: and we are far from disapproving any of the impeachments that have yet taken place, though, in the case of Judge Peck, the evidence would not have justified a Grand Jury in making a presentment, much less in finding a bill of indictment. These "grave and potent dignities" then have been impeached, when powerful executive officers have, upon evidence a thousand times stronger, succeeded in stifling inquiry. The House of Representatives have not required the party to "prove his charges" against the Judicial officers of the Government before they would investigate, as has been required in the case of charges made, upon the responsibility of members of that body, against presidential *protégés*. And yet it is asserted by this writer that the principle of "Judicial responsibility has been entirely neglected" by the Constitution of the United States! Wilful misrepresentation, or incurable and pitiable irreflexion!

Having thus assailed the origin, constitution, and jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, by way of "sustaining, exalting,

and improving it," he proceeds to arraign the Judges themselves, for their decisions in two classes of cases within their acknowledged sphere of jurisdiction; viz. their constitutional and admiralty adjudications.

Of the constitutional branch of their jurisdiction, the indictment sets forth that they have been guilty of a "high-handed judicial usurpation;" in this, to wit: that "they have set up a formidable power, not known to any representative government:" called and described in the indictment by the name and style of "the American Republican irresponsible judicial veto: a power to dismiss laws as the President may dismiss officers without question. The taxing power, the impost, the process power, municipal police, the militia power, commerce and intercourse at home as well as abroad, the purse and the sword, church and state—all power, in fine, is to be concentrated in the judicial veto!"

Alas! for those good old times when people thought—that when the brains were out the man would die; or if they were turned, that the mere mono-maniac should be locked up by his friends till his hypochondriasis was cured. Now, the wildest madman among the loco-focos is considered the greatest oracle in constitutional interpretation. They look upon their insane as inspired, like some of the Eastern nations; and—in proportion as their constitutional dogmas outrage all sense, precedent and established rules of construction—is the reverence of that party, as a party, for their lunatic prophets of every rank and degree. It cannot be reasonably expected that we should enter into formal refutation of all the falsity and ignorance comprehended in the above single extract. It would be most unfortunate, indeed, for the cause of truth and the Constitution, if it were necessary to vindicate the Supreme Court, its Judges and decisions, from such vague, indigested, and crazy impeachments as this. At that rate, every reckless and ignorant assailant, who could multiply false charges with the rapidity of this writer, would demand a volume of sober refutation for every page of his libels.

When we characterize the above-quoted charges against the Supreme Court as false, we are aware that they are rather attributable to an utter destitution of reflection and judgment, than to any settled malice prepense. It is easy to perceive that these sweeping misrepresentations proceed from an original, organic, and incurable defect in the writer's intellect. Combined with his vanity, it presents a case so nearly approximating to mental alienation, that a commission "*de lunatico inquirendo*" would place him in a most ticklish predicament.

The same apology may be offered for his ignorance. It is

not an illiterate ignorance like that of the worthy alderman whose diction we have been obliged to criticise in another page. This writer's ignorance consists in an innate, inherent incapacity of reflection. The raw *matériel* of knowledge, he is capable of acquiring ; but he can neither analyze, digest, or compare. As to reasoning, he knows not the slow contemplative process. He is a perfect exemplification of the "form of *knowledge* without the power thereof." He displays odds and ends of learning, it is true ; but they only serve to make his real ignorance the more striking and hopeless. For, strange as it may sound to him, the more familiar he proves himself with the means of knowledge, the worse is the light in which his ignorance appears. There are two species of ignorance in the world : the one a simple want of intelligence, the other an incapacity of reflection. The first is easily overcome, by a moderate application to study for a short period, if the subject matter be not too abstruse ; the second, whether it have arisen from habit or nature, is almost equally invincible. Take, for example, the assertion of this writer—that this "power of deciding upon the constitutionality of laws, as exercised by the Supreme Court, is unknown to any other representative government." The assertion arises not from a total ignorance of the judicial history of other countries, but an utter inability of reflecting upon and comparing the facts which must be known to him. He must know, but he does not stop to reflect upon its bearing, that the power of construing all laws promulgated by any authority, in every civilized government, is necessarily vested in the courts to which the Citizen or subject may appeal against the arbitrary acts of the legislative "or executive." Those high tribunals are expressly erected in every constitutional government as a barrier against the executive government. But we, in our grand national system, have gone further. We have erected the Supreme Court as a barrier not only against the executive but against the legislative ; against the encroachment of national as well as state legislation. Our Supreme Court, in the Dartmouth College case, in the case of *McCulloch* and the *State of Maryland* ; in the case of *Saunders* and *Ogden* ; and all that class of cases, have done no more in annulling the acts of the legislatures, than the state courts themselves have claimed, and exercised the right of doing from the time of the Revolution to this hour. They have done no more than the Parliaments of Paris did in the minority of Louis XIV. in annulling arbitrary edicts, which were adjudged contrary to the fundamental laws of that monarchy. They have done no more than the Court of King's Bench in the reign of Charles I., when they pronounced that king's ordinance

for the levy of ship-money, to be unconstitutional. We might fill a volume with cases from the English courts where they have set in solemn judgment upon the prerogative of the king, aye, and the prerogative of parliament. In the case of *Sir Francis Burdett vs. Abbot*, Speaker of the House of Commons, in our own times, Lord ELLENBOROUGH did not scruple to hear argument and decide upon the prerogative of Parliament. That case is familiar to every lawyer: and the jurisdiction there exercised by the Court of King's Bench was precisely that expressly conferred on our Supreme Court by the Constitution: viz.—to decide upon all cases arising under the fundamental and supreme law of the land. The Court of Cassation in Paris have very recently exercised the same jurisdiction, in declaring the proclamation of martial law—to be contrary to the Charter: and that they would not scruple to annul a legislative act of the Chambers on the same ground, if the case should occur, is most clear; for they have repeatedly heard arguments on that ground. The doctrine contended for by this slavish Subservative Democratic Republican—that the judiciary may not question the acts of the executive or legislative departments, would be rejected with scorn and loathing in the high Courts of monarchical France. In England it would be received with ridicule, as a sample of the march of freedom in a country professing to have a constitutional system. But *ohé!—jam satis*—of this writer's "bald disjointed chat" on constitutional law.

We had intended to bestow a brief notice on the other count in his indictment against the decisions of the Supreme Court: viz. their admiralty decisions. He has indulged in some two or three pages of the coarsest censure, in his usual metaphorical rigmarole, because that Court has not adopted the rule that "free ships make free goods." It were easy to show that he has mistaken the whole question with respect to the action of our executive government on this point, (see *Case of the Amiable Isabella*, 6 Wheaton's Reports, 1—103.) It were as easy to show that, until this government recognises the rule of the armed neutrality, which no government in practice ever yet has done, it is the idlest dream of Utopianism to think of introducing a different rule for our ships of war in case of hostilities with a maritime power. But we should only fatigue the reader's patience to gain what, after all, would be a most inglorious triumph.

## OFF-HAND SKETCHES, NO. I.

### THE GREEN SILK PELISSE.

THERE it goes again, that constant, immutable, unfading green silk pelisse! I never go out but I am sure to see it. Now it is in Broadway. Now it flutters, like an Emir's banner, on the walks of the Battery. Now it sails gracefully over that beautiful oblong, denominated most ungeometrically "*Union Square.*" I am unlike Peter Schlemil, for that green silk pelisse is my shadow. Yet green is the color of jealousy, and I am not jealous. Nay, I have never seen the object of my admiration addressed by any human creature, male or female. Do I wish to avoid it? No! I have followed it through street after street—from the foot of Broadway, through Bond-street, into the Bowery, till it was lost among the small avenues that ramificate eastward from that vast thoroughfare. I would give my gold tooth-pick, my silver-mounted snuff-box, my seal ring, and a Canton segar case—making up the sum and substance of my ornamental treasures—to find out the wearer of that green silk pelisse. Every third man that I meet is my acquaintance, yet knoweth not one of the thousand her name. Her name! It must be a pretty name—Mary, perhaps,

"Is thy name, Mary, maiden fair?"

But no! this will never do. If I diverge into poetry, I am lost. No young man can make verses with impunity. They are to the imagination what gas is to a balloon, puffing it up and blowing it out, till at last it sails away from the earth into the clouds. Then comes some envious breeze, and breaks the varnished outside, and disperses the buoyant element; and, flip-flap, rustle, crinkle—down comes Imagination to the earth once more.

Can no one tell me whose "most excellent shape" is clasped and circled by that green silk pelisse? Don't be looking out for a surprise, reader! I have not told you that I never saw her face. The denouement is not to be that it was black. That is too stale a joke. I have seen her face—such a face! I am good at an off-hand sketch. My crayon has a rough point; but I touch here and touch there, and lo! a picture. I hate your elaborations. Detail was always my special aversion. I admire great effects; a whole enchants me, but I have no patience with parts.

Skilful was the artist who *built* that green silk pelisse. It is not fitted, but moulded, absolutely melted on to a shape, which, if Praxiteles had seen, he would have broken his marble in a fit of spite, nor prayed the gods to animate it. That shape is tall—rather; it is lithe—very; it is a perfect piece of human architecture; order it has none—if anything, it is of the composite, for all lines of grace seem to meet and mingle in it; the capitals are superb; the pediments small, delicate. On the sides of the main structure depend hands too ridiculously little to speak of. Now, the face! It is, indeed, a face—the dark hair is folded over the polished brow—the nose is Grecian—the lips curve into a Cupid's bow; (I saw them smile once, and the teeth were as bright as the darts in his quiver,) and the eyes were—but hold—I am again relapsing into Poetry! Can any one tell me who is the wearer of that green silk pelisse?

I have been in many lands. I have seen all sorts of costumes, from the full flowing trowsers of a Circassian captive to the tight, well-laced boddice of a French grisette. I have studied the antique under all its distinguished forms—from the sculptured folds that seem to wave around a Grecian statue to the purple-broidered robe of a Roman matron. They were less beautiful than that green silk pelisse. Not that there is any intrinsic elegance in the mere garment. Flowing down from a peg in a wardrobe, or thrown carelessly over a chair, it would seem not otherwise than what it really is. On any other figure it might set like an ill-made pillow-case, for aught I know. But where it is, it is faultless. I wonder if it be the work of a man-milliner. The fitting of it must have been an agreeable occupation for the time. Men-milliners, however, are not apt to be sentimental.

I am somewhat apprehensive that I shall, "one of these days," rhapsodize *sotto voce* to that pelisse, and be overheard. I am not a marrying man. I should dislike to be known as "the pale gentleman in love." I would not make her acquaintance for worlds. I should cut her the moment I heard a report. Scandal makes me scatter myself like a bevy of quail at the crack of a fowling-piece. *Absum.* I "cut my stick." But I must know who she is. I care not for her "local habitation," but "her name." I would not profane it.

"I would not name her gentle name where wit and mirth go round,  
But oh! the lovely moonlight air should know the silver sound."

I wish to call her by some other combination of letters than those which make up the words "green silk pelisse." Can any one tell me who is the wearer of that green silk pelisse?

## FRENCH PAINTING AND SCULPTURE IN 1837.

BY J. A. JEWETT.

THE Exposition now being made, of paintings and sculpture at the Louvre, I wish to notice it as evidence of the present state of these arts in France. Indeed, it furnishes thereof the only evidence. In several large cities of the kingdom—as at Rouen and Lyons—are galleries of old paintings and sculpture. In none of them, however, is there an annual Exposition—an annual Exposition of works executed in the present time. In this respect does France much differ from her neighbor across the channel. I, last summer, witnessed exhibitions of new paintings, not only at the Somerset House in London, but likewise in many of the provincial towns,—in Liverpool, Manchester, York, Glasgow, and Edinburgh. Paris is not only the sole centre of French fashion, politics, science, music, and literature, but, moreover, of French painting and sculpture. *Hors de Paris, point de salut.* I wish, however, here to say, that while Great Britain has within her limits some hundred princely mansions, enriched by very admirable productions of the pencil and the chisel, she has no great central National Gallery. France, on the contrary, has her central Louvre richly thronged, but no noble chateaux adorned with Art. Marshal Soult has, indeed, a very fine collection of paintings, one half whereof he stole from Spain. A splendid collection of the Duchess of Berri, in number one hundred, is now offered for sale. Count Sommariva has a residence on the Boulevards containing a few visitable works of Art. The aristocratical Count Portales also possesses a few pieces, which he delights to show chiefly to the Legitimists. And thus closes the meagre catalogue of private pictorial galleries in France. Here Art is hand in hand with Government; in England, with wealthy noblemen. Here Government opens wide the Louvre's doors to a promiscuous thronging in of all the French people. In Great Britain the practice is quite otherwise.

Artistical exhibitions are no new events for this metropolis. Their history goes back at least to 1699, the time of Louis XIV., in whose reign were held two. During the regency

there was none. Twenty-four took place under Louis XV.; under Louis XVI. nine; a like number in the time of the republic; during the empire, five; four under Louis XVIII.; one under Charles X.; and this, which was opened on the first of March 1837, makes the sixth in the reign of Louis Philippe. This, therefore, is numbered the sixtieth Exhibition. It is the latest chapter in the autobiography of French art. It consists of 1865 paintings—131 pieces of sculpture—61 engravings—36 lithographs—37 architectural designs,—in all, 2030 works by 1071 artists, of whom 181 are females. The whole number of works offered for exhibition was 3530, whereof 1500 were by the committee rejected. In 1836 were exhibited 2122 works by 1070 artists, including 157 women. In 1835 the pieces numbered 2536, by 1227 artists, whereof 235 were females.

The first thing I particularly noticed when, three weeks since, I joined the multitudinous crowd advancing beneath the large portal of the Louvre into the galleries above, was the universal freedom of admission. No fee was demanded. I think that in this feature the French are far before the English. At not one of last year's Art Exhibitions in Great Britain could admission be obtained without paying money therefor. The fee was small for the wealthy but large for the unwealthy. One consequence was, that never, at those exhibitions, was to be seen a class of observers corresponding to those I have this day jostled at the Louvre. They were gentlemen in natty coats and white kids, gallanting soft ladies in plumes. The *people* were never there. Those paintings were brought to bear upon individuals who least needed their refining and civilizing influence. John Bull likes to palaver about the schoolmaster's being abroad. There yet is abroad in John Bull's heart but little of the spirit implied within that saying—a spirit which demands the flinging wide asunder all doors that may lead to the education and civilization of the *people*. To much that would enlarge, elevate, and refine in England, neither love nor money can secure access. But there are a great many worthy sights and sounds, which love will permit the enjoyment of, if one only have money. Who possesses not said dust, must stand aloof. I recall several instances in this way. St. Paul's Church in London contains fine sculpture, and many things worth enjoying. To see up St. Paul's, the various authorized charges amount to near seventy cents. Westminster Abbey may not be enjoyed for less than the regular fee of thirty cents. To visit the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, you must not only pay a shilling, but likewise present a written permission from some member of the society.



Contrast this last narrow and truly English deportment with the large and liberal bounty wherewith is opened wide to all the world, the Parisian Garden of Plants—itself a little world of botany, and mineralogy, and zoology. I shall suggest to these but one more contrast. Where, in England, can you find any thing like the two hundred free and learned professors at the Sorbonne, the schools of Law and of Medicine, the Royal College of France, and other places, lecturing daily on the most useful themes to all who may please to listen? For such will you search that kingdom all over in vain. So noble a system for popularizing, or, if the Englishman please, for *vulgarizing* knowledge, would be in little harmony with Great Britain's aristocratical institutions, linked as they are with gentle blood and gentler gold. I must do justice, however. The subject of these exorbitant charges, whereby much of the beautiful in Art and the useful in knowledge is made inaccessible to the multitude, is entering into the minds of intelligent Englishmen. A report thereon was last year made to Parliament—a report in which Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Church were cited as I have cited them, and in which the vast superiority of the French to the English in matter of design was justly attributed, in part, to the free and universal access of the former to exhibitions like this which I have again to-day visited. I must still do justice, and say that the spirit of that report seemed to contemplate, not so much a refinement and enlightenment of the general English people, as an improvement in the designs for calicoes.

The throngs at the Louvre are still immense. The twentieth day's exhibition witnesses no abatement. On five days of the week the rooms are crowded with all sorts of people, from the highest to the lowest. On Saturdays the doors are open only to those who have taken the trouble to procure tickets. Sunday is almost exclusively for the country people, and those who, more than on any other day, are then emancipated from toil. On that day, within those walls is a perfect tohu-bohu. Go there, however, if you would see how wide is the sympathy for Art in France. Go there, moreover, if you would see the most villainously flat and stupid visages which any peasantry of any nation in Europe can present. The contrasts between Sundays and Saturdays are appreciable by more than one sense. On the former day do you see queer costumes instead of elegant fashions;—you hear a terrible patois instead of good French, and you smell garlic instead of otto-of-rose.

The idea which my first general examination of the paintings left, was, that the committee had not been sufficiently fas-

tidious, and that, instead of rejecting one thousand five hundred pieces, they should have rejected two thousand five hundred. There would still have remained eight hundred compositions as types of French painting in 1837. One thousand pieces of most contemptible character, if not in design, surely in coloring, would have been given over to a proper obscurity, and their authors would have betaken themselves to intenser toil in future, or to some other vocation for which nature and influences have better fitted them. I cannot but think that this large and indiscriminating admission into the honors of a two months' exposition at the Louvre is an injury, not perhaps so much to French art or to genuine French artists, as to those young Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, who, still aspiring, are still without a genius for pictorial art.

But of those eight hundred paintings so selected, I, as a travelling observer, desiring to study only the legitimate types of the time, cannot note even one hundred—nay, not fifty—as entitled to such consideration. I cannot believe that, two ages hence, more than this small number will be appealed to and read as illustrations of the present. All else will have vanished from public, and perhaps from private eyes and thought. What wastes of time and powers misapplied! A vague hankering after notoriety, fed by an ignorant appreciation of the true aims and ends of Art, hurries hundreds to the canvass. As the press is daily overflowed with trashy works from the pen, so is, this year, the Louvre overtenanted by most characterless and half-begotten offspring of the pencil.

The great subjects embodied in these multitudinous pieces, are, the Religious, the Historical, Portraits, and Landscape. Sacred themes are deemed the highest themes of pictorial art. The manner in which they are treated, the manner in which, when treated, they are appreciated—these are the great tests of the painter and of the painter's beholders. So far as the quantity of religious subject is concerned, I think there is quite enough. The Salon contains thereof not less than one hundred and thirty pictures. Of these, the first that may warrant your long examination is a *St. Cecilia*, by Paul Delaroche,—Paul Delaroche, a name much illustrious among French painters. Had I seen no other composition of his than this, I should have declared him modelled after the earliest Florentine masters. I should have set him down as a pupil of Cimabue or of Giotto. This painting has just so much of them as Paul Delaroche could possibly interblend with his own original genius. *St. Cecilia* is represented as with her right hand touching a little organ held by two angels, who join their voices to its music. Her expression is of course heavenly, and heavenly too is that of the

angels. Exceeding delicacy of finish is here, as in all the works of the artist, every where visible. The down-hanging left hand of the saint is a model of sweetness and beauty.

The painting of a religious theme, next worthy of notice, is by Edward Bendemann, of Berlin. And here I may insert, that the German pictorial art is this year partially represented at the Louvre, by works of Bendemann, Begas, Lessing, and Winterhalter. It is somewhat to be regretted, that productions from those superior artists, Overbeck and Cornelius, are not to be seen. The English school, moreover, is quite unrepresented, as is likewise the present Italian. The painting of Bendemann alluded to, represents Jeremiah seated on the ruins of Jerusalem. He leans contemplatively upon his left hand. Around him are broken arches, and columns, and children in death, and mothers bewailing them. Behind ascends the smoke from the doomed city. This picture ranks among the first in the Salon. We pass to the "Oath of the Hussite," by Lessing. It represents one of the disciples of Huss swearing to be true to the principles of his master. That energy, and life, and determined fierceness in face and attitude, and, if I may so say, in gesture, bespeak in their creator no ordinary powers. Near this is the "Christ" of Ary Scheffer. It represents our Saviour healing the broken-hearted, preaching deliverance to captives, restoring sight to the blind, and setting at liberty them that are bruised. Of these different classes, representatives are thronged about him. Among the captives may be recognized a head of Tasso, surrounded with a laurel garland. This painting has great merit, and deserves to be classed in the highest category of those on sacred themes. I shall not enumerate any others. My plan does not permit me to descend among those composing the second, and third, and even the fourth classes. I may, however, here say, that having been informed that the great designer, Retzsch, had sent a picture to the Salon, I anxiously searched it out. It is a diminutive thing, and represents Christ as an infant, reading. I regret to say it has small merit. In no part of it could I detect the genius which sketched the marvellous illustrations of Shakespeare, of Schiller, and of Goethe's Faust.

Of the one hundred and fifty historical pieces, there is a large number whose subject is taken from the middle ages; several illustrate the time of Louis XIV.; the Sitting of the Ninth Thermidor speaks for the Revolution; the Empire is represented very abundantly; and three or four works remind you of the Restoration and the present dynasty. In this department, the battle pieces are very numerous; and some of them possess singular merit. Among the finest is one by Eu-

gine Delacroix. It represents St. Louis defeating the English at the bridge of Saillebourg. This canvass is all alive with impetuosity and most fierce thought. It is one of the few in the Salon, whose repeated examination reveals ever new and profounder beauties. The action of St. Louis, as leaning from his charger, he fleshes his war-axe in a sturdy Englishman, is given with terrible truth. The battle of Tolbiac, gained by Clovis, from the pencil of Ary Scheffer, gathers daily about it the amateurs, and the popular lookers on. There is another piece by Victor Schnetz, representing Count Eudes raising the siege of Paris in 886, which reveals great genius in this sphere. I shall not describe the immense canvass, fifteen by eighteen feet, whereon is seen the Battle of Wagram, with Napoleon in the front ground; nor twenty other smaller pieces, in which a portion of that warrior's doings are recorded. Nor need I stop long before the Siege of Yorktown, by Conder, in which is little to be praised, save the fine face of Washington. I pass to the two master-pieces of the Exposition, by Paul Delaroche. In one is the Earl of Strafford, represented as stopping on his way to punishment, beneath the window of the prison of Laud, and asking for the benediction and the prayers of the Archbishop. Out through the iron bars of that window extend the arms of the old man, while he calls down upon the Earl blessings from heaven. In the other painting is seen Charles I. insulted by the soldiers of Cromwell. One of those ungracious miscreants is puffing smoke into the face of the fallen monarch. The expression upon that face is admirable beyond all praise. It contains several meanings. You see therein resignation, and also pity, and also a slight shadow of contempt at the insolence of the ruffian, and, mingled with all, the dignified self-possession of a wronged king. I am not often much moved by paintings, and yet I must confess that here was a pathetic power of eye and feature that took me captive completely. Several soldiers are round about, shouting and drinking; and leaning against a column, at a short distance, is the form of Cromwell, himself a silent spectator of this unworthy scene. He does not gloat upon the fall of pride and power before him. His face is rather gloomy and contemplative, and still within it may you see the triumph of one who has humbled a foe. Upon these pieces alone might Paul Delaroche's fame be based, and be securely based. No one, after having studied them, can question his title to the highest place among the living painters of France.

It is very difficult, if not quite impossible, to characterize by any general terms the historical paintings of this exhibition. They have hardly any qualities in common. They constitute

no school. The works are various, as the various fancies, and tastes, and inspirations of the artists. Not lying within my plan to speak more critically or minutely about them, I pass to the portraits. Of these, the Salon contains at least four hundred. Excluding therefrom fifty, I do not think a more wretched collection could well be got together. Whether the portraits be accurate or not, I am unable to say. I look upon them as works of art merely. They do not so often appear stiff, as very miserably colored. They remind one of those portraits sometimes hung up in drawing-rooms upon the stage; or rather of those stage artists seen in broad sunlight, with their complexions washed of rouge. They perpetually disclose evidences of haste. Where among them can you find the careful and elaborate finish of Titian? Want of care, want of patience, want not merely of genius, but of talent, these are the features which offend you momentarily in this representative of the art. The portraits seem to have been manufactured on most mercenary contract. A few of them, however, stand above this description. And yet these few reveal no very high genius for portrait painting in the Salon of 1837.

The landscapes are very numerous, and some of them are very good. Giroux has presented a view of the Alps, abounding in character. A pastoral scene, by Marelhat, may well fix your attention. There are several other pieces which do no dishonor to Nature, and there are several others which outrage her abominably. They are pieces which, so far from being an idealization of nature, are not even copies of her—no, nor copies of copies. Such villainous skies and clouds, and such immoveable streams; forests so flung together, and hills and valleys so mistakeable, these for those, never yet came from the imagination of Nature, nor the imagination of rational man. Where could these artists have picked up the elements of their compositions? Not surely in those sources whence came the fine inspiration of Poussin. Surprising it is, that with Nature's broad volume fully outspread before them, so few of Frenchmen can ever read her aright. I deem the landscapes, and that multitude of small pieces which may be classed under the word "views," as quite the least satisfactory specimens I have ever seen.

Of animals there are twenty-five or thirty representations. Those by Brascarret are very admirable. A fight of bulls from his pencil is a gem. Of game, the Salon has but a few indifferent pictures, and so of fruits and flowers. In my wanderings through the Hall I was exceedingly anxious to spy out the *horrid*. I wished to know if this year's exhibition of French pictorial art was tainted, as the present French dramatic is said

to be, by scenes of blood and vengeance. I must say that the battle pieces abounded, as they ought to do, with all quantities of bodies, dead and haggard. Beside them, I noticed only three pieces peculiar in this respect. Two were of shipwrecks and their results, slowly consuming hunger, and tiger-visaged savages yelling over naked women and children. The eye surveys them for a moment, and turns away in disgust and horror. Does the wide circumference of legitimate art, spiritualizing and refining as it is, embrace such influences as these? There is a third large piece, before which visitors are accustomed to pause, smile faintly, and walk on. It represents a man conscience-tortured in a dream. There he writhes half-denuded. Down from above dashes at his breast, a hideous fiend armed with snakes. Several other fiends seem to eat him quite with their eyes of vengeance. Around him are grouped victims of his ambition and his lust, among whom is chiefly seen a livid female, holding at the sinner a naked and abortive infant. No doubt a virtuous moral was at the centre of the painter's heart. The combination, however, for embodying it, is altogether savage, and looks quite too grim and terrible for even the blood-thirsty eyes of the *Porte St. Martin*. I could find but one representation in the way of suicide. The life-discontented is standing under a sombre arch of one of the Parisian bridges. The Morgue lowers in the dim distance. The death-plunge is about to be made. No motive for the deed can easily be detected. But for some redness of the face, and a certain roundness of stomach, you might, without great wrong, pronounce the culprit none other than the artist, himself inflicting a deserved penalty for the perpetration of such an abominable picture.

Walking through the long Egyptian Hall, a flight of stairs conducts you down into the apartment for sculpture. Of the one hundred and thirty-one pieces, fifty are busts. With the exception of *Monsieur Dupont* by *Etex*, and a few others, they may be said to lack in that finish of detail, without which nothing worthy of permanence can be achieved. The works in plaster are numerous, and there are several in bronze. The former are exhibited partly for public criticism to be applied to the forth-coming figures in marble. A *Minerva* is there of the most shabby and villainous description, and at its side is a pirate outlooking upon the sea, by *Menard*, which for fierce intentness of look and attitude is one of the best things in the room. In bronze is seen the sitting figure of *Boieldieu*, by *Dantan* the younger. It was executed after an order from the city of Rouen, one of whose halls it is to decorate. The great composer is represented as in some musical inspiration. It is

a composition of much merit. Of the statues in marble, a few will detain you. And first, wedge yourself, if you can, through the crowd that perpetually throngs around the nymph Salma-cis, by Bosio. This is the finest piece of sculpture at the Ex-position. The nymph is represented rising from the earth. She half leans upon her left arm, while her right disencumbers her foot of some flower or leaf. The expression of face is surpassingly sweet. It is innocence ten times purged. The execution of the statue is delicate and complete in all subordinate parts. Baron Bosio has caught, and here embodied, something of the classic spirit. Departing, the image dwells upon the memory, and you return and re-return. Here is a statue, in coarse French marble, of Talma meditating out a character. It is by David. The actor is sitting, almost denuded, in a Roman chair. The piece is surely wrought with great skill; but I do not see therein the contemplation, deep and intense, for which I had prepared myself. I was struck by the resemblance of the forehead and adjustment of hair to those in portraits of Napoleon. Near by is a statue of the Regent, by Bra. I notice it only on account of the elaborate finish of the robes. The French are nice in matters of old as well as modern costume. They are delighted with this instance. Who, among them, cares for the face of the Regent? The fleurs de lis, scattered over his magnificent mantle, are perfect in the minutest point. Here is a statue of General Foy, as an orator. It is in citizen's dress, even to the straps. It has completed my dislike of statues, with face in the inspiration of either poetry or eloquence; while their legs, and bodies, and necks are pinched about in the common, Rue-de-Rivoli costume, or fashion of the time.

Husson has impressively represented an angel offering to heaven a repentant sinner. The angel looks upwards in solemn trust, and seldom, surely, was penitence more feelingly chiselled than in the half-prostrate figure of the sinner imploring before her. I next notice a group by Paul Lemoyne. It is colossal. It represents Medea rushing in blind horror from her slain children. Her visage abounds in most foul and fiendish expression. Her hair is tied in a terrific knot over her forehead. Her right hand clasps a dagger. Her children lie corpses at her feet. She leans furiously forward, and seems to behold some victim Jason in the distance. Having secured whatever enthusiasm the group was capable of exciting, I took to criticism. I came to the conclusion that the living Medea, however jealous she might be, could not possibly have leaned so far forward without going over. The perpendicular, let fall from the centre of gravity, must have touched

the earth far, very far out from the base. Near this group is a seated statue by Therasse. It is Cydippe reading these words on an ivory ball, just by chance picked up :—"I swear by Diana to wed none but you, Aconice." The cunning lover had devised this trick to entrap the refusing maiden into an oath. The expression on her face is neither surprise at the joke, nor indignation, nor yet pleasure. You see a sort of silly grin, which brings a corresponding state of muscle into your own countenance. And now we have got back once more to the nymph Salmacis. There is she still, half-prostrate, yet ever on the eve of rising. There is the same captivating innocence in her look, and, though stark naked, she is too youthful and too pure to dream of any harm therein. I doubt not that expression will there survive a thousand years. This is the only ideal truly worthy of the name in all the Exhibition. I mention no other pieces in sculpture. There are hanging about the apartment several ingeniously-carved scenes and images in wood, wrought by that same returning taste to the middle ages, which appears in some of the sculpture, in many of the paintings, in several sketches of ancient architecture, which is likewise frequently exhibited on the Parisian stage ; and is, moreover, evinced in numerous historical compositions daily given forth through the press.

The few engravings and fewer lithographs are not particularly worthy of description. The former, it seems to me, cannot compare with specimens from Munich and Florence. In the latter are some half a dozen pieces of good execution. An effort by Noel, taken from Overbeck's painting of Christ surrounded by little children, approaches nearer to fine engraving than any lithograph I have ever seen. The architectural pieces are mostly made up of designs for improving various parts of the metropolis. They are here exposed to the scrutinizing judgment and approval of the Parisians. Several plans for beautifying the Champs Elysees seemed to me distinguished for admirable taste.

The hour of four has now arrived. The crimson-liveried huissier, in chapeau bras, announces that the doors of the Louvre must for this day be closed. What are the general impressions left by so brief a ramble among these works of Art ? France has a very few good painters and sculptors. She has, moreover, a multitude following Art, who could do no worse in another sphere. The feeling for said art is wide in the general people. The present Exposition is a slight improvement upon that in 1836. The system of such exhibitions is useful to artists and profitable to the people. Their increased number is one favorable commentary upon the revolution of 1830. The



impulses of that revolution, which have so enlarged the boundaries of action in other departments, may still continue to operate beneficially in this. The prospects for Art in France are not discouraging.

## PAST DAYS.

BY T. H. HOWARD.

UPON the hills

'Tis night—and summer's many voices ring  
No more as wont—save the delighted rills  
And the pure fountains, whose sweet music fills  
With murmuring  
The valley—and pervades the air  
Like the hushed tones of prayer.

Come back, oh! come,  
Spirit of childhood!—let the merry streams  
Where I have wandered, and whose joyous hum  
Lingers when nature's voices else are dumb,  
Recall the dreams  
Of that blest season—and the old-time places  
And familiar faces.

That time is dead,—  
Gone to the homes of the departed—there  
In that low valley, I behold the shed  
My father and my mother tenanted—  
But tell me, where  
Are their fond voices—and the loving eyes  
I early learned to prize?

And where is she,  
So lovely in her youth? a fair  
Bright sunbeam on life's frozen sea!  
So fond—so beautiful—ah, can it be  
That she is gone?—Despair,  
Comes o'er my heart like an unholy blight,  
This lone and solemn night.

How sweet ye grew—  
Oh, Boyhood's days! in your unshadowed hours,  
Dazzling the vision with bright hopes that flew  
Around, and winged joys for ever new,  
Lifting the flowers,  
And scattering their fresh petals, one by one,  
To wither in the sun.

But ah! farewell;  
Gone are the golden treasures of old times,—  
Gone the sweet music from its native shell,—  
For the loved beings now no longer dwell  
Amidst the chimes,  
Which they accustomed were to love and hear,  
In many a buried year.

*New Orleans.*

## THE THREEFOLD DESTINY.

### A FAËRY LEGEND.

BY ASHLEY ALLEN ROYCE.

I HAVE sometimes produced a singular and not unpleasing effect, so far as my own mind was concerned, by imagining a train of incidents, in which the spirit and mechanism of the faëry legend should be combined with the characters and manners of familiar life. In the little tale which follows, a subdued tinge of the wild and wonderful is thrown over a sketch of New-England personages and scenery, yet, it is hoped, without entirely obliterating the sober hues of nature. Rather than a story of events claiming to be real, it may be considered as an allegory, such as the writers of the last century would have expressed in the shape of an eastern tale, but to which I have endeavored to give a more life-like warmth than could be infused into those fanciful productions.

In the twilight of a summer eve, a tall, dark figure, over which long and remote travel had thrown an outlandish aspect, was entering a village, not in "Faëry Land," but within our own familiar boundaries. The staff, on which this traveller leaned, had been his companion from the spot where it grew, in the jungles of Hindostan; the hat, that overshadowed his sombre brow, had shielded him from the suns of Spain; but his cheek had been blackened by the red-hot wind of an Arabian desert, and had felt the frozen breath of an Arctic region. Long sojourning amid wild and dangerous men, he still wore beneath his vest the ataghan which he had once struck into the throat of a Turkish robber. In every foreign clime he had lost something of his New-England characteristics; and, perhaps, from every people he had unconsciously borrowed a new peculiarity; so that when the world-wanderer again trod the street of his native village, it is no wonder that he passed unrecognized, though exciting the gaze and curiosity of all. Yet, as his arm casually touched that of a young woman, who was wending her way to an evening lecture, she started, and almost uttered a cry.

"Ralph Cranfield!" was the name that she half articulated.

"Can that be my old playmate, Faith Egerton?" thought the traveller, looking round at her figure, but without pausing.

Ralph Cranfield, from his youth upward, had felt himself marked out for a high destiny. He had imbibed the idea—we say not whether it were revealed to him by witchcraft, or in a dream of prophecy, or that his brooding fancy had palmed its own dictates upon him as the oracles of a Sybil—but he had imbibed the idea, and held it firmest among his articles of faith, that three marvellous events of his life were to be confirmed to him by three signs.

The first of these three fatalities, and perhaps the one on which his youthful imagination had dwelt most fondly, was the discovery of the maid, who alone, of all the maids on earth, could make him happy by her love. He was to roam around the world till he should meet a beautiful woman, wearing on her bosom a jewel in the shape of a heart; whether of pearl, or ruby, or emerald, or carbuncle, or a changeful opal, or perhaps a priceless diamond, Ralph Cranfield little cared, so long as it were a heart of one peculiar shape. On encountering this lovely stranger, he was bound to address her thus:—"Maiden, I have brought you a heavy heart. May I rest its weight on you?" And if she were his fated bride—if their kindred souls were destined to form a union here below, which all eternity should only bind more closely—she would reply, with her finger on the heart-shaped jewel:—"This token, which I have worn so long, is the assurance that you may!"

And secondly, Ralph Cranfield had a firm belief that there was a mighty treasure hidden somewhere in the earth, of which the burial-place would be revealed to none but him. When his feet should press upon the mysterious spot, there would be a hand before him, pointing downward—whether carved of marble, or hewn in gigantic dimensions on the side of a rocky precipice, or perchance a hand of flame in empty air, he could not tell; but, at least, he would discern a hand, the fore-finger pointing downward, and beneath it the Latin word *INFODI*—Dig! And digging thereabouts, the gold in coin or ingots, the precious stones, or of whatever else the treasure might consist, would be certain to reward his toil.

The third and last of the miraculous events in the life of this high-destined man, was to be the attainment of extensive influence and sway over his fellow-creatures. Whether he were to be a king, and founder of an hereditary throne, or the victorious leader of a people contending for their freedom, or the apostle of a purified and regenerated faith, was left for futurity to show. As messengers of the sign, by which Ralph Cranfield might recognize the fated summons, three venerable men were

to claim audience of him. The chief among them, a dignified and majestic person, arrayed, it may be supposed, in the flowing garments of an ancient sage, would be the bearer of a wand, or prophet's rod. With this wand, or rod, or staff, the venerable sage would trace a certain figure in the air, and then proceed to make known his heaven-instructed message; which, if obeyed, must lead to glorious results.

With this proud fate before him, in the flush of his imaginative youth, Ralph Cranfield had set forth to seek the maid, the treasure, and the venerable sage, with his gift of extended empire. And had he found them? Alas! it was not with the aspect of a triumphant man, who had achieved a nobler destiny than all his fellows, but rather with the gloom of one struggling against peculiar and continual adversity, that he now passed homeward to his mother's cottage. He had come back, but only for a time, to lay aside the pilgrim's staff, trusting that his weary manhood would regain somewhat of the elasticity of youth in the spot where his three-fold fate had been foreshown him. There had been few changes in the village; for it was not one of those thriving places where a year's prosperity makes more than the havoc of a century's decay; but, like a gray hair in a young man's head, an antiquated little town, full of old maids, and aged elms, and moss-grown dwellings. Few seemed to be the changes here. The drooping elms, indeed, had a more majestic spread; the weather-blackened houses were adorned with a denser thatch of verdant moss; and doubtless there were a few more grave-stones in the burial-ground, inscribed with names that had once been familiar in the village street. Yet, summing up all the mischief that ten years had wrought, it seemed scarcely more than if Ralph Cranfield had gone forth that very morning, and dreamed a day-dream till the twilight, and then turned back again. But his heart grew cold, because the village did not remember him as he remembered the village.

"Here is the change!" sighed he, striking his hand upon his breast. "Who is this man of thought and care, weary with world-wandering, and heavy with disappointed hopes? The youth returns not, who went forth so joyously!"

And now Ralph Cranfield was at his mother's gate, in front of the small house where the old lady, with slender but sufficient means, had kept herself comfortable during her son's long absence. Admitting himself within the inclosure, he leaned against a great, old tree, trifling with his own impatience, as people often do in those intervals when years are summed into a moment. He took a minute survey of the dwelling—its windows, brightened with the sky gleam, its door-way, with the

half of a mill-stone for a step, and the faintly-traced path waving thence to the gate. He made friends again with his childhood's friend, the old tree against which he leaned; and glancing his eye adown its trunk, beheld something that excited a melancholy smile. It was a half-obliterated inscription—the Latin word *INFODI*—which he remembered to have carved in the bark of the tree, with a whole day's toil, when he had first begun to muse about his exalted destiny. It might be accounted a rather singular coincidence, that the bark, just above the inscription, had put forth an excrescence, shaped not unlike a hand, with the fore-finger pointing obliquely at the word of fate. Such, at least, was its appearance in the dusky light.

"Now a credulous man," said Ralph Cranfield carelessly to himself, "might suppose that the treasure which I have sought round the world, lies buried, after all, at the very door of my mother's dwelling. That would be a jest indeed!"

More he thought not about the matter; for now the door was opened, and an elderly woman appeared on the threshold, peering into the dusk to discover who it might be that had intruded on her premises, and was standing in the shadow of her tree. It was Ralph Cranfield's mother. Pass we over their greeting, and leave the one to her joy and the other to his rest—if quiet rest he found.

But when morning broke, he arose with a troubled brow; for his sleep and his wakefulness had alike been full of dreams. All the fervor was rekindled with which he had burned of yore to unravel the threefold mystery of his fate. The crowd of his early visions seemed to have awaited him beneath his mother's roof, and thronged riotously around to welcome his return. In the well-remembered chamber—on the pillow where his infancy had slumbered—he had passed a wilder night than ever in an Arab tent, or when he had reposed his head in the ghastly shades of a haunted forest. A shadowy maid had stolen to his bedside, and laid her finger on the scintillating heart; a hand of flame had glowed amid the darkness, pointing downward to a mystery within the earth; a hoary sage had waved his prophetic wand, and beckoned the dreamer onward to a chair of state. The same phantoms, though fainter in the daylight, still flitted about the cottage, and mingled among the crowd of familiar faces that were drawn thither by the news of Ralph Cranfield's return, to bid him welcome for his mother's sake. There they found him, a tall, dark, stately man, of foreign aspect, courteous in demeanor and mild of speech, yet with an abstracted eye, which seemed often to snatch a glance at the invisible.

Meantime the widow Cranfield went bustling about the

house, full of joy that she again had somebody to love, and be careful of, and for whom she might vex and teaze herself with the petty troubles of daily life. It was nearly noon, when she looked forth from the door, and descried three personages of note coming along the street, through the hot sunshine and the masses of elm-tree shade. At length they reached her gate, and undid the latch.

"See, Ralph!" exclaimed she, with maternal pride, "here is Squire Hawkwood and the two other select-men, coming on purpose to see you! Now do tell them a good long story about what you have seen in foreign parts."

The foremost of the three visitors, Squire Hawkwood, was a very pompous, but excellent old gentleman, the head and prime mover in all the affairs of the village, and universally acknowledged to be one of the sagest men on earth. He wore, according to a fashion even then becoming antiquated, a three-cornered hat, and carried a silver-headed cane, the use of which seemed to be rather for flourishing in the air than for assisting the progress of his legs. His two companions were elderly and respectable yeomen, who, retaining an ante-revolutionary reverence for rank and hereditary wealth, kept a little in the Squire's rear. As they approached along the pathway, Ralph Cranfield sat in an oaken elbow-chair, half unconsciously gazing at the three visitors, and enveloping their homely figures in the misty romance that pervaded his mental world.

"Here," thought he, smiling at the conceit, "here comes three elderly personages, and the first of the three is a venerable sage with a staff. What if this embassy should bring me the message of my fate!"

While Squire Hawkwood and his colleagues entered, Ralph rose from his seat, and advanced a few steps to receive them; and his stately figure and dark countenance, as he bent courteously towards his guests, had a natural dignity; contrasting well with the bustling importance of the Squire. The old gentleman, according to invariable custom, gave an elaborate preliminary flourish with his cane in the air, then removed his three-cornered hat in order to wipe his brow, and finally proceeded to make known his errand.

"My colleagues and myself," began the Squire, "are burthened with momentous duties, being jointly select-men of this village. Our minds, for the space of three days past, have been laboriously bent on the selection of a suitable person to fill a most important office, and take upon himself a charge and rule, which, wisely considered, may be ranked no lower than those of kings and potentates. And whereas you, our native townsmen, are of good natural intellect, and well cultivated by fo-

reign travel, and that certain vagaries and fantasies of your youth are doubtless long ago corrected ; taking all these matters, I say, into due consideration, we are of opinion that Providence hath sent you hither, at this juncture, for our very purpose."

During this harangue, Cranfield gazed fixedly at the speaker, as if he beheld something mysterious and unearthly in his pompous little figure, and as if the Squire had worn the flowing robes of an ancient sage, instead of a square-skirted coat, flapped waistcoat, velvet breeches and silk stockings. Nor was his wonder without sufficient cause ; for the flourish of the Squire's staff, marvellous to relate, had described precisely the signal in the air which was to ratify the message of the prophetic Sage, whom Cranfield had sought around the world.

"And what," inquired Ralph Cranfield, with a tremor in his voice, "what may this office be, which is to equal me with kings and potentates ?"

"No less than instructor of our village school," answered Squire Hawkwood ; "the office being now vacant by the death of the venerable Master Whitaker, after a fifty years' incumbency."

"I will consider of your proposal," replied Ralph Cranfield hurriedly, "and will make known my decision within three days."

After a few more words, the village dignitary and his companions took their leave. But to Cranfield's fancy their images were still present, and became more and more invested with the dim awfulness of figures which had first appeared to him in a dream, and afterwards had shown themselves in his waking moments, assuming homely aspects among familiar things. His mind dwelt upon the features of the Squire, till they grew confused with those of the visionary Sage, and one appeared but the shadow of the other. The same visage, he now thought, had looked forth upon him from the Pyramid of Cheops ; the same form had beckoned to him among the colonnades of the Alhambra ; the same figure had mistily revealed itself through the ascending steam of the Great Geyser. At every effort of his memory he recognized some trait of the dreamy Messenger of Destiny, in this pompous, bustling, self-important, little great man of the village. Amid such musings, Ralph Cranfield sat all day in the cottage, scarcely hearing and vaguely answering his mother's thousand questions about his travels and adventures. At sunset, he roused himself to take a stroll, and, passing the aged elm-tree, his eye was again caught by the semblance of a hand, pointing downward at the half-obliterated inscription.

As Cranfield walked down the street of the village, the level

sunbeams threw his shadow far before him; and he fancied that, as his shadow walked among distant objects, so had there been a presentiment stalking in advance of him throughout his life. And when he drew near each object, over which his tall shadow had preceded him, still it proved to be one of the familiar recollections of his infancy and youth. Every crook in the pathway was remembered. Even the more transitory characteristics of the scene were the same as in by-gone days. A company of cows were grazing on the grassy road-side, and refreshed him with their fragrant breath. "It is sweeter," thought he, "than the perfume which was wafted to our ship from the Spice Islands." The round little figure of a child rolled from a door-way, and lay laughing, almost beneath Cranfield's feet. The dark and stately man stooped down, and lifting the infant, restored him to his mother's arms. "The children," said he to himself—and sighed, and smiled—"the children are to be my charge!" And while a flow of natural feeling gushed like a well-spring in his heart, he came to a dwelling which he could nowise forbear to enter. A sweet voice, which seemed to come from a deep and tender soul, was warbling a plaintive little air, within.

Oh, Man can seek the downward glance,  
And each kind word—affection's spell—  
Eye, voice, its value can enhance;  
For eye may speak, and tongue can tell.

But Woman's love, it waits the while  
To echo to another's tone,  
To linger on another's smile  
Ere dare to answer with its own.

He bent his head, and passed through the lowly door. As his foot sounded upon the threshold, a young woman advanced from the dusky interior of the house, at first hastily, and then with a more uncertain step, till they met face to face. There was a singular contrast in their two figures; he dark and picturesque—one who had battled with the world—whom all suns had shone upon, and whom all winds had blown on a varied course; she neat, comely, and quiet—quiet even in her agitation—as if all her emotions had been subdued to the peaceful tenor of her life. Yet their faces, all unlike as they were, had an expression that seemed not so alien—a glow of kindred feeling, flashing upward anew from half-extinguished embers.

"You are welcome home!" said Faith Egerton.



But Cranfield did not immediately answer ; for his eye had been caught by an ornament in the shape of a Heart, which Faith wore as a brooch upon her bosom. The material was the ordinary white quartz ; and he recollected having himself shaped it out of one of those Indian arrow-heads, which are so often found in the ancient haunts of the red men. It was precisely on the pattern of that worn by the visionary Maid. When Cranfield departed on his shadowy search he had bestowed this brooch, in a gold setting, as a parting gift to Faith Egerton.

"So, Faith, you have kept the Heart !" said he, at length.

"Yes," said she, blushing deeply—then more gaily, "and what else have you brought me from beyond the sea ?"

"Faith !" replied Ralph Cranfield, uttering the fated words by an uncontrollable impulse, "I have brought you nothing but a heavy heart ! May I rest its weight on you ?"

"This token, which I have worn so long," said Faith, laying her tremulous finger on the Heart, "is the assurance that you may !"

"Faith ! Faith !" cried Cranfield, clasping her in his arms, "you have interpreted my wild and weary dream !"

Yes ; the wild dreamer was awake at last. To find the mysterious treasure, he was to till the earth around his mother's dwelling, and reap its products ! Instead of warlike command, or regal or religious sway, he was to rule over the village children ! And now the visionary Maid had faded from his fancy, and in her place he saw the playmate of his childhood ! Would all, who cherish such wild wishes, but look around them, they would oftenest find their sphere of duty, of prosperity, and happiness, within those precincts, and in that station where Providence itself has cast their lot. . Happy they who read the riddle without a weary world-search, or a lifetime spent in vain !

## A MEMOIR OF THE LATE JOHN WELLS.

BY WILLIAM W. CAMPBELL.

WE are about to present the picture of a man, who was one of the brightest ornaments of the legal profession in New-York, and whose memory should be cherished both for his private virtues and his great talents. In the profession of the law, it is well known that the eloquent advocate, who confines himself strictly to the discharge of his professional duties, leaves few traces of his talents when he is no more. His eloquence may be remembered by those who were his companions at the Bar, and who may have listened to his impassioned efforts; but the remembrance often passes away with the memory of those companions, and thus perishes with the frail record upon which it is written.

John Wells was born in Cherry Valley, in Otsego county, in the year 1770. The precise period of his birth is not known, in consequence of the entire destruction of his family while he was yet young. In 1741 the Reverend Samuel Dunlop, the maternal grandfather of Mr. Wells, with a small colony of Scotch and Irish emigrants, penetrated by the way of the Mohawk valley into the interior of this state, and made a settlement upon a branch of the head-waters of the Susquehanna, and gave it the name above-mentioned.

They were joined in 1744 by John Wells, the paternal grandfather. At that time Cherry Valley was the extreme verge of civilization. South and west extended the far unbroken wilderness in all its freshness and majesty. A few German families were scattered along the valley of the Mohawk; but the Mohawk tribe of Indians, that tribe who were emphatically the Romans of the North American Aborigines, and who gave their name to the beautiful river upon whose banks they dwelt, were still there—still guarding the graves, and roaming over the hunting-grounds, of their ancestors. Mrs. Grant, in her memoirs of an American lady, has given an interesting account of a voyage up the Mohawk in early times. It was nearly thirty years after its ascent by the little party who settled Cherry Valley; but settlements were not advanced then with the rail-road rapidity of our day, and the valley of the Mohawk still possessed much of its original freshness and primitive beauty.

It would be interesting to pause here, and consider the changes that the century which has now almost elapsed, has produced. The Mohawks, with the confederated tribes, the Six Nations, have almost disappeared; and the then wilderness has budded and blossomed

under the fostering care and industry of the millions of white men who have succeeded them.

Among the first buildings erected in the little colony of Cherry Valley was a small church built of logs, and here the Rev. Mr. Dunlop, the maternal grandfather of Mr. Wells, first raised the standard of the Cross amid the toils and privations incident to a new settlement. John Wells, senior, was appointed the first justice of the peace; and, as one of the justices of the quorum, was associated and intimate with the celebrated Sir William Johnson.

His eldest son, Robert Wells, married a daughter of Mr. Dunlop; and of this marriage was John Wells, the subject of this sketch, born in 1770 as before mentioned. At the time of his birth the elements of discord were in motion. Opposition to the mother country was then gaining force with all classes of society, and the decided and uncompromising tone in which the rights of the country were maintained, was preparing the way for a physical defence of those rights. The war of the revolution found the little settlement of Cherry Valley still a frontier. In the summer of 1778 occurred that dreadful massacre in the northern part of Pennsylvania, which has been immortalized in Gertrude of Wyoming. The inhabitants of Cherry Valley fled on learning the fate of their brethren of Wyoming, but returned to their homes in the fall of the same year, under an impression that there was no longer any danger by reason of the advance of the season. They returned only to share the fate of their friends of Wyoming. On the eleventh of November in the same year, a party of Indians and Tories, led on by Walter Butler and the far-famed chief Joseph Brant, made an incursion into the settlement, and entirely destroyed it, killing many of the inhabitants. John Wells, junior, had been left with an aunt in Schenectady for the purpose of attending school. This favor had been solicited by the aunt when the other members of the family were about to return to Cherry Valley, and thus he escaped that melancholy fate which awaited the return of the others to their home. His father and mother, uncle and aunt, four brothers and sisters were killed. His grandmother, the wife of the Rev. Mr. Dunlop, also fell a victim; and these great misfortunes brought down in a short time afterwards the grey hairs of the reverend clergyman himself with sorrow to the grave.

One common grave received all of his family who were killed on the 11th of November, and the eloquent advocate, in after-life, paid several visits to the valley of his birth, and shed a tear over the spot where reposed the ashes of his kindred.

Cut off thus in early life from all the endearments of home and parental love, and from all the warm and glowing affections of brothers and sisters, his condition would indeed have been hopeless had not the same kind-hearted aunt interposed in his behalf. She became in feeling a mother to him, and watched over him with a mother's care. He was continued at school at Schenectady for several years, and afterwards removed with his aunt to Long Island,

and pursued his studies at Jamaica. From Jamaica he was sent to Newark in New Jersey, where he completed his preparatory studies, and from whence he was removed to Nassau Hall, Princeton, where he was graduated in 1788. At College he was distinguished for his habits of study and good conduct, and was pronounced the best Greek scholar and mathematician in his class. One of his classmates, who occupied the same room with him, recently stated that it was a pleasure to hear his translations of Greek authors, and to witness the ease and accuracy of his mathematical exercises. He was a great favorite of Dr. Witherspoon, who was the President of that College, and who was in the habit of holding him up as an example of exemplary conduct, of industry, and of personal neatness. His health at this time was very delicate, his constitution having received a severe shock from an attack of bilious fever while at school at Newark. His friends were apprehensive that his continued and close application to his studies would destroy his life. His modesty at this time was the subject of remark among his associates, and many advised him not to pursue the study of the law, believing that he could not successfully encounter the difficulties of a public professional career.

Soon after leaving College, he commenced the study of the law in New-York city, with Mr. Edward Griswold, and was licensed as an attorney in 1791, and was admitted as a counsel in 1795. The New-York Bar, at this period, was illuminated by a constellation of able and distinguished lawyers. Many of them had signalized themselves in the war of the revolution, and occupied important stations in the councils of the general and state governments. These men were leaders at the bar, as they had been leaders of the armies of their country. For many years after his admission, Mr. Wells was but "a looker-on in Venice." His practice was small, and confined chiefly to collections; and he seemed destined to realize the anticipations of his friends that he could not succeed in the profession of the law. In this opinion he was sometimes almost disposed to coincide, and was heard frequently to say, that if he had a farm and five hundred dollars, he would abandon his profession forever. His paternal acres had been disposed of, and the avails expended in the acquisition of his education. But though his prospects were dark, and he was at times almost discouraged, he still pursued his studies with ardor and industry. The flame which afterwards burst forth and became a shining light, was at this time burning within him, though he was himself hardly conscious of its existence.

In 1797 an act of the legislature was passed to remedy some of the evils arising from the jurisdiction of Assistant of the Peace in the city of New-York.

A new court was organized under that act, called the Court of Justices of the Peace, and which, I believe, was the same in its jurisdiction and powers, or nearly so, with our present Marine Court. The persons commissioned by Governor Jay as the first justices of this court, were young lawyers of education and promise, and

among them was Mr. Wells. His associates were, I think, the late General Morton and the present Chief Justice of the Superior Court. Mr. Wells discharged his duties as a justice with ability and impartiality. His friends, who frequently heard his charges to the jury, were impressed with the dignity of his manner, his accurate knowledge of law, and his logical analysis of evidence. They remonstrated with him against a continuance in that situation, and urged him to appear at the Bar as an advocate; but he attributed their favorable opinions to friendship, and seemed unconscious of his strength. Upon a change in the administration of the government in 1801, Mr. Wells was turned out of office. This was the only public station he was ever called to fill. He was a federalist, and on terms of friendship and intimacy with General Hamilton, and an admirer of that distinguished man. To the last he was a consistent politician, always maintaining firmly, but mildly, the doctrines of the school in which he had been educated. Considering the organization of parties in this country, and especially in most of the Northern States, it is no wonder that he always remained a private citizen. Mr. Wells considered, however, his political enemies as his best friends, as their turning him out of his petty office eventuated in his success at the Bar. At first it was a severe blow, as he was then married, and had a growing family dependent upon him for support.

In 1798, when there was a prospect of a war with France, volunteer companies of militia were organized, and of one of them Mr. Wells was chosen commander. He was selected as orator in celebrating the anniversary of American Independence. "His address on this occasion, (says Mr. Johnson) glowing with patriotic ardor and the most generous devotion, delivered in language bold and animating in the highest degree, and in tones powerful and spirit-stirring, made the deepest impression, and was received with the most rapturous applause. This display of oratorical powers surprised even his most intimate friends, who were satisfied that, if called into exercise at the Bar, they could not fail of complete success. But his voice was still unheard at the Bar." This oration was delivered while he was filling the office of Justice, and it was not until several years afterwards that his voice was heard at that Bar, whose brightest ornament he was destined to become. It was not until the commencement of 1805 that his sun rose fully above the horizon. The year 1804 will long be remembered in this state for those fierce political controversies, which became so violent and personal, that they resulted in the duel between Colonel Burr and General Hamilton, and in the death of the latter. There were three parties in the state: the federalists, of whom General Hamilton was the leader; the Burrists; and the republicans or democrats, who were then in power, and at whose head was George Clinton, then Governor of the State. One of the leading democratic journals, the American Citizen, was edited by James Cheatham, a man of talent and energy, fond of strife, and who entered with zeal and

warmth into the political contests of the times. In speaking of himself, Cheatham says ; " Excited by oppression, and nourished by a mind rarely inactive, these opinions have given me a disposition to controversy with the enemies of freedom which renders it as it were the very element in which I live." In the support of his party, and of what he deemed democratic principles, he did not fail to deal double-handed blows upon both federalists and Burrrites. But while he was uncompromising in his hostility towards Colonel Burr, he entertained feelings of great personal respect for General Hamilton.

The morning after the death of the latter he briefly observed, " Death has sealed the eloquent lip of General Hamilton." He afterwards published a beautiful eulogy, in which he says, " Now, when death has extinguished all party animosities, the gloom that overspreads every countenance, the sympathy that pervades every bosom, bear inevitable testimony of the esteem and respect maintained for him ; of the love all bore for him ; and assure us that an impression has been made by his loss which no time can efface."

But, though liberal in his praises of Gen. Hamilton, Cheatham had no predilections either for the federalists or Burrrites as political parties ; and in his democratic zeal frequently crossed the boundaries which mark the limit of impunity in attack upon private character. Many libel suits were the fruits of that zeal ; among others, one was instituted by Col. Burr, and another by William S. Smith, then surveyor of the customs. In the latter case the action was commenced by Mr. Smith in consequence of a charge having been made against him by Cheatham of obtaining money by false pretences of the late Col. Robert Troup. In this suit Mr. Wells was retained as leading counsel by Cheatham. For some time previous to this period, Mr. Wells had been one of the editors of the *Evening Post*, the leading federal journal, and against which Cheatham had been very severe and bitter in his attacks. But Cheatham had the sagacity and good sense to perceive that there were pens wielded in support of the *Evening Post* of no ordinary power. He ascertained that many of the ablest articles in that journal were written by Mr. Wells, and forming from that fact a high estimate of his talents, he determined to employ him as counsel in his defence at the suit of Smith. When first applied to, Mr. Wells shrunk from the undertaking. Cheatham informed him that he would employ additional counsel, but he wished Mr. Wells to consider himself as the leading counsel in the cause.

The cause came on for trial on the 9th of January, 1805, and excited, as it naturally would from the nature of the charge and the condition of the parties, great public interest. Mr. Wells did not disappoint the high expectations of his friends. The audience who crowded the court-room were surprised and delighted by his eloquence. The jury brought in a verdict for two hundred dollars, which was considered only nominal damages. In the next day's *Citizen*, Cheatham, in giving an account of the trial, says, " We

cannot forego the pleasure of saying, that among the advocates who distinguished themselves in this cause, Mr. Wells for the defendant acquitted himself to the satisfaction of the Court and the admiration of all who heard him. His eloquence is of a very superior kind; with a mind unlimited, he has at command the choicest language."

Another daily paper (the Commercial Advertiser) contained the following editorial notice:—"Having been present last evening at the trial of the cause between William Smith and James Cheatham, we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of speaking in terms of compliment of the exhibition of Mr. Wells, one of the gentlemen who summed up the cause for the defendant; and we are induced to do this, as his talents hitherto seem scarcely to have been known within the verge of our courts. Without going into an analysis or a summary of his speech on this trial, it will be sufficient to say, that his lucid arrangement, forcible and brilliant expression, striking and pertinent reflections, conveyed in the tones of real eloquence, were such as to command universal admiration from those who heard him; and while they do honor to the individual, really reflect credit on the New-York Bar." Such was Mr. Wells's first successful effort as an advocate, and it appears almost incomprehensible that he should have been admitted as counsel for ten years, and not previously distinguished himself.

His voice had so seldom been heard in the Courts, that many inquiries were made as to his name when he thus made his successful entrance into professional life. Clients and business men poured in upon him, and he seemed, with a single bound, to have sprung from comparative obscurity to the summit of professional eminence. He took the tide at the flood, and it led him on to fame and to fortune. His star was now in the ascendant, to be no more obscured until it should be extinguished for ever.

Mr. Wells, it is said, always felt grateful to Cheatham for his instrumentality in bringing him into notice; and evinced his gratitude by acts of friendship and kindness to the children when the father was no more.

If the year 1804 will be remembered for the high excitement of political parties, it should also be remembered as an important era in the history of the New-York Bar. In that year fell General Hamilton, and that event flung the pall of civil death over Colonel Burr. On the 11th of November in the same year, Thomas Addis Emmet landed on our shores, and soon after commenced that professional career in this State which has given immortality to Irish genius on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Emmet was about forty years of age when he arrived in this country. He came as an exile. He had previously held high rank in his profession at home; but his fortune had been wasted, he had suffered years of imprisonment and persecution, and his brother had lost his life in the cause of ill-fated and calumniated Ireland. Mr. Emmet's first purpose was to go to Ohio. From this he was dissuaded by Governor George Clinton and De Witt Clinton, and upon their advice con-

cluded to establish himself in this city. His well-known character and talents introduced him into immediate business. As the Irish patriots were supposed to be connected with the revolutionists of France, Mr. Emmet's arrival was not greeted very cordially by the leaders of the anti-French party in this country. To the praise of many of them it should be stated, however, that when they became acquainted with him, they treated him with that consideration to which he was entitled by reason of his patriotism, his talents, and his warm and generous nature.

As Mr. Emmet arrived in New-York in November, 1804, and Mr. Wells made his successful debut in January, 1805, it will be seen that these two ornaments of the New-York Bar commenced their distinguished professional careers at nearly the same period of time. Mr. Wells had the advantage of previous residence, friends, connexions, familiarity with loyal and statutory law and constitutional powers of government. Mr. Emmet, on the other hand, had been trained in the best schools of Europe; had been on terms of intimacy with many of Ireland's distinguished men, and had gained confidence in his own powers by the trials and difficulties which he had successfully encountered and overcome. Both were learned, both were eloquent; and if Mr. Wells was superior to Mr. Emmet as a lawyer, and excelled him in close logical reasoning, the latter bore off the palm in his more exciting and impassioned efforts as a speaker.

In 1807 Mr. Wells argued his first cause at the bar of the Superior Court, before the full bench of Judges; and from that time to 1823, the year of his death, the reports of this State bear abundant evidence of his extensive and varied practice, and of his research and professional learning. "The specimens of his forensic talents, (says Mr. Johnson,) to be found in the printed reports, are necessarily very imperfect; and most of his arguments in the court of Chancery, some of which were uncommonly able, have not been preserved in any form." Mr. Johnson adds, that "after he had concluded his speech on the case of *Griswald vs. Waddington*, his learned friend and illustrious rival at the Bar, (Mr. Emmet,) who had attended both the English and Irish courts, observed that it was the most able and finished argument he had ever heard. *Laudatus a laudato viro*,—no higher praise could be bestowed." Mr. Emmet was associate counsel with Mr. Wells in that cause, and was well qualified to judge of the force and power of his argument. A circumstance occurred in connexion with that argument which places in an interesting light the Christian character of Mr. Wells.

After its close, he went from Court to his house, where he found his family, and some of his friends, who had been listeners, and who had heard his argument extolled. They were eager to praise and tell of praises. He soon retired, and was afterwards found kneeling in his chamber, and said that he had sought solitude to thank his God that he had enabled him to discharge his duty, and to pray for strength against the petty feelings of vanity. He was an exemplary



member of the Episcopal Church; and in his life and conversation illustrated the purity and sincerity of his Christian profession.

During the eighteen years he was in active practice, he enjoyed the highest reputation, and the unbounded confidence of this community. He confined himself very closely to his profession, though this did not engage his exclusive attention. He was a warm friend of the internal improvements of the State, and especially of the Erie canal. He lived to see that work completed, though not to witness the full and perfect demonstration of the reasons urged in its behalf by its early supporters.

Mr. Wells died at Brooklyn Heights in September, 1823, of what was stated at the time to be high bilious fever, and which was, in fact, the yellow fever. He fell a victim to his benevolence and humanity. His house was on Brooklyn Heights; and nearly beneath it, and close to the water, were some small residences, inhabited by very poor people. He called at one of these houses, learning that some of the inhabitants were sick, for the purpose of seeing what he could do for their relief. Having made some provision for their immediate necessities, the call was again repeated. The yellow fever broke out at this spot, and Mr. Wells was one of the first victims. His death cast a gloom over the city. All felt that a great man had fallen. Meetings of members of the Bar were called in this city and in Albany. In this city, resolutions were passed, which were highly creditable to his memory; and they were supported by Josiah Ogden Hoffman in a speech of great power and feeling. All considered him, in the language of Mr. Cowen, to have been "the pride of the New-York Bar." All mourned over the bereavement which they had sustained.

Mr. Wells possessed an acute, logical, and investigating mind; and it was improved and cultivated by habits of strict and close investigation of every subject examined by him. This habit was formed in early life, and contributed much to his success. In his studies, he possessed, in an eminent degree, the power of abstraction. He could pursue a train of thought amidst noise and conversation. Modesty formed a prominent trait in his character, and its deep tinge was perceptible throughout his life. His disposition was cheerful and even; and, amidst the cares and troubles of business, it preserved him from that depression of spirits to which men of strong mental excitement are too often prone. Benevolence was also a prominent feature of his nature, and awakened in his bosom a quick sympathy for the serious misfortunes and wrongs of his fellow-men. The lofty integrity which adorned his character was founded in a deep sense of religion, and a conviction arising from examination of its truth and holy uses. His conduct was always governed by a feeling of responsibility to a higher power than that of man; and that feeling established in his heart the love of truth, and a desire uniformly to seek after it. He was fond of conversation, and his turn of mind made him argumentative; but he never struggled for victory merely, but strove to

establish principles on which morality, truth, and the good order of society depended. Justice and truth he believed to be the attributes of heaven, and was himself unwilling to forget, or that others should forget, the pure source from which both flowed.

Such is a brief outline of the life and character of John Wells. His example is worthy of all imitation. His discouragements, his perseverance and success, should stimulate and encourage every aspirant after professional fame, while his high moral and Christian character forms a noble incentive to the practice of every virtue.

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### TO A SWAN,

*Flying by Night on the Banks of the Huron.*

BY L. L. NOBLE.

Oh, what a still, bright night!—the dropping dew

Wake startling echoes in the sleeping wood :

The round-topp'd groves across yon polish'd lake

Beneath a moon-light glory seem to bend.

But, hark!—what sound!—out of the dewy deep,

How like a far-off bugle's shrillest note

It sinks into the list'ning wilderness.

A Swan—I know her by the trumpet-tone :

Winging her airy way in the cool heaven,

Piping her midnight melody, she comes.

Beautiful bird!—at this mysterious hour

Why on the wing, with chant so wild and shrill?—

The loon, most wakeful of the water-fowl,

Sung out her last good-night an hour ago ;

Midway, she sits upon the glassy cove,

Whist as the floating lily at her side,

The purple-pinion'd hern, that loves to fan,

At evening late, as thin and chill an air,

With the wild-duck is nodding in the reeds.

Frighten'd, perchance, from solitary haunt,

At grassy isle, or silver-sanded bank,

By barking fox, now, heedless of alarm,

With thy own music and its echo pleased,  
Thou sail'st, at random, on the aerial tide.  
Lone minstrel of the night, if such thou roam'st,  
His own who would not wish thy strong white wings?—  
Whether thou wheelest into thinner air,  
Or sink'st aslant to regions of the dew,  
How spirit-like thy bugle-tones must seem,  
In whispers dying in the upper deep—  
How sweet the mellow echoes, coming up,  
Like answering calls, to tempt thee down to rest!  
And hither, haply, thou wilt bend thy neck  
To shake thy quills and bathe thy snowy breast  
Till morn, if thy down-glancing eye catch not  
Thy startling image rising in the lake.  
Lone wanderer, that see'st, from thy far height,  
The dark land set with many a star-bright pond,  
Alight:—thou wilt not find a lovelier rest.  
Lilies, like thy own feathery bosom fair,  
Lie thick as stars around its sheltering isles.  
Fearless, among them, as their guardian queen,  
'Neath over-bending branches shalt thou glide,  
Till early birds shake down the heavy dew,  
And whistling pinions warn thee to the wing.  
Now clearer sounds thy voice, and thou art nigh!—  
From central sky thy clarion music falls.  
Oh, what a mystic power hath one wild throat,  
Vocal, at midnight, in the depths of heav'n!—  
What soothing harmonies the trembling air  
Through the etherial halls may breathe, that ear,  
Which asks no echo—the internal ear,  
Alone can list. But, hark, how hill and dell  
Catch up the falling melody! They come,  
The dullest echoes from the hollow woods,  
Like music of their own: while lingering in  
From misty isles, steal softest symphonies.  
It hath strange might to thrill each living heart.  
The weary hunter, list'ning with hush'd breath,  
As the sweet tones with his sensations play,  
A gentle tingling feels in every vein,

And all forgets his home and toilsome hunt.  
 River, that linkest in one sparkling chain  
 The crescent lakes and ponds of Washtenung,  
 For ever be thy dark'ning oaks uncut ;  
 Thy plains unfurrowed and thy meads unmown !  
 That thy wild singing-birds, unscared, may blend,  
 Daily, with thine, their own free minstrelsy,  
 And, nightly, wake thy silent solitudes.

Bird of the tireless wing, thou wilt not stoop ;  
 Thine eye is on the border of the sky,  
 Skirted, perchance, by Huron or St. Clair.  
 The chasing moon-beams, glancing on thy plumes,  
 Reveal thee now a thing of life and light,  
 Less'ning and sinking in the mistless blue.  
 There, thou art lost—thy bugle-tones are hushed !—  
 Tinkle the wood-vaults with far-dropping dew :  
 Yet, in mine ear thy last notes linger still ;  
 And, like the close of distant music mild,  
 Die, with a pleasing sadness, on my heart.

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NIGHT.

THE Sun goes down ; along the western sky  
 Lies the warm flush, a sea of gold, outspread  
 Beneath the many-tinted pile that overhead  
 Blends with the blue of Evening's canopy :—  
 High on the brow serene of star-crowned Night  
 The tiny crescent of a new-born Moon  
 Steals out, unseen at first, but soon  
 Shoots o'er the dreaming world her skimmering light.  
 The darkling leaves, to heaven uplifted, sleep  
 On the still bosom of the "upper deep."  
 The West-wind rustling through the dusky trees  
 Shakes the rich odors of the blossomed Spring  
 From every flutter of his dewy wing.  
 Again, O viewless spirit of the breeze,  
 Come forth, and linger on thy welcome way  
 Around my heated brow—its feverish throb allay.

## THE GAINS OF A LOSING BUSINESS.

"COME, John, exert yourself; 'tis surely a very little thing to walk half a mile to see a friend that is just arrived!"

"I know it, Fanny; and I ought to go, there's no doubt of that, and should go if it were but a thing of some weight; but really I cannot do it just now."

"Why, dear John, things of weight don't move you sometimes: Sarah Barton's income is sensibly lessened, because you could not insure her house, as you promised, just when it should have been done."

"Nay,—now, my dear wife, 'tis cruel in you to throw Sarah Barton in my teeth for ever:—didn't I offer to make her loss good to her, and own I was to blame?"

"But the evil remained, my dear husband. No woman in her situation would receive the price of the house from you; and much and loudly as we may own our faults, it will never be as good as curing them."

"Most original moralist! Well, Fanny, I'll go in the morning; and now play me your best piece to make up for your lecture."

"No; really, John, I can't just now." And she laid her head upon the arm of the couch.

"Frances," said her husband, a little pettishly, "will you play for me?"

She rose, and went and knelt at his feet, and looking up, said—"Since we were married, my husband, I have seldom refused to do what you wished; my heart does not refuse now, and I will play for you; may you feel, as I do, that I have no right to say, seriously, 'I cannot just now.'"

His ears heard the sounds of her piano, and his foot beat time; but his mind was afar off, and full of sad thoughts. When she finished and turned round on her stool, he smiled, and held out his arms to her; and again she knelt by him.

"Fanny," he said, "you made a great mistake in marrying me. If you had but given your hand and fortune to Tom, Dick, or Harry, he'd have doubled it by this time; while I vegetate here upon the income of it—a burden to you and myself, and good for nothing but to give oyster suppers. Well, I shall die one day, and then you can choose better."

She smiled, with tears in her eyes, as she answered—"But why vegetate upon our property? Why not use it?"

"What do you mean, Fanny? Wasn't it the very point of your father's care, and study, and consultation, that such a shiftless, unenergetic, good-for-nothing idler as I, should not use it?—Didn't I hear, ten times a day, that a mere literary man, without business talent, and scarce able to keep himself from under the dray-wheels, never should attempt to do any thing with money but spend it? Did they not bind me never to use what was given me; but to idle on, a gentleman of literary taste? good for nothing, cared-for by nobody, of no more worth in the state than a block of wood! wasting what little energy I had, and losing my manhood more and more, till at length I have become the butt of my wife even!"

She stood for a moment or two, surprised, sorry, and ashamed, while he strode up and down the room, muttering curses against his own worthlessness; then took his arm, and with mounting color, replied to him—"I love you, John, as much as ever; but I will not deny that my respect is less than when we married. My father thought you unfit for business, and placed my property out of your reach till I was twenty-five; for three years past it has been at your disposal, and is now. When we married, you had large plans for literary and benevolent action; these were never carried out: and now, every month you grow more careless and less active; to-night you cannot even visit a new-come friend."

"It is all true, Frances. I pity you,—I wish I could unmarry again, and then you might find one you could respect."

"My dearest husband, I can respect you. Do but rouse yourself; instead of these idle reproaches, go out into the world—do any thing, only become what you may be, and I will kiss your feet in respect and thankfulness."

"What can I do?"

"Go into business."

"But I shall lose your property."

"Lose any thing, every thing, so you gain yourself again!"

"What shall a man take in exchange for his soul?"

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"Good day, Mr. Smith; what's the news?"

"Nothing special. How's your folks?"

"Tolerable, thank you. What's this I hear about John?"

"Gone into crockery business; full head of steam on!"

"How long will he last?"

"Eight months and three weeks, barring accidents."

"Ha, ha, ha! Good day. Sorry for his wife."

Mr. Smith was a false prophet. Five years past by, and John was still struggling in the rolling and tumbling current of active business. At first he had some notes protested, the money for which he had in his pocket, by forgetting to stop as he went up Wall-Street and pay them. He lost a few thousands, also, by a rainy day, which prevented him from insuring an invoice of English-ware, the destruction of which, upon the coast of Wales, was heard of the very day after the accounts of the shipment came. But he had heavy backers, good clerks, and a wife that never let him neglect the care of his concerns, nor indulge in speculation. And as his credit, and means, and correspondence increased, men wondered, and John wondered too: he found he could keep from under the dray-wheels as easily as his neighbors; and though, every year, he was a loser by knavery in some of its shapes, he cared little that he was unable to cope with rogues.

The fall of '35 came, and the Great Fire took from him at least one half his means. His heart sank not, however, nor did his powers seem paralysed.

"Can you withdraw what is left?" said his wife.

No; he could not at once, without embarrassment. In a year or two he might retire.

Another hard year passed; he had contracted his operations, paid many of his debts, and in the spring of '37 proposed to close his books, with about two-thirds of the property left which he had originally invested.

They bought a place in the country; began a house, and laid out a large garden. Already the dreamy wife saw her children racing over the lawn, and her reformed husband, with his books and his benevolent schemes, busy, happy, and useful: she felt how great a gain had been the loss of one-third of her fortune.

The spring came; the ball struck the nine-pins, and they began to tumble. Piecemeal, John saw his independence crumbling away; every day the column in his Bill-book for "Remarks" became more crowded with the word "Bad;" every day bank notices looked more ominous, and Directors, that had for years discussed the credit of others over his supper-table, now picked their teeth, and talked indistinctly of his, elsewhere.

The city clocks struck three; bank-doors swung smoothly too on their well-oiled hinges; notaries nibbed their pens. As John took his way homeward, with head bent down, and a certain queer feeling about the heart and windpipe, he met Mr. Smith. "Any thing over, to-morrow, John?"

John shook his head, and smiled, as he replied, "I am under

protest to-day." There was a thrill of joy in the jobber's breast, though he knew his hour was close at hand. "There's one comfort," he muttered to himself, "his wife will scatter his calm, quiet thoughts faster than he's scattered her fortune."

That wife, now a matron, had arranged the dinner-table as none but a wife can; and to her little circle of children was reading, for the second time, Miss Sedgwick's "Home." It was later than customary. She read till another half-hour was gone; then, fearing something, gave the young folks their dinner, and sent them to walk, as usual. She sat by the window another half-hour, and watched the shadows creep across the street, and one by one saw fade away her country home, her garden, her grassy lawn, her romping children, her independent husband. Want, and labor, and the contempt which waits on fallen fortune, came and filled the future. But woman's heart is a wonderful spring of strength. She saw the form of a man coming; and though her tears made all forms alike to her eye, she felt it was her husband. In an instant the coloring of the world was changed; as at the close of a stormy day—the cloud lifted, the yellow sun streamed in, and the very rain-drops beamed like jewels.

John had been spending the time since three with his lawyer. The lawyer had condoled with him, cursed the administration and blamed the Banks. He had said, again and again, that it was very hard for a man to lose all that he had been working for during six years, to say nothing of what he had before he went into business; and at last his client began to feel very bad. Then he talked of the mortification of being unable to pay our just debts; the mere loss of money was little, but to be the means of involving others, and bringing families to distress, must pain a generous spirit. This went to John's heart, and he lamented the hour that he had been induced to go into the world. His courage, and his fortitude, and his hope left him, and he came to his home desponding, peevish, and cowardly.

He met his wife with a smile, to be sure, but such a smile as the criminal wears when bound to the death-tree.

"I was a prophet, Fanny," he said, passing her.

"How so?"

"It is all gone. I'm ruined, and the cause of ruin to others."

"You mean to me and the children."

"No, my wife; to other men, families, dependants, all."

"What! Your property not pay your debts?"

"It would pay them three times over; but it is of no money value now."

"Is it through your wrong-doing that this happens?"



"Certainly not."

"Then never let it depress you. As far as you are concerned, it is the act of God that cripples you. We should mourn for our sins, and must, from our nature, lament misfortune, but never need be disheartened by it. Something can be done, I know:—our debts paid, and a new start taken, with all the gain of the past, to make the future easy."

"The gain of the past!" said her husband, slowly. "Do you mock me, Frances? I tell you I've lost every thing,—property, credit, character, and—almost—happiness."

"You mistake greatly, my husband. It is not true that you have lost credit, or character in any sense that makes the loss worth thus mourning for. I love you too entirely, to let you make such charges unrepelled. Our wealth is gone, perhaps; but what have we gained instead? You have become, fourfold, the man you were: you have new-created yourself; you are born again; and I have gained all that you are, more than you were, and shall we regret the purchase-money?"

He covered his face and was silent for a time; then, starting, cried—

"But what will all this avail me? We must have bread, my wife; your children's wants will not be supplied by their father's growth in grace."

"Nay, but they will be. Being what you are, you can gain all they need, and bring them up to gain it for themselves; as you were once, my husband, before this growth in grace, at which you sneer, what could you have done? Let us then part with all that can be sold; pay all your debts to the last farthing; be what you have learned to be, and I know there will be enough. When that is done, we will begin here again, or go to the west, or go where you will; and we shall never lament, my dear husband, that you, and through you, all of us, have learned to be active, punctual, efficient, orderly, patient, and persevering, though our schooling has cost a fortune. If you had but made money, we should have gained little; but now you have gained the true end of business and of life; you have laid up treasure in heaven, for you have developed some of the noblest powers of your own soul."

Upon the earthly future of that man there still rest clouds; but he heeds not their shadow, for his eye is upon a future that is bright with a brightness exceeding that of the sun.

## SOUTH AMERICAN SKETCHES.

BY GRACE GRAFTON.

*Rambles over the mountains—An outward glance at the silver mines—Slight sketches of religious ceremonies and observances.*

THE population of Zacatecas is estimated at about 20,000, and there are, besides—or were, during its days of prosperity—3 or 4000 people existing at Veta Grande, a mining village of some celebrity about a league and a half from the town; in and near which are the immense silver mines, which, though now nearly exhausted, have so long been the support of Zacatecas and its neighborhood.

There, for years, have been the head-quarters of the only successful English mining company of long standing amongst the many that have sunk their capitals in old Mexican mines.

Veta Grande is a wild and rocky place, higher yet, and bleaker than Zacatecas; and the road to it from that place, inaccessible to wheels, lies over mountains, interesting only from the vestiges, everywhere visible, of the miner's labor, and the metallic veins which an experienced eye discovers at every step. Some crossing the path may be traced for a few rods, and disappear. Others strike boldly over the hills for miles, rocky and prominent. These are worked out at various points into innumerable excavations. Some the mere abortive attempts of needy speculators or gambling miners. Others bear evidence of recent and more successful endeavors; whilst in various directions appear the deserted remains of exhausted mines, which have yielded enormous fortunes; marked always by ruinous buildings, tumble-down sheds, and piles of rubbish, which in themselves are hills.

Thus silver mines present themselves in every stage and at every step. Old shafts sometimes yawn beneath your horses' feet; and the country people tell horrid stories of those which are sometimes met with in the unfrequented recesses of the mountains. Murdered men are said to perish there—flung down by the assassin's arm to conceal his crime; and well may the imagination eke out the circumstantial horrors of such a tale, amid scenes fude and savage as the lawless miners who

prowl over the hills like thievish wolves when their employment does not detain them beneath the surface.

Yet, with all their rude and unlovely attributes, there is a pleasure in roaming over those wild mountains, and listening to the wilder legends with which their very echos seem rife. There is a pleasure in winding your way along a now deserted path that leads to some spot which has thrown up its tens of thousands; and then to hear the exciting stories connected with those great discoveries. Of the long, unwearied efforts of some indefatigable speculator. Of his venturing stake after stake on the dangerous game with what appeared the reckless eagerness of a gambler, but might better be termed the steady perseverance of a man who had cast his very hopes into the sullen rock which held in its depths the rich reward of all his labors. "Let me but reach those depths!" he says, and struggles on through disappointment and poverty, as through the solid rock he pushes his toilsome works. Till at last—as "glowing hope" is ready to expire—a blast of gunpowder lays open the bed of precious metals, and the despised, impoverished miner becomes the lord of thousands, buys a noble estate, erects a palace, or founds a chapel.

Nothing could induce men to fix their residence in a district so destitute of every common and apparent advantage, but the rich beds of ore which, at a certain depth, those mountains are known to contain. There the produce of the earth is ore—the staple commodity is silver, and silver dollars are the only articles of export.

From Yeta Grande, as from every mining establishment in the neighborhood, are carried in to the mint at Zacatecas silver bars, as they come from the extracting and smelting processes, and there are coined into shabby-looking dollars; the machinery being defective, and managed in a very slovenly manner. But, according to law, through that mint all the silver produced in that district must pass; and in the shape of such dollars as it turns out is the only legal form in which silver can be carried out of the country.

Thus are the payments of foreign merchants effected; solid specie taking place of bills of exchange. These truly heavy payments are converted to the coast on the backs of mules, the load for each animal being from 4 to 5000 dollars. The money, with all the responsibility of conveying it safely to its destination, is placed under charge of the Conductor, who receives for freight about eight dollars per thousand: besides which, the merchants have to pay the expense of an armed escort, which amounts usually to one per cent.

The starting of such an expedition makes quite a sensation

in a place like Zacatecas. For days before the ringing of silver is heard, the counting of dollars in the stores and merchants' offices. Every hard-pressed man, who has payments to make, then trembles, for he knows his "hour is come"—or, what is almost as bad, the demand is coming; and complaints arise, so common amongst merchants all the world over, of "hard times"—"unusual scarcity of money," and so forth. On these occasions the *Cargadores*, who are men employed by the merchants and shop-keepers to carry bales of goods, and various burdens from one quarter of the town to another, are seen passing to the place of deposit, loaded with dollars, each man bearing half the load of a mule. Strings of them may be seen trotting along under the heavy burthen, a spruce merchant's clerk strolling near, to watch its safe delivery.

When the day of departure arrives, the street before the house from which the expedition starts is crowded with mules in pack-saddles, ready to receive the two small packages with which each animal is loaded. Their drivers are waiting-men, each armed with lance and gun; and hard by a file of soldiers is drawn up, the escort engaged to guard and defend the expedition.

When I was watching such an assemblage in the street one morning, I heard the host approaching, and felt desirous to observe how the cavalry soldiers would receive "*su magestad*," or how pay the obeisance due in passing. So, for the gratification of curiosity—that favorite propensity of our sex—I humbled myself to a kneeling posture in the open balcony, as nearer and nearer sounded the little bell, and the old red coach appeared, in which sat a corpulent old priest in rich robes, bearing the host; and before him two little boys in red and white, holding lamps. Now, thought I, gallant horsemen, humble yourselves before the object of your foolish idolatry. They did so. Each soldier dismounted in readiness, and stood at his horses' head, took off his hat, and shouldered his arms; as the coach passed by, they simultaneously dropped on one knee for an instant, and then stood with heads uncovered till the procession passed out of sight. But all others remained kneeling, turning their heads steadfastly towards the old coach, as it slowly receded from their view.

This devotion of the Catholics to what they consider so sacred an emblem of the Almighty, is one of the striking features in their religious observances, and they can take no apology for neglect of the deference and respect with which its appearance always inspires them. Then none but the kneeling posture is admissible. No hurry of business, no pressing engagements, can excuse it: all bustle ceases, and silence and gravity reign, as

"*Nuestro Amo*" passess slowly by, to bestow an assurance of heavenly felicity on some suffering mortal, whose earthly hopes are drawing to a close.

A visit of the Host to the sick is sometimes made an imposing ceremony. On such occasions the procession comes out after dark, accompanied by a vast number of people, bearing large wax lights, and a fine band of music preceding the priests, who walk slowly in front of the carriage under a painted canopy. When they halt before the house of the sick person, the light bearers gather round and fall on their knees, as do the musicians, whilst the officiating priest descends from the carriage, and, accompanied by others in immediate attendance, is ushered into the chamber of sickness. As the host disappears through the door-way, every one rises from the humble posture; the music ceases, and a vast deal of gossiping goes on by the light of their wax candles; until, the ceremony being over, the priests re-appear. Then down falls the multitude again, whilst "*su magestad*" is being safely deposited in the carriage; after which the music strikes up, the procession forms, and they move off, frequently leaving the poor patient nearer death's door than they found him. And yet no earthly consideration could induce them to relinquish these ancient ceremonies of their beloved religion; and no argument, however sound, could shake their belief in their efficacy. To attempt to reason with them on the subject, is worse than vain.—It but serves to prove your own heresy; exciting their mingled horror and contempt, and casting a stigma on foreigners, dangerous to their peace and interest, if not to their safety. Individuals there are amongst the Mexicans, into whose minds the reasoning powers have found entrance, introducing a sea of doubts, through which it needs a skilful pilot to guide the inexperienced judgment.—Reason, indeed, has been called that heavenly guide; but, alas! how often do false and fatal opinions assume her robe of light, and so mislead for ever. From the utter, ignorant bigotry of Mexican superstition, there seems but one step; and that leads to the opposite extreme of utter infidelity. This is not surprising, amongst a people shut out, effectually, from the truths of the reformed religion, and cut off from the means of improvement so amply provided in more enlightened nations. The individual, whose natural good sense teaches him to scoff in his heart at the absurd mockery of religion that can no longer cheat his awakening faculties, ends by despising religion altogether, and becomes a complete sceptic.

Yet, also, does true piety exist amongst those benighted worshippers of saints and images—that true Christian principle which leads to acts of benevolence, to deeds of charity, with-

out any ostentatious display of those fine qualities. And devotion, warm, heartfelt devotion, is met with at every turn : but then it exists rather as a *feeling* than a *principle*, and softens the heart without mending the morals.

If ever the labors of a reformer were needed, it is there, both in religion and politics ; and their continual revolutions seem to prove that they are aware some change is necessary to their happiness : but, unfortunately, their changes are not amendments ; and until the right spirit appears amongst them—whether it come “ brightly wafting through the gloom,” like the dove with the olive-branch ; or in the more substantial shape of an enlightened reformer—they cannot rise from their present deplorable state of darkness and confusion. It is said that “ times make men ;” but where are the heroes who should meet the trying exigencies of that unhappy country ? Alas ! her turmoils only bring forth despots and traitors.

About a mile from Zacatecas, and high above the town, on a rocky height stands a small chapel dedicated to the Virgin ; who, it is confidently asserted, appeared in person on the side of the mountain, and sanctified the spot. And to be sure, after the commencement of the periodical rains, flowers and odoriferous herbs spring up there in abundance, and deck with freshness and verdure the old mountain sides, and rattling down their deep-worn gullies, come the clear streams which vanish with the rainy season ; making, altogether, a not displeasing scene for a saint to light upon. And her fair worshippers, (*brown* worshippers were more correct) in imitation of so bright an example, love to haunt the spot ; a walk up to the old church and a scramble among the rocks, being a favorite excursion with the ladies of Zacatecas. We fell into the fashion, and sometimes made a day of it, taking servants with baskets of provisions, and were repaid by a plentiful supply of climbing and fresh mountain breezes. At the outskirts of the town we passed a deserted convent, which was converted into a *cuartel* for soldiers, and a prison for delinquents, who complained sadly of the quarters allotted them, as troubled ghosts were said to appear where their earthly remains had been disturbed—the burying-ground having been used as a brick-yard. As we passed up the hill, we heard the discordant braying of trumpets in the hands of beginners, instead of the solemn chant and the sonorous bell with which the walls had formerly resounded. These fellows were *practising*, and it was not much less excruciating to the ear than the thrumming and jingling which is here called practising on the piano. A short distance from the gates of the convent stood two newly-erected crosses, to mark the spot where two murdered men had been discovered. We

had heard of their having been killed in a drunken affray, and, indeed, saw their bodies carried by to the Alcade's to be examined and claimed by their relatives, several of whom, women, were following after, crying aloud and wringing their hands ; but no further notice was taken of the affair than to plant those crosses where their murdered bodies had been found.

On arriving at the church we were politely received by the sacristan, a young man who boasted of having spent nearly all his life on that elevated spot, and complained of want of fresh air in the lower region of Zacatecas ! However, he was shortly afterwards pulled down from his high station on account of an unlucky casualty. He stuck his knife rather too far into the side of one of his guests at a frolic one night, not meaning to kill ; but as the fellow was so ungenerous as to die before morning, the poor sacristan found himself superseded.

Within the railing of the altar in the chapel is a richly-dressed image of the Virgin, before which we all had to kneel down and make a sign of the cross. Without, the wind was blustering rudely round the old mountain's head, and a glaring sun was pouring down its uninterrupted rays. The sudden change, when we entered the silent chapel, was tranquilizing. Quietness seemed hovering there with her shadowy mantle, and Devotion with her solemn mien. The joyous spirits of the children were hushed as with a spell, and with earnest looks they bent before the holy altar. As we were kneeling there, the servants muttering their prayers, I heard a shuffling and rustling along the pavement of the church, and looking round, beheld a man approaching the altar on his knees with a lighted candle in his hand, his eyes fixed on the Virgin, and praying with all his might, though silently. His feet were bare ; his shirt, thrown open at the collar, displayed the encroachments of a black unshaven beard on his swarthy throat ; and a profusion of coarse dark hair bristled over his brow, by no means softening the expression of his harsh features and savage-looking eyes. A most unlovely and suspicious looking votary ! thought I, as I turned from the prostrate figure before me to the lady at whose shrine he was kneeling. But he took no notice of us ; and we left him there at his devotions, and pursued our way to the very summit of the naked crest of the mountain, where we found a small platform artificially formed in connexion with fortifications that ran down the side of the hill. Here we seated ourselves in the teeth of the wind, and contemplated a dreary scene of barren mountains marked with burrowings after gold and silver ; or, on the other hand, the more agreeable view of Guadalupe plain, with its fields, and gardens, and haciendas, and a wide extent of level surface beyond, stretching

out as far as the eye could reach, and below a bird's eye glance over the flat roofs of Zacatecas. And from another point we took a peep far down into the inner courts of an old convent of San Francisco, a spacious, and once a rich and handsome monastery, now going to decay, and tenanted only by three or four miserable old friars; and, as has lately been discovered by a poor prisoner who has been immured for twenty years in one of its secret cells, by whose authority and for what crime, remain a profound secret.

Towards evening we slowly trod our way homewards, tired and sun-burnt, and met, about half way down the hill, a woman ascending the steep path on her knees. My first impulse was to accost one of her companions, and inquire into the nature of her vow; but as we drew near, idle curiosity gave way to a better feeling, and we passed her in respectful silence, as she with difficulty advanced on her painful pilgrimage; for she seemed sadly exhausted, and, though she held down her head, I perceived she was weeping. She had two friends with her, a man and a woman, who held her by the hands and helped her on her weary way; the man had stripped his sarape from his shoulders, and doubling it length-wise, spread it up the path before her, so as in some measure to save her knees from the sharp rocks.

A stranger naturally supposes that such must be acts of penance for some crime; but I learnt that they are more generally the performance of a vow made during sickness, or under other calamity. I once saw a thing of the kind in the streets of Zacatecas. A man was working his way on his knees over the rough pavement in the middle of the street, and on his head was a crown of thorns, like that with which they encircle the brow of the image of our Saviour when enacting the tragedy of the Crucifixion on Good Friday. The religious processions which take place on that occasion and the preceding days, are curious to behold. Roman soldiers appear on horseback in old-fashioned helmets, and dresses to correspond, who are said to be seeking for Jesus; and, amongst other strange devices, a kind of platform is borne along, containing flowers and shrubs, amongst which an image appears kneeling: this is intended to represent the garden in which Christ suffered his agony, and the three Marys follow, and a great variety of saints.

The scene of the Crucifixion, which follows, is grotesque and absurd in the highest degree; and it is difficult to understand how rational beings, who call themselves Christians, can reconcile such profane spectacles with their religious belief. I have heard European Catholics express disgust at witnessing



them, and call them a mockery of religion ; and they seem to be gradually going out of repute in Mexico ; for the higher orders no longer join the processions as formerly. The ladies, in their high combs and holiday shawls, gaze from their balconies, which are gaily decked with curtains streaming from the balustrades, giving a festive appearance to the streets, which are carefully swept, watered, and strewn with flowers. The stands of the market folks and pedlars are all cleared away ; the shops are shut ; riding on horseback is forbidden in the precincts of the town, and donkeys are banished ; but the thronging of the populace is immense, whilst numberless sky-rockets, whizzing over head, announce the approach of the procession.

It were tedious to enumerate the variety of figures that appear in succession on the occasion referred to, in the midst of which a large image of our Saviour is carried through the streets, bearing an immense cross, beneath which he is represented to sink with fatigue three times during their perambulations of the town ; whilst the Jews follow after, reviling ; and a hideous figure, dressed up to resemble Satan, is gamboling amongst them, and appears to be casting lots with them for the raiment. A merry devil he is, and makes as much sport, in his way, as the buffoons in the amphitheatre. Longstrings of mourners move by at the appointed time, dressed in robes of black, completely enveloping the head and person, and so long as to sweep the pavement. It is the delight of mischievous boys to buzz after and disturb the solemn line of march by treading on their long trains, and loading them with dirt and rubbish ; which creates much diversion and merriment, especially when the exasperated mourners gather up stones to be revenged on their persecutors. This is no exaggeration ; it is but a slight sketch of the incongruous scene intended to commemorate those solemn and tragical events, on which they firmly believe their eternal salvation depends.

Crowds of the common people flock after, in their gayest attire, and during the whole "*semana santa*," (holy week,) seem devoted to the religious ceremonies peculiar to the season. After the tedious forty days of lent that precede, it is hailed as a relief from monotonous restraint. On the evening of "*Vierues santo*," the churches are brilliantly illuminated in the interior, and crowded with ladies, elegantly attired in mass dresses and white mantillas, which appear to be reserved for that particular occasion. They kneel in groups on the pavement of the church, their gentlemen attendants standing near, or lounging on the settees, silently waiting the termination of their *ave marias* and *pater nosters*. Gay parties of ladies are out till a late

hour, promenading and making the rounds of the churches. On the following morning, "*Sabado de Gloria*," the church bells, which have been silenced for the last two days, burst simultaneously into a merry peal, a signal of rejoicing. The *Guaresma* is over; the town is alive again; the theatre opens, and the plaza de toros; and once more pleasure is abroad with her merry face.

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## THE OLD MAN AND THE YOUNG MAN.

THE old man trudges along the road  
With his cane to help him walk;  
The young man trips with a careless pace,  
And he stops to laugh and talk.

"Now, old man, tell me"—the young man says,  
"Wast ever gay and strong—  
And could'st thou ever bound like me  
The greenwood paths along?"

"Was thy form, bent with a weight of years  
And a burthen of woes together,  
Erect and tall as a forest-pine,  
Unharm'd by the wintry weather?"

The old man turns, and wearily sighs—  
"My head is silvered with age,  
And my life has been like a massive book,  
And I read its final page.

"And there is a lesson, young man, for thee;  
And I pray thee learn it well,  
And ponder much in thy lightsome heart  
What the old man needs must tell.

"Remember age; 'tis the time that all  
Who die not young, will find;  
For the dearest joys of our sunny prime  
Must soon be left behind.

"Would'st thou this hour should be thy last?  
No?—learn to reverence age,  
For farther wanders each step of life  
From youth's eventful stage.

"And this is the lesson that thou must learn—  
Though Youth be in its bloom,  
Yet Youth is treading, as well as Age,  
The pathway to the tomb!"

## SCENES IN THE LIFE OF JOANNA OF SICILY.

### THE EXECUTION.

" And now—my woman heart is steeled :—  
Call forth the bravest of the brave,  
Your reapers of the crimson field,  
To whom the battle yell is breath,  
To look upon a woman's death !"

*Cleopatra.—Am. Mo. Mag.*

It was already night—though the summits of the distant Appenines yet glowed with crimson rays, which, gradually passing to the higher peaks, at length were lost in the surrounding gloom. The moon was rising behind Vesuvius, and poured, at intervals, a partial light on the waters of the Bay ; while the soft breeze, fresh from its wanderings amid the foliage of the orange grove and the aloe, mingled its murmuring with the evening song of the laborer, as he wended his way homeward, or the hymn of the fisherman on the seashore, in gratitude to his patron saint for a night so propitious to his favorite occupation.

A large and sumptuously decorated apartment in Castel Nuovo, the royal abode at Naples, contained two inmates at the hour we mention. Through the opened casements that overlooked the sea streamed the moon's rays, but they were half overpowered by the brilliance of a silver lamp that stood on a table in the centre of the room. The apartment gave evidence, in the tastefulness of its ornaments, of female occupation ; a drapery of crimson damask, broided with silver flowers, and adorned with various devices, hung around the walls ; and a lute, covered with a delicate net of gold and mother of pearl, was fastened by a green ribbon to a writing-table of polished wood, rich with marquetry, on which were carelessly thrown books richly bound and clasped with gold, and a parchment covered with musical notes. All was quiet, save the incessant surging of the waves against the old walls, or now and then a murmur of distant voices, or a burst of laughter from the lower chambers, where soldiers and pages were carousing over their evening repast.

The chamber, as we observed, was tenanted by two females,

but of very different appearance. One of them in age approached the verge of human life ; but, though deep lines in her speaking countenance betokened the years with their wonted burden of sorrow that had passed over her, there was nothing in her form, yet stately, though worn to almost superhuman leanness by the workings of the restless spirit within—or in her eyes, dark, wild, and often terrible in their strange lustre—to mark the decrepitude that generally accompanies extreme old age. It seemed as if Time, which had blighted the beauty of early years, had only strengthened and hardened the fabric he strove to destroy. The firmness of a spirit, more than masculine in its courage, had sufficed to resist the inroads of the enemy, thus compelled to exhaust his efforts upon the outworks of the apparently impregnable citadel. So we have seen some aged oak, with foliage long ago scattered by the wild winds of autumn, or buried in the snows of winter, still defying in its pride the power of the blast, that swept harmlessly over its withered head, to bow down many a stately scion of the forest ! Those striking features were now overspread with a deep shade of sadness ; it might be from too vivid recollection of recent scenes ; it might be from an undefined presentiment of what the future had in store.

Philippa, the Catanese—for it was no other—reclined on a couch, the back of which, shaped like a winged dragon of gold, supported the arm on which her head was drooped. Her robe was of black velvet, with large silken sleeves ; the flowing trains that were the fashion of the day, well became the majestic height of her person.

The other female, young and beautiful, formed the most perfect contrast imaginable to her companion. Her figure was slight and fragile, with that peculiar pliancy which marks youth and delicacy of nurture, the more interesting from the aspect of dependence—ever claiming aid from others, as conscious of weakness in itself. She wore a robe of blue, bordered with cloth of silver, and a tight vesture of velvet ; her rich abundance of dark curls, partially confined by a ribbon, fell over a neck of alabaster. If her features displayed not the dignity of her companion, a confiding gentleness—a tender sweetness, were visible in their expression—a mildness, beautiful as that which shines in the most charming pictures of Leonardo da Vinci, where maiden modesty renders more exquisite the portraiture of feeling or of thought.

She was kneeling beside her aged relative ; one arm caressingly rested on her shoulder, the other hand pointed to an open scroll that lay on Philippa's lap. Her accents were those of remonstrance and entreaty ; she was imploring the Cata-

nese to fly from dangers vaguely hinted at in the warning despatch before them, which the kindness of a friendly noble had sent.

Since the mysterious murder of Joanna's husband—Andrew of Hungary—at Aversa, and the failure of government agents to detect the perpetrators of the deed, suspicion had been artfully excited against those more immediately about the person of the queen. Information of the peril in which she stood, and the probability that she would herself be impeached ere long as the author of the crime, had been conveyed to Philippa; but she was too high-minded to shrink from danger.

"It may not be!" said she, at length; "my flight would but furnish proof to them; nor would I, to save my poor residue of life, do aught to countenance such slander."

"Wherefore not retire for a season till the storm be blown over? Surely the counsel of Costanzo is sincere!"

"*Sancha mia*—I have no fears. I would the lords of the council, every one of them, might read the scroll!—Come, sit by me, child of my care—nay, wipe away those tears—and learn if I have cause to dread or repine at reverse, who have known it all my life as a bosom friend! Thine existence, *Cara*, has passed in the sunshine of a court; thou knowest when my summers were few as thine, I was a stranger to courts and the world. They call me fortunate who know of my sudden rise to wealth and rank from the humble lot of my nativity; their sympathy would weep for me, knew they that I left happiness behind in my lowly valley!"

Sancha looked up with a wondering gaze into the eyes of her companion.

"I say truly. I was the daughter of poverty; yet in the years of childhood did I know my destiny a proud one—for a sybil foretold it me, and I dreamed but of future greatness. Often have I wandered till midnight on the seashore, watching the receding of distant sails, indulging in idle fantasies till my brain burned, and I would have wildly claimed from the winds and the waves the power to burst my spirit's thralldom! I panted for the world—the unknown world—which to my vision showed fair and golden, like clouds embosomed on the distant sea. I panted for it—though quiet happiness could have been mine in obscurity, and the love of *one* who would have died for me! The day of my advancement came at last. I was elevated to splendor, to a high post at court; and left my native spot, my father's house, my rustic lover, my betrothed! without one sigh of regret or of remorse for broken faith! My royal master and mistress loved me, and in proof of their esteem, gave me as a husband, one high in rank and honor, of

ancient blood. On the day we were wedded, at a tourney which I attended with my mistress, Queen Violante, my attention was arrested by the antics of a *jongleur*, who amused the crowd by dancing and leaping to the sound of a viol, at the same time throwing oranges into the air, and catching them one by one. As I looked from the gallery, he suddenly turned and threw one into my lap. The outer rind was scored with the letters of my name; within was the fragment of a chain of gold I had shared in days past with my lover, as a pledge of constancy. He had died—died cursing my falsehood! for never, never would he have surrendered the token save with life!

"How bitterly my heart smote me as I gazed on it! Sancha! that moment of self-reproach outweighed all the gratifications of rank and pomp! It was the first time, amid my heedless ambition, I had felt the sting; thenceforth it poisoned all life's enjoyments. The thought of him on whose heart I had trampled in my first step to splendor, disenchanted mine eyes for ever. I moved amidst the gaze of wonder and envy a being of blighted heart! Should my death be in shame and anguish, it cannot wipe away that guilt!"

"Yet faithful hast thou been, O Philippa, in every duty since ——" pleaded the soft low voice of her grand-daughter.

"I loved my royal foster-child, and devoted life to him. Ever shunning the companionship of the court, soon the envy of familiars fixed on me the hateful charge of *sorcery*. Nay, my mistress herself incurred deep censure for my sake; for, well said Paschal—'We must always stoop when we raise people from the ground.' One lesson have seventy years of change and disappointment taught me,—the lesson of resignation! And now, though I have grown old in watching over the hope of Naples, I wait with patience the blast that may tear up this withered tree by the roots, and destroy its place for ever!"

"God forbid!" was the exclamation of Sancha, as the door of the apartment opened, and a page entering, commanded their attendance in the grand hall.

Small and melancholy of late had been the circle in the queen's apartment; since the dreadful night at Aversa her gaiety was gone. Harassed by continual anxiety, the more incessant as she was engrossed with the new cares of a mother; vexed by conflicting counsels, her frame attenuated by the wearing of a disturbed spirit; galled by the foul scandals to which she was too well aware her every action gave rise; she had yet determined, with the advice of a deputation from the nobility and the governors of the city, to take upon herself the government of the land. Her first act, after forming her council, was to take measures for the detection and punishment of

the murderers of her husband. Edicts were affixed to the walls of her palace, and in all public places; and in presence of the assembled barons she signed a commission empowering Hugh de Baux, a noble of high honor and esteemed ability, to seek out and bring to justice all the guilty, "from hall and bower, from hearth and sanctuary, without respect of persons."

Already had De Baux, in the exercise of his terrible office, seized many of the chamberlains of the court; the wretched victims were tortured in the palace of the Duke of Durazzo—under the very eye of that fierce prince; who can marvel if the testimony wrung from them was such as should be most gratifying to him, who labored to elevate himself by the destruction of his queen? The incoherent disclosures of the sufferers were communicated to De Baux; and on that night the haughty Durazzo repaired to the presence of his mistress, secretly exulting in the growing success of his machinations.

Surrounded by the members of her household and her most familiar friends, whom she had summoned at the demand of De Baux for admission in the prosecution of his office, the Queen, on this evening, was wholly unsuspecting of the new and unexpected blow so soon to fall on her. Her robe of deep mourning, destitute of ornament, accorded with the sadness and the expression of care on her beautiful face—the first-fruit of her ill-starred royalty! She wore a black veil, that could be drawn at pleasure over her countenance.

A deep silence prevailed through the circle at the entrance of the commissioner; every breath was hushed as he passed through the hall, and having paid his salutation to the sovereign, advanced, and, with the customary form of accusation, arrested Philippa, and her grand-daughter, the Countess of Murzano.

Amazement, terror, and at last irrepressible indignation, took possession of the Queen. She had started to her feet at the first appalling announcement, and stood pale and motionless for a few seconds' space; then, the rich blood again mantling cheek and brow, she hastily advanced. "What is this, my lords?" she exclaimed, in accents of deep feeling and still deeper scorn; "we trow—this touches us too nearly! Shame on thee, Sir Hugh!" she continued, addressing the commissioner, while her eyes flashed displeasure; "we gave you power, as a true servant of the state, and one zealous for the honor of your sovereign, not as the weak churl who can be swayed by the lightest breath of calumny!"

"Fairly and honorably, oh Queen, hath he quitted him of  
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his trust!" cried the deep hoarse voice of Durazzo; "I pledge my knightly word in witness——"

"What would your grace?" interrupted Joanna, turning to the Duke, and speaking in tones of bitter irony. "We know your gentleness and courtesy, fair kinsman; aye, and your love to ourself! We should be bounden, sooth, for your vigilance—so far surpassing our own! Yet pardon if we dispute your jurisdiction over the ladies of the bed-chamber!"

"Your Majesty would not protect the guilty? You may not, if you would," replied the Duke, rudely. "Your commissioner holds, at this moment, the recorded confessions of *six* criminals, who have this day undergone the question—accusing yonder dames as their accomplices. Surrender them, then, to the just doom that awaits them."

"*Never* will I surrender them! Take rather mine own life! Base, base are ye, and inhuman—striving to fix a stain like this upon the fame of your mistress! *Never*—while the lips of Joanna can uncloseto utter a command—while she has vassals ready to start at her bidding—aye, and to smite down tyranny and insolence—*NEVER* shall they be surrendered to you!"

We know not what the overbearing insolence of Durazzo might have prompted in reply, but the dispute was terminated by Philippa herself. Approaching with her wonted air of majesty, she kissed the hand of the Queen. "Let me depart, O gracious and beloved mistress!" she said; "let me depart with your officer, to answer the foul charge before the tribunal. Believe me, it needs but encounter. Truth will—must triumph in the end." Then turning to De Baux, "I go with you," she said, "of mine own free will!"

Durazzo was disconcerted at this ready submission where he expected resistance; he stepped back abashed; but the Queen gave way to the burst of grief, and flinging her arms round her aged nurse, wept so long and bitterly, that the sternest in the circle was moved at the sight of such anguish in one so young and lovely. There was a general movement; some cried shame upon Durazzo; some ranged themselves round her, as if to shield Joanna from her kinsman. Thrice, silently invoking a blessing, did the old Countess bend over the fair head that lay on her bosom; clasping Joanna in a last embrace, she turned to follow the guard.

"Not so!" cried the Queen, yet struggling with emotion; "you shall not go hence in shame, as if already condemned! Nay, in this I will be heard! Let the examination proceed; in the face of all Naples will I proclaim your innocence!"

"Alas!" was the reply, "it would but brand with rebuke unmerited a nobler and a holier head than mine! I will meet



the peril ; a brief prison will be no hardship even to these aged limbs, if truth prevail through me ! Sancha, my beloved ! it is a sorer trial for youth like thine ; but our cause is a righteous one !”

The party moved towards the door ; Joanna sprang forward as they stirred, and grasped Durazzo's arm imploringly.

“It is in your hands, oh spare an aged and faithful servant ! Promise me, her restraint shall be brief—it is but to satisfy the people !”

“Madam ! it is not I who am judge in this matter,” returned the Duke, assuming, however, in his tone and manner, all the authority his words disclaimed. “For your sake”—and the insulting emphasis brought the indignant blood like lightning to the Queen's cheek—“we will hope her acquittal !”

To save even the life of her only friend, Joanna could not have uttered one word more. The implied imputation was already known to her through the warnings of the deputation of lords, who had judged it fitting to inform her of the slanders in circulation. Had she obeyed the impulse of her indignation, it would have been repelled with scorn ; but her instinctive delicacy taught her it was unbecoming that a queen should condescend to protest her innocence of a crime so horrible. The exhibition even of a consciousness of being suspected, would have degraded her in the eyes of her subjects ; and though her bosom burned with just anger, which prompted her to the punishment of the bold traitors who had dared breathe a calumny against her fame, she silently endured the revolting suspicion, shielded by no bulwark save innocence from the shafts of malice. Her sole resource was to conform to the sad destiny of kings—which forbids them to trust in any !

With indecorous haste the council decided upon the fate of Philippa and the Countess Sancha. Their final examination by the horrible “question” was appointed to take place on the morrow ; yet the prospect of torture and death was fraught with far less anguish to the Catanese than the thought of her youthful relative—condemned, in the pride of health and beauty, to share the same fate. It seemed, however, as if misfortune had given new strength and energy to the drooping frame of the young Countess. She strove to cheer her companion ; and when the weariness consequent on her mental suffering overpowered Philippa, would talk of hope, that still brightened her own spirit, though all was dark before them. The night advanced—the last night in their dungeon ; and the two spent its hours in prayer, till the younger sank into sleep, forgetful even of the horrors to be heralded by the dawn. To Philippa death had no terrors, for the energy of a mind subjected to life-long

trials, lifted her above the nameless dread that so generally accompanied the idea of death. She had long outlived the period when externals have power to dazzle; the affections of her soul had centred in her royal charge and in her children. Yet, though she knew both her sons in the power of her persecutors, accused of the same crime for which she was to suffer, even the prospect of their doom was less bitter to her than the calamities she saw impending over the head of the Queen—than the sight of her companion in suffering, stretched on their dungeon couch, and looking so pale and lovely in her slumber, that the very heart of the gazer was melted. “Wo is me!” she cried, “that this flower too must perish!” and, raising the masses of dark hair, she kissed the marble forehead of the sleeper. Slowly then she rose, and throwing a mantle over her person, moved towards the narrow window of their cell. The dawn was breaking mistily over the city. The range of domes and spires were distinctly visible, and beyond them the blue expanse of the sea. A few lights were yet burning in the distant apartments of the palace; and the thoughts of the captive wandered from her own sorrow to the certain anguish of *one*, who, though paramount in dignity, had no power to save her trusted confidant from a shameful death. Truly has it been observed, that if no other sorrow had ever marked the life of the Queen of Naples, her crown was dearly purchased by her agony then—when she knew that the playmate of her infancy, the gentle companion of her youth, and she, who had been to her in the light of a mother, whom her royal predecessors had loved and honored, who had closed the eyes of so many of her ancestors, were to perish almost before her eyes: while she, who knew their innocence, was not only forbidden by *policy* to protect them, but even to relieve their sufferings by her presence. Nay, it was in her name the executioner would lift the axe or light the torch! And Joanna knew—every tear the force of ancient affection drew forth—every shudder of anguish at this rupture of ancient ties, to which the heart clings more deeply in sorrow—was watched with jealous scrutiny, was branded as a proof of her participation in their guilt. The whispers of suspicion and disaffection had been rife even within the palace; open rebellion was talked of among many of the haughty barons of the realm; what resource had a young sovereign, thus beset, but to sacrifice her bosom’s deepest feelings to the dictates of *policy*, that involved the welfare of her kingdom? Such was the resolve to which Joanna had been driven; to which the lofty-minded Catanese had urged her on their final parting—when the anguish of the unfortunate Queen prompted her to risk all, to her very reputation,

for their rescue. Joanna still hoped—for hope ever lingers in the breast of the young; with Philippa it had been long extinct.

As the sun rose, tinging the waves with purple light, melted in the distance to ruddy gold, and reflected from the burnished domes and palaces like rays of silver, the populace might be seen crowding the mole and the streets near the sea-shore, to witness the horrid spectacle of the examination of the prisoners. It had been determined that this should take place in sight of all; though the spectators were kept at a distance by guarded palisades, to admit of their seeing all that passed without hearing the declarations of the sufferers. Each arrangement was a part of that policy which aimed at the destruction of the youthful Queen, by poisoning the minds of her subjects.

A slight bustle in the prison court, and the clash of weapons announced to the prisoners that the hour was come, even before the door opened, displaying a band of soldiers ready to conduct them. Both were prepared; but the bright, enthusiastic fortitude which had sustained the youthful Sancha through the terrors of her imprisonment, failed to nerve her frame for this trying hour. Reduced by fatigue and fear to almost infantine weakness, she reclined languidly beside the pallet, her face pallid as marble, and her hands clasped in silent prayer. The officer and guards appointed to convey them to torture, approached to bear her from the couch to the sledge; but Philippa waved them off; and while tears—the first that had bedewed in many days that withered cheek—slid slowly down her face, and the anguish of her spirit for the child of her love was apparent in the working of her expressive features—took the hand of her grand-daughter, and led her forth. Proudly she paused ere they crossed the threshold of the dungeon, and wiped away that evidence of grief; then, disdaining all assistance, with a mien as majestic as when she moved honored among the noblest of the land, seated herself in the rude car, supporting on her bosom, with fond solicitude, the frailer being whose youthful vigor proved a less sure support in the hour of calamity, than the energy of will born alone of the unconquered soul!

A new trial awaited Philippa; a tall figure, wrapped in a mantle of the fashion worn by the priesthood, confronted her when about to move on this her last journey. She drew herself up with dignity as she addressed him.

"Is it to behold how his victims meet death that the noble Durazzo honors them with his presence? He may scarce ex-

pect from the weakness of female nature the iron nerve of his warriors."

"Nay, I am here," muttered the Duke, in a tone as conciliatory as his haughty nature would permit, "I am here as your friend. Nay, hear me out; my counsel can preserve you, even yet, from the death you are to die, and yon drooping dame from tortures more terrible than death."

The expression of sullen scorn on Philippa's speaking countenance, vanished into one of intense grief at the allusion to her grand-daughter.

"Thou say'st well!" she cried; "a thousand deaths would I endure to free this lamb from the grasp of the wolf! I will endure thy *counsel*, aye, and thank thee, if it yield aid! Speak—what may be done?"

"Disclose the names of your accomplices in this matter," said Durazzo, slowly, and fixing his eyes on her face. "We wot well the project was conceived by a higher than thou; confess, and with thee and this lady all shall yet be well!"

The Catanese lifted her eyes to those of the Duke, gazing as though she would read his very soul—till his own quailed before their indignant flash! "God reward thee," said she, "according to thy evil thought! And oh, may the Holy Virgin protect my royal mistress from thy base devisings!"

Durazzo felt his unholy purpose detected, stripped bare to the glance of virtuous abhorrence. He strove to cover his confusion beneath compassionate remonstrance. "Woman," he replied, "your hardihood cannot shield the guilty; confession will save yourself."

"How gracious is your Highness!" returned the victim with a contemptuous smile; "Who shall say that aught but princely compassion and clemency hath led the lofty Durazzo to parley with the condemned? Who shall say he shows not true zeal for the honor of his Queen, whose realms he would inherit? Who shall say ——"

"Your obstinacy be upon your own head!" said the Duke, muttering curses as he strode away; but, returning almost immediately, he pointed to the half lifeless form of Sancha.

"Wilt thou cast away also *her* chance of safety? The young and the fair love not to part with life."

"Even to her," was the unmoved reply, "life would be worthless if bought by falsehood!" And the procession moved on.

It was, in truth, a moving spectacle to see that aged dame, whose years, even had she been less innocent, should have arrested the arm of vengeance—whose long services had won the

affection of royal bosoms—who had seen nobles at her feet, and controlled by her influence the destinies of an empire,—dragged to an infamous death—taunted in her last hours by enemies and persecutors—yet silently enduring all, anxious only to shelter and sustain the fainting one beside her—and, literally, to smoothe her passage to the grave! The rabble surrounding the car emulated each the other in heaping coward insults on the head of the victim; dust was flung upon her as she passed; every tongue upbraided her; and the execrations, and shouts of rejoicing over the downfall of the supposed sorceress and murderess, at times rose to a perfect yell of fury. It was often with difficulty the guard could open a way, so eagerly did the misguided populace throng to vent the rage that had been artfully roused among them.

There was one, however, who wept bitter and burning tears at the tidings of their fate; one who would have knelt humbly before the rudest of those rude ministers, and prayed, as for the boon of life, for permission to embrace for the last time the beloved sufferers; yet was that solace denied her! In agony of spirit that defied all consolation, in paroxysms of despair that terrified her attendants, Joanna paced the floor of her apartment the whole of that fatal night. Coldly, bitterly, she repelled the entreaties of her women—spurning every offer at relief—till the dreaded dawn brought to her ears the hateful shouts of the populace—the din of preparation—the hoarse sound of the bells clanging the death-peal, followed by the ominous silence which told that the fearful tragedy was even then enacting! The revulsion of feeling overpowered her; prostrate on her couch she lay, the succession of quick convulsive sobs that burst from her bosom alone marking her sensibility to mental suffering. One by one the hours passed; the occasional tramp of cavalry, as they swept along the street, would arouse her for a moment, to sink again into the delirium of wretchedness.

Meanwhile a work was wrought upon the sea-shore—in the very smile of that lovely sky, the fairest the inhabitants of earth look upon—which caused the hearts of men to shudder, and blanched the boldest cheek even among the persecutors. It was done! the decrepit Philippa, racked by tortures that would have prostrated many a vigorous frame, and subdued many a manly spirit, but which had been powerless to extort a murmur from her lip, was borne towards the place of final execution. Sancha was not with her; the strength of the younger had sunk under the ghastly inflictions of her judges, and she had been withdrawn to be restored to life and sense to endure

the last punishment, for which the stake and the pile were ready ! It may seem incredible, that in an age when "the gallantry of man in lovelier woman's cause" was carried to a pitch of devotion, when knightly honor and the virtues of justice and clemency were so widely lauded and boasted, and often practised in heroic deeds, that such barbarities could have been heaped on beings tenderly nurtured, whose charms and whose weakness constitute their acknowledged claim to the protection and gentleness of men. But so it was ; the deeds of depravity which disgraced those times entitled them, more than any deficiency of knowledge, to the appellation of *the dark ages*. The sun of literature had arisen upon Italy ; her proudest luminaries were then in their zenith, and the homage of mankind had already begun to distinguish her as pre-eminent in the noble arts. It was the moral world that was overspread with a deep and appalling gloom ; in which principles and institutions were confounded and overwhelmed ; a chaos wilder than that of the primitive elements. An imperfect illumination, like the struggling rays of starlight, was shed on the darkness by the spirit of chivalry ; while the precepts of Christianity, perverted and abused, were deprived of their legitimate power to soothe and relieve the ills of humanity. The noble then held his rank and rights by mere brute force ; they depended on territorial possessions. The peer, whose vassals could to-day defend his strong-hold, might to-morrow find himself unhonored, as well as landless ; the companion in condition of the menial whom he had spurned. The instability of all things led to selfish and reckless ambition. The boundaries of kingdoms were insecure ; rapine and violence took the place of law, and rude discord and insubordination were the consequence among all ranks. Human life, especially the life of an inferior, was valued at a cheap rate ; and crimes passed unpunished, nay, were boasted of, which in juster times would have banished the criminal from the brotherhood of men.

The effects of the tortures she had undergone were fearfully visible in the exhausted frame of Philippa. She leaned back helplessly on the sledge ; her gray hair torn and matted with blood, or streaming in disorder ; her white lips convulsed and covered with foam ; the superhuman paleness of her features wildly contrasting with the fire that yet burned in her eyes, as she surveyed her tormentors with an expression of scorn and defiance that pain could not subdue. As they stopped at the foot of the scaffold—for the more merciful doom of the axe was vouchsafed to her who had reared their monarch in her arms—

the Bishop drew nigh in his official robes, his holy book open, and addressed the victim, to mock her with the offer of reprieve!

"Philippa of Catania! I repeat, as I have thrice done this day already, and for the last time, the offer of mercy. Confess thy guilt; name thy accomplices; and in the name of the Queen, I give thee pardon, and space to repent in thy remaining days!"

Philippa looked up; there was a smile on her wan lips, the dews of death were already on her brow.

"Wilt thou accept mercy?" said the official, "or is yonder axe thy choice?"

"God will not suffer you," she said, in slow and feeble accents, "there to spill my blood, nor to wreak further cruelty on these exhausted limbs!"

"Sayest thou!" shouted the fierce Durazzo, riding up to the spot as he heard her reply. "*Capo di Dio!* doth she yet defy us! Speak, woman, or take thy leave of the sun's light!"

The voice of her cruel enemy roused the expiring energy of life in the bosom of the Catanese. "I will speak!" she cried—her tones suddenly changed from their former hollowness, now ringing loud and clear—"and He, Durazzo, who reads the depths of that unholy bosom, knows that I speak truth! I but pity you, hoary dotard! aye, and the deceived people whom thy satellites have wrought to frenzy—of thee, Charles of Durazzo, will the innocent blood be required! The spirit of prophecy is upon me! As thou hast wrought with the sword, so shalt thou perish by the sword! Not in the ranks of battle—not in the glory of conflict—but in the hour of trust, in the embrace of courtesy—by treachery, foul as thyself hast devised! by menial hands—dishonored and unrevenged! For her whose holy innocence thou would'st dare wrong, whose name thou would'st blacken—clear as yon radiant sun shall her fame shine to the eyes of men, when thou, Duke, liest in the dust!"

"Accursed sorceress!" cried Durazzo; "to the block with her!" and his soldiers rushed to execute his commands, but started back when they came nigh, as if struck by a spell. She was already dead! That flash of her ancient spirit was the last; yet, though life had departed, the frame was still upright; the right arm she had stretched upwards in the vehemence of her anathema was still erect, as if appealing for its confirmation to that immortal Judge to whom belongeth vengeance, and whose wrath, like a flaming fire, "shall devour the wicked."

Disappointment, doubt, superstitious fear, racked by turns the breast of the fierce noble. Slowly he left the ground, for he felt that his work had been in vain; from that hour all he

could win must be won by blood. And determination as stern, but how far nobler than his own, was born in another spirit. Joanna cast that hour from her heart the abused softness, the lacerated feelings which had till now caused the woman to pre-dominate over the Queen ; the careless gaiety, the youthful vivacity, the childish trust, henceforward to be strangers to her bosom. The soil of her best affections, a bleak and melancholy waste ; life, stripped of the golden radiance of hope, she was henceforth no more to dream of uniting the happiness of the individual with the duty of the sovereign. The sun of her morning, which had ridden forth so proudly in a smiling heaven, was buried in the cold gloom of premature twilight ; a sullen darkness heralded the thunders that were ere long to roll, and the lightnings that were to flash, lurid and deadly, "between the day-god and its scattered worshippers."

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### SPRING IN NEW-ENGLAND.

"Mutat terra vices."—*Hor.*

BENEATH Europa's milder skies

The Spring in early beauty dawns,  
And gently, as the Winter flies,

Pursues him o'er the bright'ning lawns,  
With soothing smile, with tender tear,  
The morning twilight of the year.

Not thus, with glory gently glowing,

Light on our shores her timid train,  
Not here, a gradual grace bestowing,

She glides a vision o'er the plain  
With such a soft and peaceful air,  
As scarce to seem that change is there.



Oh, no! a wild, capricious dame,  
To us she comes as bent on strife,  
Now breathing an impassion'd flame,  
And then the veriest scold in life—  
Ardent to-day as heart can bear,  
To-morrow chilling as despair.

Yet wayward oft, and borne on storms  
With scowling brow, and voice of wrath,  
At whose shrill call the tempest forms,  
To scatter ruin round her path,  
Where, thrown as from reluctant hand,  
Her scanty gifts have reach'd the land;

Still, when a smile that brow unbends  
We hail it with enraptured gaze,  
Forget how short the charm it lends,  
A charm that ev'ry frown repays,  
And view, as from the tomb of night  
A thousand beauties wake to light.

The earth her verdant velvet shows,  
The trees with trembling life expand,  
As round them graceful Nature throws  
The leafy robe and flow'ry band,  
And from aurelian Winter springs  
The flash of Summer's golden wings.

'Tis this that breathes enchantment round,  
With power to milder climes unknown,  
And in this bursting change is found,  
A charm, a splendor, all its own!  
So, Martin! by thy art pourtrayed,  
Breaks the bright beam from deepest shade.

S. A. C.

*Dorchester, Massachusetts.*

## THE ANALYST, NO. II.

### INQUISITIVENESS.

A THIRST for knowledge of every kind has been regarded, and justly, as one of the chief traits in the intellectual character of man. Checked by a wise moderation, it is one of the noblest incentives to inquiry and improvement; but when directed to objects of slight value, or of no value whatever, it dwindles down into a petty curiosity. This is the offspring of a vacant and whiffling mind, too frivolous to grasp at anything of real importance, but just active enough to exert its powers to no possible advantage. This is, indeed, a busy idleness in its most contemptible sense. More than this, it is frequently productive of great harm by the fostering of two evils. These are, a habit of talking silly gossip merely for the sake of talk, and the still worse and more injurious habit (or rather vice) of cold-blooded, malicious scandal.

Curiosity is the besetting sin of all weak persons, and of those who are separated from the rest of the world by distance or peculiar pursuits. In general, the persons most affected with this disease (for it is as much one as a fever or the itch), are, old persons, (women more particularly,) old maids, and children. It is a general stigma against country towns and villages, that this vice flourishes in them with the greatest rankness. But I believe it is (if possible) found to grow with still greater luxuriance in secluded and out of the way districts, where a few families live within a mile or two of each other, composing a community not, as (might be expected), of friends, but rather of rivals. In a future paper we hope to be able to depict the state of feeling and manner of intercourse subsisting between persons in such a situation. In towns and large cities, where the population is so much vaster, the diversity of interests so much wider, and where personal feelings are merged in the general and public welfare, it is very different. In the latter, where every occurrence of consequence is rapidly circulated, this weed has but little room to grow. Next door neighbors are perfect strangers in the city; whereas in the country the lineage of every family within ten miles is as well known as that of one's own kindred. The repositories of all traditionary information—the old people—are versed in the occupations, way of life, characters and tempers, of all their

neighbors for half a century back. They can tell what distemper neighbor A's colt and eldest son both died of in a certain year, and they are deep in the family history of Mr. B.; deacon C's estate is computed to a copper, while the lawyer and squire are estimated as worth nothing in more than one sense.

Inquisitiveness was a slur formerly cast upon the Athenian character, as it is at the present day upon the inhabitants of New-England.

In both instances it arose from the excessive quickness and ingenuity of each people; but even, allowing it to stand, neither have any reason to be ashamed of it in general, though it may be oppressive in particular cases, for it has led the latter to discoveries and improvements which none but "a guesser" could ever have conceived. The Athenians also have done so much in every department, and have so splendidly excelled in whatever is truly great, that this defect may readily be granted them as an offset to their brilliant achievements. They went about, we are told, asking "if there was any new thing;" and truly their successors on the stage have not lost a whit of this propensity.

One of the chief characteristics of modern society is the craving and morbid appetite for novelty. This feeling appears to result from the progressive spirit of the age, which will not allow its contemporaries any subjects of inquiry but those just passing or near at hand. For the past there seems to be no respect or sympathy. There is no retrospection; or if, as in a few cases, there is any, it is generally indulged to favor our own pretensions, and to elevate us above our forefathers. The avidity with which news is gathered is the support of the newspaper press, which, from motives of interest, pampers this desire to an incalculable degree. There are some persons who read nothing but newspapers, and whose whole stock of knowledge is derived from them. This accounts pretty plainly for the superficial character of modern political assemblies, and the ease with which they are gulled by a skilful politician, with their eyes open.

But to return:—Inquisitiveness is found most strong in elderly persons, who live retired in the country. Having no access to the current news of the day, they are effectually shut out from general sympathy, so, much so that when a stranger comes along in the shape of a visiter, he undergoes all the racking questions of the Inquisition itself. My aunt Betsy Fidget, in other respects as worthy a soul as ever breathed, is perfect mistress of this species of examination. I have often thought she would have made a capital lawyer. She probes to

the quick ; her conversation is a catechism—question and answer—and carried on with the precision and exactness of a commission of interrogatories. She is very expert at pumping. Affecting an air of indifference, and a desultory vein of conversation, she will pin one down to facts as if under oath ; and in answering her slightest queries, I feel as if any attempt at equivocation would be no less than flat perjury. This is well enough when you are disposed to carry on the jest, but if not in the humor for it, I am generally afflicted with a sudden loss of memory, and ignorance of persons and circumstances quite suspicious.

Those who talk much, will always say more than they really know ; and the worst of the matter is, that those who wish to extract from you materials for their dish of tea-table scandal, will always quote you as the author of it, and thereby give you the credit of promulgating voluntarily what was obtained with difficulty and unwillingness. Scandal is the chief evil, as we have before observed, arising from this passion for news.

Children are inquisitive, because their minds are opening and ready recipients of knowledge of every sort. But they confirm our natural hatred of scandal, by soundly flogging those of their own age who carry tales, or make themselves obnoxious as spies or listeners. They expel the offender from their little circle, and thus give another proof of the natural sense of justice and right.

The other defect growing out of an indulgence in this folly, is the habit such persons fall into of running around, picking up tit-bits of gossip, and retailing them with as much sauce piquante as they can furnish.

The two classes into which these last-mentioned persons may be divided, are political quidnuncs, and literary quacks. The latter, to begin with him who has the highest pretensions, is a most insufferable coxcomb, with just enough of learning to expose his ignorance ; enough of wit to show his folly, and enough of artificial taste to discover the want of correct judgment, he sets up as universal critic and censor general. His opinions are encyclopedical, and embrace the whole compass of art, science, and literature. Besides these, he has his own claims to prefer, and declares himself a proficient in every species of composition. He has the reputation of being a finished Latinist, and cannot write a sentence of common English. In short, he bears the same resemblance to the genuine author and true literary character, as a certain well known-quadruped. whose voice is a bray, does to the noble fleet courser of Arabia. In point of information, he is remarkable for knowing when a certain work, which was never designed save in his imagina-

tion, will come out ; what work a celebrated author is at present upon, and how long the heroic poem on the aboriginal Indians will employ Mr. R. He gives himself out as hand and glove with the most popular authors of the day ; and will tell you with a knowing wink, that a well-known hand is engaged upon the life of Mohammed.

The political quidnunc is by no means so universal in his pretensions. No ! not he, having more serious business on hand, perhaps the election of the next mayor, and his mind is engrossed by vast plans for the public good, probably sinking a pump, or laying pipes in front of his own door. He is a very amusing character indeed ; but I need not go far in delineating him, since he has been painted to the very life in Addison's admirable portrait of the political upholsterer.

Besides the expression of curiosity in impertinent and useless questions, it is frequently manifested in looks and general manner. It is seen in an inquiring glance, or an eager desire for information imprinted on the countenance ; it is of the most unpleasant sort. You may reply to questions or rebuke the querist, but looks cannot be so easily controlled. There are people whose habitual look is a vacant stare mingled with an inquisitive prying gaze. Such an one will eye every mouthful you swallow, every motion you make, and indeed every thing you do ; as if he were endeavoring to ascertain whether you were the man who picked his pocket, or an old jail-bird whom he has seen convicted at the Court of Sessions. Some also, who give themselves out as great judges of character, make good their boast by watching you closely, seeking to *find out all they can see*, and to discover the bent of your disposition by playing the part of an in-door watchman or body-guard.

Inquisitive persons, who sincerely mean to do you a service, commonly prove Marplots—spoiling every thing they undertake by their awkward management of it. They generally effect this purely from their good-nature, which flows undirected into channels where its presence is unwished and distasteful.

Akin to this temper of mind is an instinctive propensity to run after every species of wonders, and to indulge the sense of sight with all the monsters of creation, or all the pomp of ceremony. Observation is co-equal with the power of vision, though the former implies the presence of mental perception as well as of keen eyesight. The great mass of men are found to confirm this principle on every occasion ; so powerful is the passion for novelty, which has pervaded every class of the community. It is a great, though common error, to suppose the common mob alone enjoy these things. It is not so. They

have companions in sympathy among those who regard themselves as the most refined of mankind.

In fine, of all the pests of conversation, those who pelt their associates with inquiries at every turn, are the most insufferable. There is no reason or sense in it. It is merely the gratifying of a vain desire to acquire what is worthless when you have obtained it. It also argues a want of internal resources, to be obliged to sustain one's intellectual vigor on the concerns of neighbors or of the nation. A person must be possessed of a very thin stratum of original reflection, who is forced to know the opinions of others, and resembles those speculators who trade on another's capital without any means of their own.

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SONNET.

LADY, farewell ! my heart no more to thee  
Bends like the Parsee to the dawning Sun ;  
No more thy beauty lights the world for me,  
Or tips with gold the moments as they run.  
A cloud is on the landscape, and the beams  
That made the valleys so divinely fair,  
And scattered diamonds on the gliding streams,  
And crowned the mountains in their azure air—  
Are veiled forever !—Lady, fare thee well !  
Sadly as one who longeth for a sound  
To break the stillness of a deep profound,  
I turn and strike my frail, poetic shell :—  
Listen ! it is the last ; for thee alone  
My heart no more shall wake its sorrowing tone.

## REVIEWS.

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*Twice-told Tales*; by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: Boston. American Stationers' Co. John B. Russell, 1837.

A ROSE bathed and baptized in dew—a star in its first gentle emergence above the horizon—are types of the soul of Nathaniel Hawthorne; every vein of which (if we may so speak) is filled and instinct with beauty. It has expanded like a blossom, in the gay sunshine and sad shower, slowly and mutely to a rich and natural maturity. The “*Twice-told Tales*” are well worth twice telling. They are the offspring of a calm, meditative fancy, enlivened at times with a flickering ray of humor.

Minds, like Hawthorne's, seem to be the only ones suited to an American climate. Quiet and gentle intellect gives itself, in our country, oftener to literature, than intellect of a hardier and more robust kind. Men endowed with vigorous and sturdy faculties are, sooner or later, enticed to try their strength in the boisterous current of politics or the Pactolian stream of merchandize. Would that some few of them had the will and the energy to cast off the heavy fetters of politics, (or wear them lightly, if they needs must be worn,) and nurse their capacities for nobler tasks! Thus far American authors, who have been most triumphant in winning a name, have been of the gentler order. We can point to many Apollos, but Jove has not as yet assumed his thunder, nor hung his blazing shield in the sky.

Never can a nation be impregnated with the literary spirit by minor authors alone. They may ripple and play round the heart, and ensnare the affections, in their placid flow; but the national mind and imagination are to be borne along only on the ocean-stream of a great genius. Yet men like Hawthorne are not without their use; nay, they are the writers to smooth and prepare the path for nobler (but not better) visitants, by softening and ameliorating the public spirit. Of this latter class we know no better and no pleasanter companion than the author of “*Twice-told Tales*.” To be read fitly, he should be read in the right mood and at the proper hour. To be taken up in haste and opened at random, would do him great wrong.

He should be perused in the holy calm of a summer's eve, or in the contemplative cheerfulness of a shiny autumn morning. Reading thus, we will be charmed with the book and the author. Quiet beauties (unseen of vulgar eyes) will steal out, and win their entrance into the soul unawares. Pleasant thoughts will glide out of the silent page, and gain access to the affections; and as we muse over the closed volume, we will say to ourselves, "Surely life is a shadow, fringed with sunshine: sorrow is the main burthen of the history; happiness and gladness are merely episodes—and thus it passes away!" The copy of Hawthorne's *Tales*, which we chanced to peruse, had unfortunately fallen, before we received it, into the hands of one of those volunteer annotators, whose business it is to scribble on margins and at the foot of the page, erudite comments for the benefit of their successors. At the end of sundry stories in this duodecimo, *our* learned Theban has written "Poor!" "Slim and stupid!" &c. and at the close of the tale entitled "The Minister's Black Veil," he has affixed "Slim and Poor." Unknown and pitiable creature! whithersoever thy fate has, by this time, borne thee—a malison be upon thee—mayest thou fall into the hands of Philistines and attornies—and may thy next two notes (for thy hand-writing betrays thee mercantile) lie over at the bank! Poor drudge! thou hast wronged, foully wronged one of the finest spirits in the land; and in thy critical note on that last tale, (pregnant as it is with pathetic thought and profound meditation,) hast thou enlisted under Dogberry in the great Company of Dunces, and written thyself down an ass! Vanish, meanest of mankind, vanish—and give us leave once more to be with the author.

A writer like Hawthorne, who restricts himself to subjects in which individual feelings are expressed, is, of course, confined to a narrower range than the writer who undertakes to become the speaker for many kinds and classes of men. The essayist moves in a small and charmed circle; the novelist and the dramatic author have the circumference of the globe itself, in which to disport. The former, it is true, furnishes us with a more perfect mirror of the author's thoughts and actions, and lets us into the secret of his life; and hence arises the charm and the glory of the essay and the personal story. When a noble spirit, like Hawthorne, condescends to throw open to us the leaves of his private life, and to make us familiar with him in his little household of joys and sorrows, we should deal kindly with his errors, if any there be; and admire his gentle beauties with generous and heart-deep enthusiasm. The perusal of the "Twice-told Tales" has excited in us many feelings "too deep for tears."

We have been led by it to contemplate the author in the twilight of a dim regret, and to picture him to ourselves as a stricken deer in the forest of life.

Some rending and ever-remembered sorrow seems to hover about his thoughts, and color them with the shadow of their presence. Almost every story in the volume is filled with a pervading sadness.



In these pages sunshine is a transient visitor; cloud and darkness and a softer gloom, perpetual guests.

We think that the main peculiarity of Hawthorne, as a writer, and that which distinguishes him from any other with whom we are acquainted, is this same fine tone of sadness that pervades his best tales and sketches. One class of writings in this volume reminds us of Lamb, although without the antique, humorous, and high-sounding phrases which render the style of Elia so singular and profound of its kind. "The Rill from the Town-Pump" is very much in this vein.

A second class of Hawthorne's sketches rivals Irving himself in occasional graphic thoughts and phrases, and partakes not a little of his picturesque mode of viewing a topic. We would instance "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment," where four venerable personages, in the withered extreme of age, are transformed into as many gay, frisking creatures in "the happy prime of youth," by a draught from the famous Fountain of Youth. It struck us as a very apt companion-piece to Irving's "Mutability of Literature." "Fancy's Show-Box" has a sentence, here and there, flavored strongly with the Sketch Book humor. In the third species of writing in this volume, Hawthorne follows no model, imitates no predecessor, that we can recollect. He is himself. And these, to our mode of thinking, appear to be the gems and jewels of the work. The style is flowing, smooth, serious. The tone of the pieces, mellowed, calm, meditative. The manner of diffusing his subject, peculiar to himself, and original. The sketches and stories in which these characteristics predominate, outnumber, as might be expected, those of a different kind. "Sunday at Home," "The Wedding Knell," "The Minister's Black Veil," "The Prophetic Pictures," "Sights from a Steeple," are as fine essays of their kind as may be found in the English language. In fact, we scarcely know where to look for productions with which to compare them.

Many have written pathetic and mournful stories, many have indulged in a tender, moralizing sorrow, as they looked upon the world and humanity: this many have accomplished admirably—Addison, Mackenzie, Lamb, and others. But nowhere do you find the new strain in which Hawthorne so eloquently pours forth his individual feelings.

His pathos, we would call New England pathos, if we were not afraid it would excite a smile; it is the pathos of an American, a New Englander. It is redolent of the images, objects, thoughts, and feelings that spring up in that soil, and nowhere else. The author of "Twice-told Tales" is an honor to New England and to the country. These tales have passed through their first edition. When shall we have a second, enlarged by the delightful papers Mr. Hawthorne has lately produced?

*The Motley Book, a Series of Tales and Sketches*; by the late BEN. SMITH: with Illustrations, from designs, left by him with his literary Executors. Numbers I. and II. New-York: James Turney, Jr., 55 Gold-street.

THE character of this work is independent of the many temporary futile attempts in popular literature to engage the attention of the town. It aims at once for that higher rank, which is always readily awarded to the force of a polished style, a happy description of nature, a soul for humor, and a heart that throws itself into a pathetic tale. The two numbers before us give evidence of a happy style of thought and composition, which we have no doubt will be well supported in the future pages of the work. The contents before us are *an Address to the Merry Reader*, which details some of the pleasantries of the late Ben Smith, and his mode of inditing the volume of tales and sketches he left behind him, for the world. *Beelzebub and his Cart*, a legend of the city, that introduces sundry picturesque inhabitants, and a little old-fashioned man, in antique attire, Petrus Van Bombeler, the last Dutch schoolmaster of the elder times, who utters a denunciation against the city, giving it over to divers abominations, lawyers, quacks, mountebanks, and steam doctors, which has indubitably come to pass in these latter days. *Potter's Field*, a sketch of mingled humor and pathos, where the motley crowd of that burial-place start into life, with their burden of grief and sorrow. *Greasy Peterson*—a personification of the qualities of grocers and butter merchants—who, after several amusing passages of personal history, died of apoplexy “at two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day on which the celebrated Fat Ox, Billy Lambert, arrived in town;” and *The Adventures of Sol Claum*. This last tale occupies most of the second number. It is filled with character and incident. We have a quaint, witted fool, venting his mirth in all manner of conceits and far-drawn metaphors, made of those scraps and patches of thought, which are sometimes jumbled together with grotesque images in wise heads; a lawyer, Counsellor Doublet, who revives the ancient investiture of livery of seizin on an unsuspecting plot of ground in Westchester, and, baffled by a stout farmer, comes to New-York for his mandamus writ of privilege; a travelling keeper of a menagerie, P. Hyena Patchall; Dr. Nicholas Grim, cum multis aliis. It will be seen from this enumeration, that the work displays variety and versatility of talent, the charm of three pencil-drawn sketches of life and manners. The lights and shades are thrown in skilfully upon the picture, while the scene is mostly a cheerful, bright one. The author writes with a keen eye, observant of all the beauties of earth and heaven, and the various traits of humor freely scattered through society. With these he blends many fine sympathies and qualities of goodness in human character. He sits down to write a tale; and, not content with the bare incident, which would

suffice an ordinary writer, throws in, with liberal profusion, feelings, fancies, conceits, and a hundred by-traits, which draw the reader on to an intimacy with the writer. No one will regret this acquaintanceship with the papers of the late Ben Smith; which lay up for him a fund of lively images—pregnant vagaries of thought to greet him along his way in happy moments. The humorist is, generally, a man of the world, who has seen different aspects of society in real life, and by a happy constitutional temperament, transfers them to books. We have here also the subtle shadowy conceptions of the wit and scholar, rising above mere pleasantry. Let the writer go on cheerfully with his pen in his contributions to the stock of pleasant literature, adding to the enjoyment of all the lovers of pleasant reading.

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*Sonnets*; by EDWARD MOXON: London: 1837. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 75.

A MORE tasteful and elegant bijou than this, seldom appears on the booksellers' shelves. The embellishments are beautiful; the type is beautiful; the paper beautiful; the cover beautiful; and the bit of delicate morocco on the back, showing in golden letters, the word "*Sonnets*," is also beautiful. The secret of all this exterior beauty is explained, when we come to know that the author has exercised the secret of his craft, in presenting to the public a volume which must at all events do him honor in this single respect. Let us look a little into Mr. Moxon's merits as a poet, and see whether he has not claims in this capacity, also, upon our favorable consideration.

We had not read these *Sonnets* when we read the sarcastic criticism on them in the *London Quarterly Review*, and knew little more about the Sonneteer, than that he was a friend and favorite of Charles Lamb; yet were we convinced that the critique was unjust—evidently the work of some rude hand, careless of the way-side flowers of Poesy. Indeed, Mr. Moxon's verses are very full of flowers and flowerets—and this is one carping point for the *Quarterly Reviewer*. It certainly seems that the poet's fancy revels on beds of roses—we will cite all the instances of his excessive fondness for the children of the sunshine and the shower:

"My love she is a lonely, but sweet *flower*!"  
 "—thence through *flowery* meads they stray."  
 "Oh, happy thought, tho' but of hope the *flower*!"  
 "To climb their *flowery* heights"  
 "—an infant like that spring *flower* sweet,"  
 "Bring me a posie of the choicest *flowers*,"  
 "—hope blends  
 "Her lilies with fear's dark contrasted *flowers*."

" And like the *flower* thou to their strength must yield,"  
 " That strew'at with *flowers* the winter of our way,"  
 " Groves, streams, dells, *flowers* in solemn silence sleep"  
 " By classic Cam a lovely *flow'ret* grew,"  
 " Than was this *flower*, rejoicing in the glee"  
 " My Tuscan *Flow'ret* of that claim the glory"  
 " There is a *flower* that never changeth hue"  
 " And in this *flower* all things renounce their sadness"  
 " And Twick'nam's *flowery* meads fair maids invite"  
     " nor stone, nor *flower* appears"  
 " What ! neither *flower* nor cypress on the grave"  
     " wild *flowers* bloom."  
 " *Flowers* of rich fragrance and of every hue"  
 " The *flowers* that open not at morn nor (or ?) eve"  
     " while nymphs with *flowers*  
 The groves and meadows paint !"  
 " I've doted on thy songs and on thy *flowers*."  
     " She who ascends  
 With me this *flowery* bank doth bless thy face."

All this confusion of sweets is hidden in fifty-four sonnets ; no great use of flowers for a lover of the more tender beauties of nature, like Mr. Moxon.

The "Sonnets" are divided into two parts : twenty-seven written in 1830, and twenty-seven more in 1835. Those in the latter part evince a commendable degree of improvement. There is a care and a nicety in their construction which protect them from any charge of false taste. They never rise to any high degree of excellence, nor do they fall so low as mediocrity. You cannot apply to them the sarcasm

" So middling bad were better."

They are evidently the effusions of a quiet, meditative spirit, the emanations of a mind not capable of originating fervid thoughts, but open as day to the melting influences of poetry. We are great lovers of the sonnet, as the readers of this Magazine must be aware. It is a small and pleasant cage for a winged fancy, confining its flight within fourteen measured bars. It binds the bright idea, as it were with jesses, preventing it from wandering loosely abroad, and over too much space. We have a lively sympathy with the man who voluntarily limits his "image, sentiment, and feeling," to the Sonnet. As an instance of the pleasant guise with which Mr. Moxon invests his reflections, take this, from his First Part.

" How sweet the moon is climbing heaven's hill !  
     The night seems just as if for gallants made ;  
     Her silver light gives courage, while the shade  
 In dim disguise the Lover hides. How still  
 And yet how musical ! Methinks I hear  
     A voice in every tree, as tho' they loved ;  
     And at this hour towards each other moved ;  
 So loving seems the night, so soft and clear.

Groves, streams, dells, flowers in solemn silence sleep :  
 While from yon terrace or high-castled tower,  
 A pale light glimmers, which bespeaks the bower  
 Where Love expectant breathless watch doth keep ;  
 Herself the star, eclipsing those above her,  
 That shines, and to her chamber lights her Lover."

The following we think the best in the collection. It is the third in the Second Part.

" The cygnet crested on the purple water ;  
 The fawn at play beside its graceful dam ;  
 On cowslip bank, in spring, the artless lamb ;  
*The hawthorn rob'd in white, May's fragrant daughter ;*  
 The willow weeping o'er the silent stream ;  
 The rich laburnum with its golden show ;  
 The fairy vision of a poet's dream ;  
 On summer's eve earth's many-colored bow ;  
 Diana at her bath ; Aurora bright ;  
 The dove that sits and singeth o'er her woes ;  
 The star of eve ; the lilly, child of light ;  
 Fair Venus self, as from the sea she rose !  
 Imagine these, and I in truth will prove  
 They are not half so fair as she I love."

There are two poor lines in the above, the seventh and the last ; the seventh, because it introduces a chimera for an illustration among objects that were, or were supposed to be, real ; the last, because it is made up of monosyllables, and ends the strain with a feeble, tinkling sound. Such verses as these cannot please the man who is predetermined to be "nothing if not critical ;" but to one whose heart is alive to the finer sympathies, they will be as welcome as the flute that Goldsmith played to the peasant in Switzerland. The ear that has not been vitiated by the bravuras of an Italian *prima donna*, may listen with content to the melody of an old English refrain. We close our notice with a touching tribute, paid by the author to the memory of Charles Lamb. The invocation to heaven for Mary Lamb, the Bridget of Elia, is touchingly beautiful.

" Here sleeps beneath this bank, where daisies grow,  
 The kindest sprite earth holds within her breast ;  
 In such a spot, I would this frame should rest,  
 When I to join my friend far hence shall go.  
 His only mate is now the minstrel lark,  
 Who chants her morning music o'er his bed,  
 Save she who comes each evening, ere the bark  
 Of watch-dog gathers drowsy folds, to shed  
 A sister's tears. Kind Heaven ! upon her head  
 Do thou in dove-like guise thy spirit pour,  
 And in her aged path some flow'rets spread,  
 Of earthly joy, should Time for her in store,  
 Have weary days and nights, ere she shall greet  
 Him whom she longs in Paradise to meet."

*The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club.* By CHARLES DICKENS. With fifty-four Illustrations; by R. Seymour, Phiz, and Crowquill. New-York: James Turney, 55 Gold-street. 1838.

WE cannot too much commend the enterprize of Mr. Turney, in giving us this accurate re-print of the English edition of the *Pickwick Papers*.

The enterprize of publishing works in numbers, with plates, is a new one in this country, and deserves the applause and patronage of the public.

It is not our purpose, at the present time, to write an elaborate criticism of the character of Dickens's writings. Some future opportunity may offer for such a criticism, accompanied, as it should be, to be satisfactory and thorough, with an analysis of humor, and an examination of the sources from which it springs.

Merely expressing, as we pass, a high admiration for Boz, and our profound enjoyment of his life-like sketches, we wish to avail ourselves of the occasion to say a word touching the present relative conditions of British and American literature. A careful observer may have noted, that since the year 1800, (taking that as a fair starting-post for our own authors,) every movement in the common literature of the two countries has originated on the other side of the Atlantic. During the whole of that period, not a single work has issued from the American press which has created what is styled a sensation in English literature: not one that has been the founder or forerunner of a school of writing: not one that has exercised (to our knowledge) even a transient influence over the writings of the day. Where this is the case, it almost seems that there must be some radical defect, some want of national energy, of intellect, of original powers and commanding character of mind. We will name three British writers, who, within that time, have most sensibly agitated the republic of letters, and our meaning will be more clearly understood.

Byron, in passionate poetry: Scott, in romantic verse: and, lastly, Boz, in humorous composition. Granting that such men as Scott and Byron are almost miracles and wonders even in their own country; that they had sources of inspiration which no American can enjoy; we would ask, if it is necessary that we should import our humor, as well as our high-wrought fiction and lofty verse from abroad? Are we so sad-colored a people, so sombre in our character and habits in all that surrounds us and makes part of our daily life, that we find nothing to awaken laughter or kindle smiles? Have we no grotesque faces here; no oddly-accounted men and women; no gamesome passages in aught that is said and happens about us, that we must await the pleasure of a foreign humorist before we can venture to be merry? Do we stand shivering in a cold anti-

chamber, this side of the ocean, until it pleases the king's jester to come forth and give us a joke ! Since Knickerbocker's History of New-York, no single work of first-rate humor has appeared among us. And what is the cause ? Have we no humorous writers ; none capable of painting the burlesque, the comic, the ludicrous ? Doubtless we have ; but the truth seems to lie here. Of all writers the humorous require most fostering and encouragement. "They write not for themselves, but others." Poets live upon their own strains, which are "world enough" for them. Philosophers and historians—sitting upon their calm pinnacles of contemplation—may patiently await the arbitrament and award of Time. But your humorist, like your comedian, must have his praises paid at once. If they lie over a single day, ten chances to one his works become dead paper ; his gay ardor is quenched, his quill is blunted—he is a wit no more.

We close our present observations, which might be greatly extended and urged, with the hope that writers of humor and wit may spring up amongst us ; and that, whenever they shall arise, they may be welcomed warmly, and worthily regarded by their American brethren.

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*Select Orations of Cicero, with an English Commentary, and Historical, Geographical, and Legal Indexes.* By CHARLES ANTHON, L. L. D., Jay-Professor of Ancient Literature in Columbia College, and Rector of the Grammar School. New-York : Harper and Brothers, &c. 1837. pp. 518.

THE labors of Professor Anthon, in preparing his editions of the Latin classics, cannot be too highly appreciated. There is nothing slight or superficial about them ; they discover a profound acquaintance with the whole range of classical literature, and evince an unwearied desire to throw open to the youthful student all the sources of illustration that can be made to bear upon his author, The tyro who enters upon the study of one of these editions, is furnished with a complete apparatus of facilities to aid his progress. In this respect the student of the present day has great reason to congratulate himself on the advantages he enjoys over his predecessors in the same pursuits, who were compelled, dictionary in hand, to grope their uncertain way, without any such collateral aid, through the mazes of Roman inversions, and the obscurity of unexplained idioms. All this labor-saving machinery is the work of a recent period, and one of the consequences should be the extension of classical knowledge beyond the limits formerly assigned to the range of study in our schools and colleges. The standard of scholarship should be raised by adding to the list of authors studied, as

well as by securing a more accurate acquaintance with their respective works.

The *CICERO* of Dr. Anthon is far before all former American editions of the Roman orator in the extent of the notes and illustrations,—which occupy nearly three-fourths of the volume. To those who are familiar with the Sallust of the same editor, nothing need be said of the character of his labors. Their completeness is not the only merit they possess; the notes are written in so clear and perspicuous a style, that they certainly do not require, like the old-fashioned commentaries, to be translated themselves into intelligible English.

We trust that the series is to be continued, and that we shall have the benefit of the Professor's labors in other works of the Roman writers which are put into the hands of students in our classical institutions; all of which require the same skilful illustration that has been applied to those already published under his editorial care.

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*The French Revolution.* A History, in three volumes. By THOMAS CARLYLE. Three volumes in one. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown. 2 vols. 12mo., pp. 422. 470.

THE readers of Sartor Resartus will at once recognize the style and something of the manner of that work in this very extraordinary production; a style and manner, we shall perhaps be told, not very suitable for history, but we may reply,—neither is this a history. It is a picture book, a series of sketches of the striking scenes of the Revolution, touched with a power which brings everything before you, enchains your interest, and makes you read on in spite of a prejudice against the artifice and affectation of the diction,—to which at last you become reconciled, though perhaps never quite cordially. Carlyle's mind has become completely Germanized. His odd turns of expression are often literal translations of German idioms, his strange words are German, and the texture of his thought seems now to have German threads every where woven into it. It is difficult to recognize in such writings as Sartor Resartus and this so-called History the author of the *Life of Schiller*; and, much as we like the "History," and strongly as we are disposed to recommend its perusal, we still think the strength of the writer would have shown itself to more advantage if his language had been simple, and our attention less diverted from his thoughts to his words. Still, you may condemn all this, you may get angry at it and scold about it, if you please; but if you begin to read the book, you will read it on to the end.



## MISCELLANIES.

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### THE SUB-TREASURY BILL.

ARE we living in the Nineteenth or the Ninth Century? Have ten years of popular intoxication and madness completely changed the character of the American people? Are Brennus and his Gauls within the Capitol again, casting their swords into the scale which weighs down the ransom of a people? Is the world destined to live over again the days when the Quæstors went forth attended by their lictors to gather the taxes of a flourishing and wealthy Province, and left it a monument of rapine and desolation?—when the name of *publican*, or tax-gatherer, was synonymous with all that is rapacious, dishonorable, and odious? No, no! The answer has already gone forth from the ballot-boxes. The People have spoken their will in tones of thunder! Even were it possible that Congress could be brought to give its sanction to Mr. Wright's bill of abominations, the decision would be without moral force or effect. It would be like a judgment of a County Sessions reversing a solemn decision of the Supreme Court of the United States. It would be simply the political suicide of some seven score of desperate individuals, of whom at least one third have already been peremptorily instructed that they outrage the wishes and deride the prayers of their constituents. It might linger on our statute-books a brief year or two, and then be swept thence by the stern fury of public indignation, to be saved from oblivion but by its infamy.

As we write, the final question has not been taken in the Senate; we know not, and scarcely care, what the result there will be. Indeed, we could almost wish that the present Senate would pass this bill—it seems almost fitting that it should; but it would add little to the unenviable distinction already achieved by it in the passage of the Sub-Treasury Bill of the Extra Session. It seems to us so utterly beyond the scope of possibility that this bill should pass the House, that we should be quite content to see it carried through the Senate to be signally rebuked in the House; secure at last in the knowledge that, even though executive influence were successful with the Representatives of the people, it could never corrupt the people themselves. The sixteen States which have already recorded their verdict against the project, sustained by the four others now panting for an opportunity to do so, form a barrier against which the waves of faction and misrule will dash ever in vain. The passage of the bill, therefore, were it possible, would only the more signally seal the fate of its projectors.

The opening speech of Mr. Wright in defence of this ruinous measure, elicits the warmest praise of his fellow-partisans. Their adulation is judiciously bestowed; the speech is, doubtless, the best which could have been made by any one on that side of the question. Patient, ingenious, sophistical, but, above all, perfectly placid and urbane in temper; it is one of the highest achievements of the

school of politicians to which Mr. Wright belongs. Yet, how completely is it annihilated by the far briefer but most conclusive reply of Mr. Webster. The great New Englander never is seen to such advantage as when contrasted with a professor of subtleties and indirections, of special pleading and of logical niceties, like Mr. Wright. It is in the massiveness, in the cogency, in the multiplicity and in the force of the home-truths which he urges, that we feel the power of his mighty mind. We do not remark the beauty or aptness of his reasonings and illustrations, we are struck only by the exceeding plainness, the undeniable verity of his premises and conclusions. His sentiments do not come upon us like new truth which has been brought home to our understanding, but like that which we have always known and cherished as palpable and immutable; and if we have ever failed to feel its force, it must have been from forgetfulness or inattention. It is this homeliness and cogency of diction which renders Mr. Webster, though not the most imposing, yet the most impressive and convincing of public speakers. What can be more cogent than the following?

"As I have said, sir, I had no faith at all in the promises of the Administration, made before and at that time, and constantly repeated. I felt no confidence whatever in the whole project; I deemed it rash, headstrong, and presumptuous, to the last degree. And at the risk of the charge of some offence against good taste, I will read a paragraph from some remarks of mine, in February, 1834, which sufficiently show what my opinion and my apprehensions then were:

"I have already endeavored to warn the country against irredeemable paper; against bank paper, when banks do not pay specie for their own notes; against that miserable, abominable, and fraudulent policy, which attempts to give value to any paper of any bank, one single moment longer than such paper is redeemable on demand in gold and silver. And I wish most solemnly and earnestly to repeat that warning. *I see danger of that state of things ahead. I see IMMINENT DANGER THAT MORE OR FEWER OF THE STATE BANKS WILL STOP SPECIE PAYMENT.* The late measure of the Secretary, and the infatuation with which it seems to be supported, tend directly and strongly to that result. Under pretence then of a design to return to a currency which shall be all specie, we are likely to have a currency in which there shall be no specie at all. *We are in danger of being overwhelmed with irredeemable paper—mere paper, representing not gold nor silver; no, sir, representing nothing but BROKEN PROMISES, BAD FAITH, BANKRUPT CORPORATIONS, CHEATED CREDITORS, AND A RUINED PEOPLE!*"

"And now, Sir, we see the upshot of the Experiment. We see around us bankrupt corporations and broken promises; but we see no promises, more really and emphatically broken, than all those promises of the Administration which gave us assurance of a better currency. These promises, now broken, notoriously and openly broken, if they cannot be performed, ought at least to be acknowledged. The Government ought not, in common fairness and common honesty, to deny its own responsibility, seek to escape from the demands of the people, and to hide itself out of the way and beyond the reach of the process of public opinion, by retreating into this Sub-Treasury System. Let it, at least, come forth; let it bear a part of honesty and candor; let it confess its promises if it cannot perform them; and, above all, now, even now, at this late hour, let it renounce schemes and projects, the inventions of presumption and the resorts of desperation, and let it address itself, in all good faith, to the great work of restoring the currency by approved and constitutional means."

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REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY ON THE EXPLORING EXPEDITION.—  
Since the publication of our last number, we have the Report of the Secretary of the Navy, made in obedience to a resolution of the House of Representatives,

of the 7th of December last, on the causes of delay in the sailing of the Exploring Expedition. We think no one can rise from its perusal without being thoroughly convinced of the correctness of the ground we have taken in this matter, viz: the utter unfitness of the squadron prepared under the immediate direction of Commodore Jones as *exploring vessels*, and their complete inutility as vessels for survey.

The various causes which have delayed the sailing of the expedition, are plainly and distinctly set forth in the Report. We trust that all who have heretofore been lavish of their censure upon the Secretary, will do him the justice carefully to examine the facts he has set forth. We have no hesitation in declaring our belief, that the Secretary is free from any blame in delaying the sailing of the expedition—that he has not only given *readily*, every facility which lay in his power, but even gone beyond, in some instances, the rules of the Department, in order to hasten its departure—he has in all cases consulted the wishes, demands, and even whims, of its first commander; and at every point has been met by fresh difficulties and exorbitant demands. The only blame, in truth, we can lay to the Secretary, is, that when he plainly saw, at the suggestion of Commodore Jones, Gen. Jackson consented to enlarge the whole expedition to three times the extent which the Act of Congress authorized, he did not more strongly protest against it.—When, too, he foresaw all the difficulties and troubles which have since arisen, and that the original objects of the expedition were to be sacrificed to personal *gratification*, we would have had him denounce it, and openly oppose the measures which have brought so much ridicule upon the whole matter. We know the measure of opprobrium this would have brought upon him from certain quarters; but it would have saved more persons than one from the mortifications which the facts detailed in his report must heap upon them.

The Report of the Secretary establishes the following facts:—

That the Act of the 14th May, 1836, authorized the President to send out a surveying and exploring expedition; to employ a sloop of war, and such other small vessels as might be proper and necessary; appropriating therefor the sum of *one hundred and fifty thousand dollars*; and authorising the President to add one hundred and fifty thousand dollars if it should be found requisite.

That if the expedition had been confined to one sloop of war, a brig and a schooner, *as was evidently the intention of Congress*, with a small scientific corps, and such instruments and books as could have been procured in this country, it might have sailed before the meeting of Congress in 1836.

That the confidence Gen. Jackson placed in Commodore Jones induced him to rely upon his (Jones's) opinion as to the proper force to be employed.

That in the opinion of Commodore Jones one frigate of the second class, one store ship, two barques or brigs, and one schooner, were indispensably necessary; that measures were accordingly taken for preparing these vessels; and that he (Jones) was authorized to visit the Navy Yards at Boston, New-York, and Philadelphia, *as often as he should think proper*, for the purpose of giving the necessary directions.

That as all this would cost more for its outfit than the whole sum appropriated for the expedition, it could not leave our coast until further appropriations should be made. That it became necessary to increase the number of the scientific corps, and send to England for books and instruments.

That at this time (August, 1836,) it became necessary to fit out a squadron for the Pacific and another for the coast of Brazil; and that great difficulty would evidently take place in procuring seamen for the exploring expedition, which was fully and explicitly stated to Commodore Jones; who gave assurances, that if he were authorised to enlist seamen for this particular service, under his own superintendence, he would have a sufficient number in readiness before the vessels could be got ready.

That although this proposition was assented to, no more than two hundred and fifty-eight seamen, ordinary seamen and boys, had been recruited up to the ensuing February; more than enough for the expedition, as intended by Congress; but not half enough for the squadron of Commodore Jones, who required *six hundred and three men*, exclusive of the scientific corps.

That the Secretary wished to employ, as far as practicable, officers of the

Navy distinguished for scientific attainments; and among others, Lieuts. Slidell and Wilkes; that Commodore Jones objected to both; that these objections appeared, to the President and Secretary, as totally unfounded and unjust; but that they were not ordered to join the squadron because there was no probability of concert of action between Com. Jones and these officers.

That from this time the Secretary made no further attempts to secure the services of such officers for the expedition; and from that period much reluctance has been manifested on the part of officers to join the expedition, and a great number were excused at their own earnest solicitation.

That further appropriations were not made by Congress until the 3d of March, 1837; and that in the mean time it was uncertain whether Congress would sanction the sending a larger squadron than at first authorized.

That Lieut. Tatnall having made a voyage to Mexico in one of the vessels intended for the expedition, reported unfavorably of her sailing; and that after Com. Jones himself had made an experimental cruise with the barques and schooner, he recommended that they should go into Dry Dock for examination; and that he (Jones) demanded another schooner to be added to the expedition.

That after such examination, alterations were made as early as practicable, under the direction of a board of officers, consisting of Commodores Chauncey, Morris, Warrington, Patterson, and Wadsworth; but before these alterations were completed, Com. Jones discovered that the cooking galleys, for the purpose of using anthracite coal, put on board the vessels by *his order*, would not answer the purpose; that others were ordered on the first of August, and finished early in October.

That on the 8th of September the Secretary gave Com. Jones permission to purchase another schooner—which he did, for the sum of eight thousand dollars; and authorized him also to put the necessary repairs upon this vessel; which was done by Com. Jones at a sum exceeding the original cost of the vessel.

That at the special request of Com. Jones, the Secretary issued, on the 26th of September, sailing orders for the squadron to proceed to New-York; where it arrived on the 16th of October.

That before leaving Norfolk, Com. Jones issued a general order, giving a most flattering account of the expedition, leaving no doubt it would be under sail for the southern hemisphere in a few days.

That at a meeting of Com. Jones with the scientific corps, held at Philadelphia in July, at the suggestion of the Secretary, arrangements were made, which the Secretary understood to be satisfactory to Com. Jones and the corps; but it seems to have had no beneficial effect; as the instruments, books, furniture, and articles of various description, required by these gentlemen, are greater in bulk than can be provided for in all the ships of the squadron.

That the Secretary placed in the hands of Com. Jones the sum of five thousand dollars, to be disposed of for such articles as he might think proper; and twelve thousand dollars in the hands of his purser for the like purpose. These were variations from the regulations governing expenditures for the navy, but appeared to be justified by circumstances.

That on the 10th of November, the Secretary issued his sailing orders, to be carried into effect as soon as the vessels were ready. That at the time of giving these orders there was more than two months' work required upon the vessels, of which the Secretary had not been informed by Com. Jones.

That among other causes of delay after this, was the desertion of one hundred and fifty-five of the seamen, landmen, and boys—after receiving three months' pay.

That after the withdrawal of Com. Jones, the command was offered to many officers, who successively declined it.

That serious doubts still existing, as to the vessels composing the squadron, a new board of officers were appointed to decide in the matter; consisting of Commodores Hull, Biddle, and Anlick; that they have recommended important alterations—that Capt. Gregory has been ordered to the command, and that the expedition will sail as soon as practicable.

That the board of officers, composed of Commodores Chauncey, Morris, Warrington, Patterson, and Wadsworth, as well as that of Commodores Hull, Bid-

die, and Aulick, declared that, had they been consulted at the outset, they never should have recommended such vessels for the expedition as were prepared under Com. Jones's direction.

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**PRE-EMPTION.**—The Senate of the United States has passed a bill, granting the privilege of pre-emption, or of purchasing a half section of the Public Lands, at the minimum price, to all actual settlers thereon on the first of December last; the law to continue in force for two years ensuing. We do not object to the details of this law, which are as simple and as perfect as could well have been devised; but our hostility to the principle of pre-emption is of the most determined character. We regard it as a robbery of the whole people, who are the owners of these lands; especially to those of the old states; and we cannot doubt that it is the prolific source of perjuries, frauds, the corrupt morals and innumerable evils to the West. It must, in the nature of things, induce a gambling spirit of adventure; a desire and a hope to become wealthy, by seizing upon some choice and highly-valuable tract of land by pre-emption, instead of acquiring an independence more slowly, yet more surely, by the patient pursuits of industry. In short, the whole matter is morally and politically wrong. Every man knows that in the settlement, even of the rudest district of country, there will be found particular locations, which, from some peculiarity of soil or of timber—from the possession of water power for mills, or a position at the head of navigation on a river, will be worth fifty to one hundred times as much as the surrounding country. The carefully digested and well-settled details of our existing land system provide that these shall first be sold at public auction to the highest bidder, and afterward the entire remainder of the tract shall be open to entry by every one at the minimum price of a dollar and a quarter per acre. What can be fairer or more just than this? Ought these choice sections, worth a hundred dollars per acre before an axe is struck into them, to be caught up by the first adventurer who can snatch them, at a dollar and a quarter? What a farce is made of the law which provides for sales by auction of such sections, when you authorize and encourage every man to help himself to them! Who does not know that there will never be a foot of choice land to sell at auction while pre-emption flourishes and is fostered. Who does not see that few choice spirits will be content to remain ingloriously at home, raising wheat at a dollar a bushel, when there are so many inviting opportunities to realize a fortune by establishing a "claim" on the site of a future metropolis or port of entry? Who does not know that the temptation, here held out to intrusions upon the Indians, to false oaths in relation to times of settlement and to iniquity in general, are most glaring! And finally, who does not see that the whole business of giving one man ten thousand dollars' worth of land for two hundred, while his neighbors receive but the worth of their money, is an outrage against all the canons of political justice and political economy; and, in its consequences, destructive of industry, morals, and frugality? The West will yet bitterly feel the consequences of this policy, if it be established and persisted in.

The bill passed the Senate by a vote of 30 to 18—three more in its favor than an absolute majority. We yet entertain strong hopes that it will be defeated in the House.

**THE STATE CURRENCY.**—It were a needless infliction of pain to inform the *some* readers of the Monthly, that the smaller denominations of paper currency which now fill in a good degree the channels of circulation in our city, are next to unbearable. One dollar rags from New-England, issued by Banks which shiver in every breeze; decent shin-plasters from New-Jersey, and shabbier trash from every where; the new "wild cat" banks of Michigan, the exhaled "free Banks" of Canada, the promises of domestic swindlers and the very ingenious imitations of counterfeiters, combining to form the staple. From this state of things the people of New-York cry for deliverance, and the remedy they demand is the repeal of the law of 1835, which prohibits the emission and circulation of bank notes under the denomination of five dollars.

A bill, framed in accordance with the requisition of 50,000 petitioners, passed the Assembly of this State at an early period of its session. It was thence sent to the Senate, and there retained three weeks. At the expiration of this period, it was sent back a totally different bill in substance and title; in short, as was exultingly written beforehand from Albany to the Washington Globe—"so mutilated, that its Whig fathers would not know their offspring." In its new shape, the bill proposed, not a repeal of the obnoxious law, but a suspension for two years, and required that the Banks should pay every dollar in specie from the day of its issue. Of course this was intended but to mock the demands of the people. No bank would have issued a dollar under existing circumstances; and if any had done so, the notes would be immediately returned for specie. Not one would have remained in circulation. The Assembly, therefore, very properly rejected this mockery, and returned the bill. Nothing can be more absurd than to require a Bank to pay one portion of its debts in specie, while you admit the necessity of withholding it on another portion. To redeem in part, is merely to withdraw the denominations redeemed from circulation, and render the currency decidedly worse than it was before. It is precisely because we earnestly desire that the Banks should return to specie payments at the earliest moment, that we would wish them now allowed to issue notes redeemable as are their others. The resumption would thereby be greatly facilitated, and the natural demand for specie at their counters thereafter materially lessened. The issue of small notes, then, would be in more ways than one a serious relief to the community.

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**POLITICAL REGENERATION.**

THE present aspect of the times, though dark and gloomy, in itself considered, is not without cheering promise to the enlightened patriot. The bow of hope may tinge with radiant colours the blackest cloud, and even, when it precedes the sunset and the deepest night, augurs a bright morning. That our national distress seems, now, in some measure, relieved, does not, indeed, warrant the assurance that no greater calamities will befall us; that from henceforth our country will pursue a steady course toward her former prosperous condition; but we cannot doubt that, though hours of gloom may intervene, the dawn of our political regeneration is at hand. Changes, which prognosticate a wide-spread reformation in public opinion, have already taken place, surprising the most sanguine friends of good order and enlightened government; these need not be enumerated. It is our purpose to notice some of the present indications of that entire renovation of which these changes are but the commencement; which threatens with total overthrow the powers that now administer our national affairs, and promises relief, not only from the actual pressure of existing embarrassments, but also from that reign of folly and wickedness which has upheld the manifold abuses and high-handed usurpations, so long a part of the settled policy of our government.

We have reached that point of national existence when a much longer toleration of misrule, with its numerous political and social evils, is impossible. Either revolution—a revolution

of violence, and perhaps of blood—or renovation, must soon change the aspect of affairs. Let us then examine what reasons we may have for anticipating the latter, and then seek to determine the principles according to which such a renovation must proceed, in order, lastly, to discover the means proper to be employed in hastening its approach and assisting its advances.

Renovation or Revolution ! One of them is certainly before us, for deliverance or destruction ; and, as it seems to us, at no great distance. A government, so rapidly grown corrupt, must soon fall or undergo reform. What, then, is to save it from impending ruin ? It is an easily demonstrated proposition, that our country, from the nature of its institutions, is liable to no species of revolution, but that arising from disunion of the States. Any great and long-continued concentration of power in the general government seems impossible. The sword committed to the hands of our Executive can never hew down our liberties, so wide is the country's extent, so different the feelings and prejudices which prevail in its different sections, and so completely do the States hold in their own hands the means of self-defence. The influence of money, collected as a national revenue, and distributed to purchase the venal suffrages of the mob, though it has already been productive of deep-seated corruption, must, so far as available for purposes of usurpation, be short-lived. Services obtained by bribes always fail with an exhausted treasury. Where the original fund of wealth is sufficient to consummate the scheme of ambition, an usurper may triumph ; but a fund which depends on bribery for its supply, is like a machine set in motion, and then left to create, as well as transmit, the motive power ; the force of which, accumulated in fly-wheels, may prolong the action for a time, but is continually decreasing under numerous resistances.

How, then, are the other American republics kept in such continual commotion, frequently even by the ambitious aspirations of individuals ? Their case is widely different from our's. Their revolutions are brought about by the agitation of elements not yet settled since their first disturbance. Civil war, in those countries, has never been long enough suspended for the sword to lose its mastery. And, besides, the character of our Southern neighbours is exactly suited to perpetuate an inheritance of alternate misrule and anarchy. In morals, they are sunk far below us ; and either the apathy of slaves, or the licentious violence of banditti prevails in every class of their communities. Those lands are hot-beds for disorder and revolution : our's, the field where republican principles and institutions may be fairly tested—may confer their peculiar blessings, or prove their insufficiency for human government.



But, how many tocsin notes of alarm sound in our ears, warning us of the danger of disunion ! Some, who lay claim to great political sagacity, have echoed the fancied knell of our country's glory, and have wrought up their convictions to such a fearful certainty of the disaster, as even to excite a morbid longing for the verification of their prophecy. To us, however, the signs of the times seem to indicate that we are now farther from the verge of the precipice than, not long since, we had imagined ; perhaps farther than we really have been in days past ; though, indeed, our proximity can never be calculated, until the fatal plunge shall be made, and amid the ruins of the crash we call to mind our gradual or sudden course to destruction.

Strange as the opinion may appear to some, who have settled down into fixed modes of feeling and thinking on this subject, we believe that the changes which have taken place in the constitution of the federal judiciary, are among the most threatening symptoms of instability in our government. We shall not here institute any comparison between the talents or legal attainments of those who have lately been promoted to the bench of the Supreme Court, and of their predecessors : we shall not stay to inquire whether Chief Justice Taney is equal or superior to a Jay, an Ellsworth, or a Marshall, in strength of intellect, reach of comprehension, or the other numerous qualifications of a sound lawyer and accomplished statesman : with the principles, only, of these men shall we at present join issue. And their principles we seek for, not in the flippant, ultra-radical tirades of those friends of the administration, who exult in the complete revolution which the judiciary has undergone, and the prospect that a new system of jurisprudence will be established on the ruins of long-settled doctrines, and a train of consistent and profound decisions ; but in the published record of their own judgments. So widely have they departed from what has heretofore been called law ; such an utter disregard for the collected wisdom of the past have they exhibited, that hereafter no party who brings suit to their bar, can calculate the probability of success by any fixed principles ; but must find that the "glorious uncertainty of the law" is not a mere fiction of the vulgar fancy, at least as regards questions involving points at issue between different political parties. We need not here speak of the increased temptation which this uncertainty holds out to profligate litigants. To quote the opinions of those whom we have been taught to consider men of profound learning and almost oracular wisdom ; to draw from the deductions of past experience the maxim, that it is more important, to the happiness of a community, that laws should be well ascertained

and fixed, than that they should be exactly equitable, would only expose us to the scorn and ridicule of our modern legal theorists. Neither would the objection that the Supreme Court, in leaving settled principles, and depending on private ideas of justice, is exercising a legislative as well as a judicial power, have any weight in their estimation ; since they have grown so familiar with infringements by one branch of the government upon the rights and duties of another, as to have become long ago open apologists for these *abuses*, as we are accustomed to consider them. And, moreover, our object is merely to point out a particular evil—the danger of disunion—incurred by the ascendancy of such principles as now predominate in our Supreme Court.

The reader will remember, that one of the most important functions of this Court is, to decide controversies between States. Such a judicial power must be lodged somewhere, or each member of the Union must resort to arms for the redress of real or imagined grievances. History gives us many warnings on this subject. Before Maximilian established an Imperial Chamber to determine all disputes among the different members of the Germanic body, incessant wars distracted the whole empire ; this institution, however, soon appeased disorders, and restored universal tranquillity. But, in order that decrees of the Supreme Court should command the obedience of States possessing many of the attributes of sovereignty and the means of powerful resistance to the execution of its process, there should be a general confidence in its independence and competency ; above all, in its freedom from improper bias, as regards questions of party politics. Now, to us it is plain, that uniformity in the decisions of a court is absolutely necessary to the existence of confidence in the justice of its decrees. And the spectacle of a tribunal completely revolutionized by a party, and composed of party leaders, must, at once, arouse invincible prejudices—prejudices, in the present case, strengthened by an instant change of doctrine, and a new course of adjudication. We have already had an example of a State's nullifying a decree of the Supreme Court ; but, in general, its mandates have been obeyed with due deference. It is very easy to see how much the Union would be endangered if the power of this tribunal should frequently be set at naught.

But still, we do not apprehend any near danger of disunion from this source. A sudden and general convulsion produced by a judicial decision can happen only when a large number of the States shall be joined in litigating points of general concern, or shall be deeply interested, either politically or from sympathy, in the issue of some cause. And we do not know of

any such important question likely to come before the court. The grievances of individual States, touching matters of local interest, only, must accumulate, for a long time, before the disaffection can become so general as to produce division or a resort to violence. And, notwithstanding the permanent nature of this court, we hope for its regeneration, before an evil, increasing so gradually, shall have reached its height.

The History of the present Congress has greatly allayed our fears of disunion from any of the political questions which now agitate the country. The annexation of Texas and the abolition of slavery, two subjects, in the very names of which some persons imagine that they see a threatening omen of the instability of our government, seem to us stripped, in a great measure, by recent events, of the terrors which once enveloped them. The late movements of the Southern members of Congress have shown the weakness of the nullification party, and proved that a warm patriotism, and a strong uncompromising hostility to disunion, actuate a great majority of the delegates from slaveholding States : that few of them are prepared even to anticipate the crisis which shall warrant a separation of elements cemented together by the mingled blood of our fathers of both North and South. Strange that any, calling themselves patriots, should think of bartering their country's glory for a mess of pottage ! That, for every real or imaginary infringement of their rights, they should, as a first remedy, threaten to overturn institutions, to the establishment of which were dedicated the *lives*, the *fortunes*, and the *sacred honour*, of those whom we all profess to revere and emulate ! Our fathers suffered long, and even humbled themselves at the footstool of tyranny, to obtain redress, before they appealed to the God of battles for the decision of their controversy. Are, then, the feuds of brothers so implacable that the demon of civil war must be instantly invoked as arbiter ?

And the recent transactions of which we speak have shown, not only the weakness of the nullification party in general, but also, in particular, the utter prostration of their hitherto redoubtable leader, both in character and influence. He who, above all others, has gloried in the appellation of a nullifier ; whose every action speaks of a desire to rive asunder the North and South ; who has openly avowed that his patriotism is contracted by the limits of a single State ; that he has no political principles which do not bend to the exigencies of time and chance ; that he will even uphold abuses in the general government, which promise to be subservient to his schemes ; in short, that he hesitates not to "do evil that good may come"—what he calls good—his *summum bonum*—he has struck a sui-

cidal blow at his own honour and influence, which can scarcely survive the wound, though, indeed, death—political destruction—may linger for a time. Is it possible that Mr. Calhoun should ever regain that ascendancy which he has lost ; that he should ever rise to be a leader of a great party—to the place for which his undoubted talents qualify him ? Will any one say that he *now* takes the lead in supporting the measures of the administration ; that he is, in fact, at the head of those who have welcomed his apostacy ? Ah ! there the measures which he advocates support *him*, and for a while may bolster up a sinking reputation. The party estimate aright his capacity, and are willing to be followers in the direction which their settled policy has marked out ; but will they continue in his train when he leaves the object of general pursuit to press forward toward the accomplishment of his own scheme ? If not, how is he a leader, any more than the sagacious hound which the huntsman follows so long as it keeps a certain track, but pronounces to be at fault when it ceases for a moment to pursue the fated stag ? Mr. Calhoun has lately tested the disposition of the majority, with which he acts, to rank themselves under his banner, and submit at discretion to his command, by his recently offered resolutions, denouncing the “ interference ” of the North with the institutions and plans of the South. In the hour of trial his party was found wanting ; as a servant it valued him, but could not brook his mastery.

We are among those who regret, deeply, that the House of Representatives should have sanctioned any infringement of that right of petitioning Congress guaranteed by the Constitution. In the result of this measure we see nothing but evil—unmixed evil. The North will not submit calmly to such an attack upon its rights : it will not be crippled thereby in a single joint or sinew : only will fiercer passions be aroused ; and the South will find the abolition party, in appearance at least, augmented by multitudes rising up in defence of their chartered privileges, who doubtless will be ranked with that party, though very far from advocating its peculiar doctrines. These doctrines we abhor ; but had rather struggle, shoulder to shoulder with the abolitionist, in defending the Constitution, and bear, with him, the bitterest reproaches of the South, than surrender our dearest rights proving recreant to the plainest republican principles. No one can be more thoroughly persuaded of the madness of those who advocate an instantaneous emancipation of our negro slaves than are we ; but we are equally persuaded that a greater madness has characterized many of the Southern opponents of abolition, and has given to the latter all its real strength.

We do not, however, anticipate any dire results from this infringement of the right of petition. Did any such follow the passage of a resolution similar to Mr. Patton's, offered by Mr. Pinkney, at the last session of the twenty-fourth Congress? Doubtless the right, thus invaded, will be asserted with energy; and increased opposition to it will serve only to increase the number of petitions poured in from all parts of the country, and to call forth, in more frequent bursts, the fiery eloquence of their unflinching supporter, Mr. Adams. But this subject will soon be forgotten, in the agitation of another which must excite still deeper feelings—the Texas question. Of the result of that question we can but express our own anticipations, and shall do this in as few words as possible. If Texas be admitted to the Union, the South must be satisfied: its fear of the abolitionists must be at once quieted. And all opposition from this quarter being at an end, the fate of northern agitators will be sealed. If, on the other hand, admission be refused to Texas, our danger, certainly, will be greater; but we cannot think that such a decision, supported, as it doubtless will be, by a majority of its advocates, on Constitutional grounds, and not from any hostility to Southern institutions, can furnish a pretext to the avowed enemies of the Union, much less a conscientious reason to its friends for its dissolution.

It seems to us much more probable that our policy in regard to Texas, joined to other international difficulties, will bring upon us a foreign war, than that it will produce internal division. And a war drawing into action all our energies, though it must be a source of so great human misery that no philanthropist could hail its approach, would undoubtedly tend to consolidate the Union, and this in a variety of ways. It would at least create a national debt; and all our experience, since we have been out of debt, proves that this new burden would be a blessing. It is impossible to graduate the public revenue so precisely that it shall just equal the public wants; in times of peace the former must usually exceed the latter; but a surplus furnishes only another subject for exciting discussion in the Legislature, and another means of a corrupting influence to be wielded by the executive.

To sum up our conclusions, we believe that existing evils, which have arisen from the usurpation and abuses of the general government, will effect their own cure; and that we are not in much danger of disunion from any cause which now appears to be in active operation. If then we may confidently expect a complete political regeneration, it is important to inquire what will be its nature; according to what principles it will proceed, and what may be done to hasten its arrival.

May we expect a *moral* renovation, over the whole land, to be brought about by the universal spread of knowledge and religion—the only possible instruments of such a change? This we do not anticipate: it must be the work of ages, if effected at all by human agency. We anticipate a reformation more speedy than that which shall bless the whole earth, coming in with millennial glory. Is the nation so radically corrupt as to make its moral cleansing an essential preliminary to a political amelioration? Is there not, already, enough virtue and knowledge in the community to support our free institutions? The supposed republican principles which have admitted the outcasts and off-scouring of all other nations to fellowship in our rights and blessings, more beautiful in theory than beneficial in practice, have, indeed, opened numerous floodgates of pollution; but the waters of our noble estuary have not been much darkened by the muddy streams which replenish it. As there are depths in ocean which swallow up all impurities cast upon its bosom, while the clear, sparkling wave still rolls above, undefiled, so there are recesses in our soil which drain off the foul elements poured over it—the filth of human degradation mingling with its kindred earth, but the nobler parts of man's nature rising free from their sensual clogs. There is yet a moral strength among us sufficient to throw off a much greater load than that under which the nation now labours; it is necessary only that our energies should be called into action, and properly applied, in order that we should regain all that has been lost.

There is, indeed, a tendency to moral reform in the result of that process by which power changes hands, passing from one party to another, where the change is not brought about by physical force. An "opposition" generally increases in patriotism and public virtue, while an administration party tends toward corruption. The reason of this is evident. Power is the only agent of corruption: with political ascendancy is acquired the chief means of bad influence; and those exposed to the temptations of success and office must be virtuous indeed to preserve their integrity. Many, whose characters have before been immaculate, yield at once with scarce a struggle: very few come forth from the ordeal, on whom the "smell of fire has not passed." On the other hand, even the vilest politician, when he ranks among the opponents of government, frequently becomes, not from principle but from habit, a patriot. He is no longer exposed to the same perverting influence as when serving a dominant party; and now, with an ever-watchful eye, he scans the course of the administration, detecting every blunder and every fault in office-holders. His continual clamor against evil-doers must, at length, have some reacting influence upon

his own life, though it does not affect his heart. Not solicited by bribes himself, and feeling a thorough hatred toward those who are, or are supposed to be, thus solicited, he begins to hate bribery in the abstract. And he, whose heart has failed him only in the hour of sternest trial, conscience struggling even to the end, and reason offering no excuse to palliate the transgression—such an one, relieved from the pressure of outward circumstances, may regain the height from which he has backslidden indeed, though with his eyes still fixed upon it—not turned toward the pit of degradation below.

But will there be any moral reformation, in the aggregate, when, as one party becomes more virtuous, the other sinks into corruption? Certainly not, if the progress of each is equally rapid. But will it be so? Supposing the two parties equally correct in their principles, and, in virtue and intelligence alike respectable, will the downward course of those in power be as speedy as the elevation of their opponents? We think not. From the latter, the temptations, with the power of place and office, are suddenly removed; and instantly, with the force of opposition, must commence the progress of improvement. The former still retain, in their high estate, much of the sterner virtue which the contest has engendered; and, moreover, enter upon office pledged to the support of certain principles, which they are accustomed to regard as sacred. They do not immediately discover the happy artifices, by which perversions of power may be reconciled, in the eyes of the party, with their original professions. The vigilance of their opponents, too, reforming in some measure, as we have already shown, those by whom it is exercised, always acts as a curb upon the administration; which does not learn at once the various shifts and expedients by which the keenest watch is sometimes eluded.

But, in supposing the two parties to be of equal respectability, we have reasoned on a hypothesis that seems to us contrary to the facts of the present case. During all the political contests that have agitated us under the past and existing administrations, we have never been satisfied that the victorious party has had even the advantage of numbers, if the forces of each had been fairly polled; and have never for a moment doubted that a vast preponderance of virtue and intelligence has been on the side of the Whigs. Of course, no one can doubt that good principles, founded on good morals and political integrity, are preservatives against degeneracy. In the contrary to these we see the cause of the present administration's rapid progress in corruption.

The fact, if it be one, that the Whig is greatly superior to the Van Buren party in point of morality and intelligence,

is important to our present purpose. Of its being a fact we desire no clearer evidence than we have long had before our eyes. Compare the Whig delegation in Congress with their opponents; how honorable to the former is this test of character. You have the veteran statesman, bowing under the honors which have been lavished by friends and extorted from enemies, contrasted with the mushroom politician of a day's growth, crowned, perhaps, with laurels, but laurels fresh-plucked—the reward of party services. Names that from childhood we have heard spoken only with respect and admiration, are opposed to those which have but now commenced to echo in our ears, borne with the vaunting clamors of confederates and dependants. This is the contrast, not in each individual case, but in the balancing of the whole account. Indeed, some of the administration party are not backward to acknowledge the truth of our statement: or at least, with a leading Van Buren member of the late Pennsylvania Convention, to contend that this disparity is no evidence of the incapacity of those who appear to suffer by comparison; that of late years political science has been so simplified and cleared of its rubbish, that the youngest politician, the schoolboy that rants of liberty and the blessings of our free institutions—may understand the theory of good government as thoroughly as the oldest, most accomplished statesman.

We need not appeal to other scenes as testifying the relative characters of the two parties. It is impossible to give demonstrative proof of our proposition; it must therefore rest chiefly on the convictions of personal experience; while even demonstration would not satisfy those whose interest it is to believe the contrary. And, moreover, we are writing, just now, only for Whigs, and must continue to take for granted many things, of which, we are confident, few of *them* entertain serious doubt.

Passing events seem to be effecting three species of change upon the political elements of our country. The Opposition, properly so called, is becoming consolidated; multitudes of those hitherto indifferent spectators, or neutrals, appear to be joining our ranks, waking from their lethargy, or forgetful of petty prejudices and minor differences of opinion; while we are daily reinforced by deserters from the administration party. Here are the principles of the political renovation which we anticipate. The opponents of government are, generally, much more divided among themselves than its supporters. Having all the passions and prejudices which tend to faction, and wanting that tie which binds together the adherents of power, they usually pursue divers interests, follow various leaders, but join in a common cause, only under apprehension of general dan-



ger. The coalition of these scattered bands is always a harbinger of good for the party thus formed, and the prelude to a violent struggle between the great contending forces. Rallying about common grounds of opposition, their strength is more concentrated and their attack more impetuous. At the same time they present an appearance more imposing, and more inviting to recruits and deserters.

The tried partizans of an Opposition are chiefly held together by common principles—principles acting through the heart or by force of habit. These principles may, in many cases, be adopted from motives of private interest; or interest without principle may have settled the political course of not a few; but then a long continuance in party ranks so accustoms a man to party doctrines, that, whatever may have given the first impulse, they at length become the proximate cause of action. Those who appear indifferent to the agitations of political excitement, who disclaim all connection with party, either because they are of a quiet temperament, or waver between opposite opinions, are also mostly actuated by principle; and, more generally perhaps than the former, by principle seated in the heart. It is usually because of the errors which they detect, or think to have detected, in the doctrines of those ranged for contest on either side, or because of doubt in regard to the right side, that they keep aloof from both. Self-interest moves them very little, for it commonly prompts firm adherence to one party or the other.

The case of deserters from the administration ranks is somewhat different. Private interest is the most frequent agent in controlling their connections and moulding their doctrines. For proof of this we need only consult the general sense of mankind, exhibited in a universal abhorrence of apostacy. Every one feels such a dislike to an open change of party, that he shrinks from it as from dishonour: his sober reason, if unassisted by interest, commonly yields to a dread of shame, and he cannot desert the banner of his host, though his service may become less efficient. When any person is marked out as an apostate, the finger of scorn is pointed at him, and our opinion of his subserviency to sordid motives is at once made up; while we respect, even in an opponent, a consistent adherence to his once avowed principles; until we have conclusive proof that the one is actuated by sincere convictions, and that the other holds out by reason of obstinacy or corruption of heart. If, then, our estimate of the moral and intellectual character of the administration party be correct, we might confidently have anticipated great defection from its ranks at a time like the present, when private interests have become so generally and

deeply connected with political movements. This result has, indeed, become already apparent.

What change is necessary in order to give the Whigs a triumphant ascendancy? As already remarked, we have never yet been able to satisfy ourselves that they have really been of late in the minority. But, at least, we feel confident that, being firmly united, each one forgetting slight differences of opinion, but keeping ever in mind the grand principles which characterize the party; and being joined by those throughout the country, who, though nearer allied to them than to their opponents, in sentiment and feeling, have long been vacillating from side to side, or, disliking political contests, can be drawn out to take a part in them only by some great emergency—that, being thus reinforced and consolidated, they would stand forth, the democracy of numbers as well as the aristocracy of virtue and intelligence.

The foregoing considerations seem to point out the means which may properly be employed to ensure and hasten the success of the Whig party—a success with which, as we believe, the country's prosperity is identified. A primary object should be to bind together the discordant elements, of which it, in common with all oppositions, is composed. Next in importance is the recruiting service, by which our ranks are to be reinforced from those who keep aloof, wavering, or proclaiming neutrality. Both these require nearly the same means—the clear, forcible, manly exhibition of right principles. The country's distress and danger, and the high-handed usurpations of its rulers, should be presented, in their dark colours, to arouse from apathy and quicken in action; but not as affecting private interests; only to illustrate the principles which should be made the rallying point. A multitude might be quite conscious of their wrongs, and yet the knowledge avail nothing, unless they be agreed upon a plan of resistance and reparation. All minor grounds of dispute should be left entirely out of view. We do not advocate a sacrifice of truth, or of conscience, in the smallest particular; but those who have a common country to protect—its defence requiring all their energies—certainly should not waste and divide their strength by private bickerings. None should “do evil, that good may come;” but surely a lesser good may be neglected for a greater.

The increase of the Whig party will in itself produce a defection in the Administration ranks. All those whose policy it is to keep on the strong side, and who are constantly watching the ebbs and flows in the tide of fortune, to take advantage of every change, would come over in a body on discovering our rise, at the very juncture when their aid would put us in the ascen-

dant. But our opponents may be weakened by more direct means—appeals to private interest. It were a hopeless task, in most cases, to proselyte by mere doctrinal discussion, as all reason and experience plainly teach. Principles may, indeed, be set forth for this purpose, but will be powerless unless exhibited in their bearing on individual profit and loss. Though important to unite those who hold them in common, they are in themselves nearly useless, as a motive to the disaffected.

But, low as we have estimated the character of the opposite party, does it not contain many who are sincere and disinterested in adhering to its doctrines and measures? Yes, a great many; but very few of them can we hope to gain over: they will be the last to desert their side. Almost every cause, however bad, finds such supporters; and they are the only real dupes. Self-interest cannot make them swerve from their allegiance; and an unwillingness to think themselves deceived—a dread of the scorn which apostacy provokes, prevent the unbiased exercise of sober judgment. For such, the best that we can hope is, that their struggling convictions of right may produce a growing distaste for politics; that at length they may retire altogether from the scene of conflict, until the elements of party shall have so entirely changed place or name, that they may take the right side without hazarding a character for consistency.

Supposing that the political regeneration which we have contemplated should be effected, have we any ground of hope that its result will be permanent or long-continued? Republics are more exposed to revolution than monarchies. It is not probable that we shall be exempt from the operation of common laws. But there is much in the character of our people, and the nature of our institutions, to warrant the expectation that we shall pass through many changes—prosperous and adverse—without any fatal disaster. Such changes we must experience with every new generation, and political generations pass away more rapidly than natural. Much that we have said in the foregoing pages is founded on conjecture; nothing but conjecture can be offered on this latter point. The far future is inscrutable. As patriots, we must act well our parts, and the country's glory may be our bright reward; the country's shame never can be our disgrace.

*February 17th, 1838.*

## AN OCTOGENARY,

FIFTY YEARS SINCE.

### CHAPTER III.

I SLEPT soundly through a dreamless night, and awoke about eight o'clock the next morning. I was at a loss for a minute or two to divine where on earth I might be; soon, however, the scattered images of the day and night before began to group themselves palpably and distinctly in my recollection; and I began to realize that I was actually beneath the roof I had so strongly desired to visit. I sprang out of bed, and having learned the hour from my watch, I despatched my toilet in all convenient haste. The cheerful light of the sun peeping through the oval perforations in the tops of the window-shutters informed me before I left my couch, that the complexion of the weather had changed since I had left the pelting pitiless storm roaring about the eaves and gone to the Land of Dreams. Upon opening the window-shutters in the front of the house, I saw the scene through which I had passed the night before, in the blackness of darkness, all bathed in the living light of the blessed sun. The black, bare branches of the superb elm trees, which rose high above the roof, and extended in two rows, one from each side of the house to the road-side, were dripping with rain drops glittering in the morning ray. The brook, which I could now perceive brawling along just beyond the house on the right as I stood, was hurrying away to the sea, its dancing waters crowning its brink but not overflowing it, black as ink in the shade, but of a translucent amber colour where they were kissed,

“With touch ethereal of Heaven’s fiery rod.”

On the left of the house I plainly discerned the carriage road which I had vainly sought the night before, the trees extending a canopy of boughs over it. It was separated from the lawn in front of the house by an ancient hedge of box-wood cut into the fantastic forms which were the delight of the English gardeners of the old school, and which Pope has immortalized by his

satire ; but which, nevertheless, my revered friend scrupulously preserved as a memorial of former times. The lawn was skirted on the other side by a double row of the verdant fence which guarded it on this. The lawn itself fell in a gentle slope, scarcely perceptible, to the road-side, and was now buried beneath the dishevelled tresses of the over-arching trees, ravished from them by the winds of autumn. A low wooden fence, shielded on the outer side by a thick hedge of English hawthorn, divided the lawn from the high road.

These observations were soon made while my toilet was making ; and as soon as it was finished, I hastened down to the parlour below, which had witnessed my hospitable reception. On entering the room I saw that my venerable host was beforehand with me, and that the breakfast table was awaiting my appearance. Colonel Wyborne was sitting by the fireside in his elbow chair, dressed as the evening before, with the exception that a well-powdered bag-wig had succeeded to the crown of his head in the stead of the velvet cap of yesterday. He was busily engaged in reading a large quarto, which I subsequently discovered to be the Greek Testament, and did not immediately perceive my entrance. I cheerfully bade him good morning, and desired him to observe how punctiliously I had observed his parting injunction to lie abed as long as I liked. He immediately rose from his chair, and having laid aside his book, shook my hand cordially and bidding me good morning, thanked me for having made myself at home ; and all in a manner as if I were an honored contemporary rather than a college lad, and with that sterling courtesy of address which is the exponent of true benevolence and kindness of heart ; a very different thing from the base metal which too often passes current in the world as the sterling coin, but wanting the stamp of the heart. Compliments being over, I drew a chair alongside of his, and answered the careful inquiries which he made as to my comfortable lodging the preceding night. His hospitable anxiety on this subject being relieved, a touch upon the bell-pull evoked our ministering spirits, Peter and the housekeeper, from the culinary realms, bearing in their hands the substantial and the more ethereal components of that repast which, when well administered, deserves the precedence which is conceded to it in the due order of the important events of every day. The breakfast which these worthy functionaries imposed upon, the board bore no resemblance to the tea-and-toast abominations which usurp in these days that honoured name ; and to the prevalence of which I attribute much of the degeneracy which is allowed to have dwarfed the present generation. Peter marshalled the way, bearing upon a tray the massive silver coffee-

pot, fuming like a courser, and diffusing a fragrance worthy of Araby the Blest. This monarch of the breakfast-table was surrounded by a cortege of dishes temptingly concealed from view by silver covers; which, when duly set in order and revealed to sight, displayed the luscious rounds of toast saturated with the most delicious of butter, the broiled chickens, the piquant sausages, the beef-steak, worthy of the famous Club devoted to its service. Then there was the egg-boiler full of the freshest of eggs; the honey; the smoked salmon; the wheaten loaf and the rye-Indian bread; the cream of the richest, and sugar of the whitest. All these and other cates, which I do not recollect, were all, too, for my especial eating: for at the heels of Peter followed the housekeeper, with a large silver salver, adorned with rich antique chasing, upon which she bore an ample bowl of the finest China, filled with a frothing sea of chocolate and a certain number of slices of delicately-toasted wheaten bread, which was the long-established morning meal of the master of the house.

When all preliminaries had been adjusted, we commenced a well-directed and vigorously sustained attack upon the several divisions to which we were opposed, and soon effected a notable breach in the opposite ranks. My host hospitably encouraged me in my endeavours to do the amplest justice to his good cheer; and enlivened the meal with a description of the Scotch breakfasts, which had cheered his journey through the Land o' Cakes—which had not then been transformed into a Fairy land of Romance and Poetry by the magic wands of Burns and Scott, but was regarded with the kind of belittling prejudice which afterwards stamped the pages of Smollet, and coloured the mental vision of Johnson. He contrasted those justly famed repasts, which have disarmed even Calumny and Prejudice by their sterling virtues, and have surprised even the bitterest enemies into applause, with the *déjeuners à la fourchette* of France and the continent, and gave the palm to the substantial elements of the northern breakfasts over the *patés*, grapes, figs, and sparkling wines of the South. He had evidently given the subject the attention which its importance deserved; and I have seldom had occasion in my experience of life to doubt the soundness of his opinions on this subject or any other.

After breakfast was over, and we had chatted on various subjects for an half an hour or so, Colonel Wyborne proposed a walk over his farm, to which I readily assented. Peter being again summoned to his master's assistance, helped him to substitute a pearl-coloured broad-cloth coat, embroidered about the cuffs and skirts with silk, for his morning gown; and having invested his feet with a stout pair of square-toed high-quartered

shoes with heavy heels, he brought from the hall his gold-laced cocked hat and gold-headed cane. Thus equipped, my venerable friend took my arm, and we sallied forth from the side door opening upon the carriage way, and first took a survey of the exterior of the house. It was composed, in fact, of two houses of two different periods ; the newer, as it were, growing out of and overshadowing the more ancient. The English clergyman, of whose heirs I have before said the estate was purchased by Colonel Wyborne's mother, had found a farm-house of almost the earliest description of New England rural architecture ; its roof declining from two stories in front till it almost touched the ground behind, and a close porch projecting before, with windows on either side ; and compacted of massy timbers of oak, on which the mark of the axe was in many places to be seen, knit together with a firmness and strength which showed that our forefathers built for their posterity as well as for themselves. The wooden walls of our ancestors would, if unmolested, survive, I doubt not, in many cases, the boasted strength of the granite structures of the present day. The original purchaser liking the situation of the house, but not thinking it worthy of his pretensions, built a new edifice, two stories high, with attics ; its rear joining upon the side of the older structure, so that the original house was degraded into the servile condition of the habitation and offices of the servants. He in this way secured to himself an abode of capacious dimensions and convenient distribution, but somewhat of a heterogeneous appearance. The carriage road, in which we were walking, turned abruptly away from the house before it had reached the end of it, and swept round a circle of trees and towering plants to the stables ; which were, in the leafy time, effectually planted out of sight by the verdant screen. Immediately behind the house was a broad terrace of green sod, from which you descended, by a flight of stone steps with iron balustrades, to the garden. The transitory glories of this spot were of course vanished for this year, but the plan of the whole was plainly enough discernible. In the centre of the garden was a small fish-pond, with a neat stone curbing, which was filled with gold and silver fish. Immediately in front of the fish-pond was an ancient sun-dial standing upon a pedestal of stone—and preaching a lesson, by its silent shadow, of the irrevocable flight of the gliding hours, a thousand times more impressive than any told by

“ The iron tongue of Time.”

From the fish-pond, as the common centre, radiated eight well  
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gravelled walks, extending from the centre to the boundaries, and intersecting a circular gravel walk, which was described with mathematical exactness, half way from the central point to the extremities of the garden. The sixteen portions thus marked out were of exactly the same size ; and in summer, when they were filled with flowers or vegetables corresponding to each other, must have answered Pope's description of an old-fashioned garden, where

“ ——— each alley has a brother  
And half the platform just reflects the other.”

The garden was surrounded by a thick English hawthorn hedge, which, by age and constant trimming, had become almost impervious to sight, even when stripped of its leaves. At the bottom of the garden a small gate admitted us into the orchard, which was of several acres in extent, and filled with apple and pear-trees of every variety of sweetness and spicy flavour which distinguishes those gentle races. Of his fruit Colonel Wyborne was proud, with good reason ; for he had done much to introduce new varieties and a better mode of cultivation than used to prevail. The orchard, and the whole domain indeed, was sheltered from the ocean blasts by a gently-swelling hill, “ feathering to the top ” with a thick grove of various trees, which had now reached their full growth ; having been planted by the first purchaser, with the exception of one magnificent aboriginal oak, which stood in the midst of the younger trees an acknowledged monarch ; and which had not yet disrobed itself of the gorgeous scarlet mantle with which autumn had invested it. Under this regal canopy there was a rustic seat, which allured us to its embraces. My aged companion seated himself upon it while I took my place beside him, and we surveyed together in silence the brown meadows, and the trees with every bough and every twig standing sharply out, with all their fantastic ramifications, in the yellow sunshine of one of the last days of the Indian summer.

“There is something exceedingly captivating to my imagination,” my venerable friend began, after a silence of some duration, “in the analogies between Nature and the experience of Human Life. These you will apprehend and appreciate more and more as you grow older. They are among the many benevolent contrivances of the great author of Nature and Life to make the never-dying soul contented and cheerful during its brief imprisonment in these frail bodies and this visible diurnal sphere. When I was of your age, I loved the Spring with its budding promise and tender green, for it was in unison with the



consciousness of new life and springing existence which bounded in every vein. During my residence in England, and for the first years of my life here, I left my first love for the mature beauties of Summer and of opening Autumn ; and I delighted to watch the untiring, never-resting activity and life which informed all the grand and all the minute processes of the great system of Nature ; which goes on forever in sublime silence, working out the beneficent purposes for which its Creator framed it. But now the close of Autumn and the snows of Winter awake the solemn echo in my heart more readily than all the glories of Spring or Summer. Nature, though she never rests, now seems to suspend her toils. The business of the year is over. And the audible stillness of the fields and the sight of the trees—which, after their task is done, have thrown down the beautiful livery of their toil—while they swell the heart of man with gratitude, also seem to invite it to rest.

On such a day as this, with this scene before my eyes, I can almost hear a blessed voice whispering me that my long, long year is almost over, and that I shall soon be with them that rest. Like this old tree under which we sit, I have outlived almost all my contemporaries, and am surrounded by a new generation, which knows me not ; and though I will gratefully sustain the burden of old age which the Great Taskmaster has imposed upon me, still I shall bow with joyful acquiescence whenever He shall direct the axe to be laid at my root."

"You think, then, Sir," I observed when he paused in his observations, or rather his soliloquy, for he seemed to address himself rather than me, "you think then, Sir, that the retirement of a country life is a more fitting scene for the last act of a long life, than the exciting bustle of a great city and the pleasures of a various society?"

"To a well-constituted mind," he replied, "I think it is ; that is," he continued with a smile, "to a mind constituted like mine. There are natures which would show any thing but wisdom in exchanging the busy throng and a tumultuous life for a solitude, for the pleasures of which they have no taste, and against the perils of which they have made no preparation. For my own part I have never long regretted at any one time my withdrawing from the world. I have spent my many days pleasantly to myself, and not been wholly useless to others. At the beginning of the Revolution, indeed, I felt some visitings of remorse that I had reduced myself to the condition of a spectator, at a distance only, of that mighty drama ; while so many of my contemporaries, and friends of a later generation, were shaking the scene, which was extended over a continent before the admiring eye of the whole civilized world. These regrets, howev-

er, soon gave way to more wholesome suggestions. The brilliant part of the action was in the hands of the great men whose names are forever identified with it ; but there was a subordinate but equally important portion of the business of the drama which I was in a favourable position to discharge. My relations with this part of the country enabled me to do something towards kindling and keeping alive the flame of patriotism ; and I have the satisfaction to think that I was enabled to send many of the best soldiers and officers, too, to the battle, besides keeping the country side in a state of self-defence. I could contribute, too, to one of the sinews of war. So I soon consoled myself by being useful for not being illustrious ; for ambition was but an idle dream at the time of life to which I had then attained, if it be ever any thing more than a will-o'-the-wisp. On the whole, then, I think that I chose wisely for myself in retiring from the world ; but I would never advise any person, whose heart has not been weaned from it, to imitate my example."

"But, can it be possible, Sir," I said, "that you have never felt the want of the society to which you were admitted on such friendly terms in Europe ? I should have thought, Sir, that the choicest spirits you could have collected around you in the capital of your native province would have seemed tame and insipid after the circles you had left,—let alone this seclusion in a remote country-seat."

"In the first place," he replied, "you must remember that I had had my fill of the society you mention ; I had lived on intimate and friendly terms with the men about whom posterity will be the most curious of any of our age ; so that the feverish thirst, which at one time I felt to know face to face those illustrious men, was entirely slaked. And in the second place, which perhaps you will scarcely believe, the familiar society of eminent men is in most cases not so very different from that of other well-bred and well-educated men of the same rank in life, and their intimacy is perhaps a pleasanter thing in recollection than in possession. For many years, too, I was in no lack of companions, and now in my old age I ought not to expect to be exempted from the doom of outliving my best friends, which is inseparably annexed to an unusual extension of life. Still I am by no means left alone in the world. My excellent friend, Mr. Armsby, is an invaluable friend ; although he is speculatively one of the most rigid disciples of labour, yet, in his life and conversation, he is one of the mildest as well as one of the merriest of men. But come," he continued, rising from his seat, "let us continue our walk to the sea-shore."

We accordingly skirted along the hill, and soon doubling its side, the wide ocean lay stretched before us, broken by only one

or two little islands in the far distance. The waters were of the deepest and darkest blue, with here and there a white sail stealing along their surface. The beach was hard as marble ; and the surf, which yet felt the sway of the storm of the night before, rolled slowly and heavily in upon it in long and broken ridges. To our left, at about a quarter of a mile's distance, the brook which watered the grounds about the house found its way to the ocean after many meanderings ; to the right, at a considerable distance, a wooded bluff came abruptly down to the shore, and terminated the prospect in that direction. As we slowly paced along the sands, listening to the voice of many waters, and watching the sea-gulls as they hovered on dipping wings over the waves, or rode lightly over their crests, Colonel Wyborne said with a smile :

" I hope that I have made a more rational as well as a more happy use of these rolling waters since I have lived by their side, than did the pining and discontented spirit of Tully during his exile ; who, you remember, spent his repining hours in counting the waves as they danced to the shore, and sighing for the Senate, the Forum, and the shouts of the People—

" Bidding the Father of his country hail !"

The voice of the ocean has never sounded in my ears like an invitation to return to the world I have left, but more as a friendly counselling that there are pursuits and pleasures higher and better than any that world can give."

" Do you think, Sir," I inquired, " that you could be contented to live in an inland town, unless you could occasionally visit the sea-shore ?"

" I should be sorry," he replied, " to be compelled by duty or by poverty to try the experiment. There is something about the grand features of Nature—such as the ocean or mountains—which seems to make an unfading impression on the hearts of those who have lived from childhood in their neighbourhood, and which always excites the sensation of home-sickness in their breasts when separated from them. I have a good deal of the passion for the ocean which the Swiss have for the Alps ; and if I should be compelled to retire inland, I fear that the roar of the wind among the forest trees would be a *Ranz des Vaches* to my heart. I would not have you construe, however, my young friend, my complacent review of my own retirement into a recommendation to you to try the same plan of life. Fit yourself for the action of life, but do not set your heart upon success in it ; for such are the chances and changes of this sublunary state, that the best ac-

complied for achieving a brilliant lot often fail in compassing the fulfilment of their ambitious hopes, unless they can woo Fortune to be the handmaid of Enterprise."

"Are not, however," I observed, "the chances of a man who is absorbed in great purposes and plans, embracing perhaps a continent in their scope and reaching forward to distant posterity, better for true and exalted happiness than those of one who leads a useful and innocent life within a narrow circle?"

"I think his chances for permanent happiness less," replied Colonel Wyborne; "his moments of success may be more exquisite than any of the tranquil hours of the private man, but then the vexations and obstacles which he encounters, the calumny and detraction which assail him, and the too frequent failure of his best-laid and most benevolently formed plans, which perhaps embrace the whole race, make up a mighty balance against the intense delight of those rare minutes. I grant you that there may be instances, as there have been a few in history, of minds so constructed, blest with such clear views of the true ends of human existence, and moved by such pure and sublime yet simple springs, that they make a happiness for themselves, even of disappointment and defeat; and regard nothing as worthy of regret but the being unfaithful to the powers and the purposes which Providence has committed to them."

"You do not believe then, Sir," said I, "that every man may be the 'architect of his own fortunes,' as has been stoutly maintained?"

"Indeed I do not," he replied; "that is a fallacy which lures on many an aspiring youth, who mistakes ambition for ability, to miserable disappointment and sometimes to ruin. We see men standing triumphantly at the goal with the wreath of victory on their brows, and remember that, even at the starting-post, their prophetic souls had grasped the prize; forgetting how many competitors, full at the outset of as confident hopes, have been outstripped in the course, and have turned broken-hearted away. Every man may be and must be the architect of his own happiness, and every man may learn the alchemy which will teach him to extract happiness out of the bitterest fruits which overhang his path; but let him not attempt to wrest the sceptre from the hand of the disposer of events, and presume to dictate to Him the precedence which he is to have in the ranks of his human servants."

"Surely, Sir," I interrupted, "you are not a Fatalist; you would not take away the accountability of man by making him a mere blind, helpless tool in the hand of a higher power!"

"Nothing can be farther from my views or my wishes," he replied. "Man is accountable to the uttermost farthing for the

use he makes of the talents bestowed upon him ; but the number of the talents, and the sphere in which they are to be employed, are fortunately appointed for him by Infinite Wisdom. We find ourselves in this world, in this country, in this age, without any agency or volition of our own ; we find within us certain powers and passions, differing in every man from his neighbour, and differing, too, in the opportunities for their improvement and the occasions for their right or wrong employment ; and all this seems to be the work of accident. But no rightly judging mind can believe it to be so. The feeling of this truth gave rise to belief in the dark and inevitable Fate, which, according to the Greeks, governed the destinies of gods and men. They attempted, by this melancholy abstraction, to solve the enigma of existence. They found themselves, they knew not how, in a various and inexplicable scene. Some found crowns on their brows, some the philosophic gown upon their shoulders ; some wielded the truncheon of victorious armies ; and some swayed the fickle populace with their breath ; and all these various fortunes growing from a combination of circumstances and events, over which they had exercised little or no control. Surrounded by these impenetrable shadows, men in a later age attempted to derive some light from the stars to illuminate the darkness which was about them ; and so Astrology arose. They made the blessed constellations an alphabet by which they endeavoured to spell out the decrees of Fate. And this was natural enough before the invention of the telescope had revealed the immensity of the universe ; for men could not believe that the glorious apparitions which looked down upon them from the heavens every night, were made only to delight the eye ; and there was something soothing to the bewildered mind of man in thus connecting his unaccountable destiny with those beautiful and fadeless orbs of light. It was a sort of antepast of immortality."

" You would then, Sir," I observed, " had you lived two thousand years ago, have stood under the shadow of the Portico, and maintained the non-existence of evil and the sufficiency of man for himself ?"

" I believe I might have asserted the sufficiency of man for the creation of his own happiness," he smilingly replied ; " but I think I should have maintained my doctrines beneath the living shades of the Garden rather than under the cold shadow of the Porch. There is nothing," he continued more seriously, " that fills my whole mind with such a certainty of the Divine origin of our religion as the contemplation of its perfect system in comparison with those of the wisest of the ancients. The son of a carpenter in a remote and despised province founding a

school of the divinest philosophy, which explains all the mysteries of our being, fathoms the depths of the human soul, directs the aspirations of the loftiest minds, and provides for the wants of the humblest, is to my mind a standing miracle. All the concentrated wisdom of all the wisest of the heathens collected around the intellect of Socrates as a nucleus, faded into nothing like the morning star before the sun, when the Divine mind of Jesus of Nazareth dawned upon the benighted world. Not all the sublime procession of prophets by which he was heralded, not all the stupendous apparatus of miracles which encompassed him, not all the noble army of martyrs which have borne witness with their blood to the truths He brought to light, bring such irresistible conviction to my mind as the simple contemplation of the teachings of the master, limned out in his own life while on earth. The Peasant of Galilee resolves the doubts which had perplexed the wisest of antiquity, explains the questions which the subtlest minds had raised, and establishes a system suitable to the wants of all the nations of the earth, and to all the individuals which compose them; a system—to which the wisest of his disciples in the course of eighteen hundred years, have been able to add nothing, and in which his craftiest enemies have been able to discover no fault. You, my dear young friend,” he continued, turning his face towards me, and laying an affectionate hand upon my arm, “you are just launching away on the voyage of life which I have nearly finished; do not refuse to listen to the counsel of one who has sounded all its depths and shallows: take with you the teachings of Jesus as your compass, and his life as your chart; and, fixing your eyes steadfastly on these unchanging guides, seize the helm with a firm hand, and steer right onward, fearing nothing that can befall you; and then, whether your course be over a summer’s sea or amidst threatening waves; whether you ride conspicuous in the eyes of your fellow-voyagers, or glide unobserved along; you will be sure at last of entering in triumph the haven of Everlasting Rest.

“And now come,” he added after a short pause, “let us turn homeward; and I will show you my farm-house and farm, for so far you have only seen my pleasure grounds.”

With these words he turned towards the farm road into which we had entered after leaving the grove; and, following it along, it led us through wide fields, some of which showed as stubble-fields are apt to do at harvest home; others bore evident marks of the recent disinterment of potatoes and other esculent roots; at some distance was a burly white man, guiding a plough drawn by a noble yoke of oxen under the influences of a tall black man in a white frock, preparing a place for the early wheat which

would spring up at the due time, unchilled by the snows of winter which had rested upon it for months ; five or six other men, some black and some white, were employed in various ways ; some repairing fences, some spreading the compost of the barn-yard, and one conducting a load of sea-weed to that most necessary repository.

As we walked along I inquired of Colonel Wyborne as to the Economics of his mode of life, and how far he was dependent on the metropolis for his necessaries and luxuries. In reply, he told me that he procured nothing from town but his wines, liquors, tea, and coffee, and such products as our own country does not afford. His own farm supplied him with bread, vegetables, the riches of the dairy, and in a great measure with butchers' meat and poultry. Wild fowl and fish were to be had for the trouble of shooting or catching them. His cider was the boast of the country round. His farm people and servants were almost wholly clothed from the flax and wool which grew on his estate. His wood was procured from a range of well-timbered hills, which he pointed out to me in the distance. The finest of venison was brought to his door at the proper season, in any quantities, from the Sandwich woods. His life, as he described it to me, seemed to be one of the most relishing and enviable of lots, and put me in mind of Gil Blas' account of his life at Lirias ; and I thought that I should be perfectly contented if I might look forward at the close of life to such a retreat, where I might inscribe upon my doors with him of Santillane,

*"Inveni portum, Spes et Fortuna, valete !  
Sat me lusistis, ludite nunc alios !"*

But, alas ! no such white days were in reserve for me !

The farm road brought us, after some windings among the fields, to his farm-house, which was situated about a third of a mile from his mansion. The house was old but in perfect repair, and stood in almost too immediate neighborhood of two modern barns and an old-fashioned corn-barn. The barn-yard was alive with fowls of all kinds—chickens, turkies, ducks, guinea-fowl, and a gorgeous peacock. Beneath the barn farthest from the farm-house was the piggery, which might have served for the courtiers of Circe herself. The barns themselves were filled to the utmost of their ample capacities with the gifts of Summer and Autumn. About a dozen cows were ruminating in a large inclosure opening from the nearer barn, in which were their stalls and those of the farm horses. A flock of about thirty sheep were sheltered in a fold about a stone's throw

from the barn, towards the shore. Under a shed open towards the house was a cider press, full of rural and festive associations; the dense mass of pummice, yet remaining beneath the relaxed pressure of the spiral screw, speaking of a recent vintage. As we approached the farm-house door, it opened, and the farmer's wife advanced with a child in her arms, and a couple more clinging to her homespun gown, peeping at the Colonel with a mixture of bashfulness and of joy, at the sight of their old friend, glowing in their ruddy faces. The good woman invited us to come in and rest ourselves, which proposition we declined, as it grew late. We just entered the kitchen, and stood for a minute within the enormous jams of the chimney, on each side of which was a comfortable seat of brick, built for the accommodation of the more ardent worshippers of the Penates. A settle of truly uneasy straightness of back and narrowness of seat made an obtuse angle with the fireplace, covered with towels of various degrees of whiteness and dryness. A sufficient supply of rush-bottomed red-painted chairs, in different degrees of preservation, stood about the apartment. A brilliant display of pewter, graced a number of shelves on one side of the room. As I gave a glance up the yawning chimney, I discerned a black array of hams and flitches of bacon, receiving the incense of the smoking fires below. The good woman made many apologies for her kitchen being in a litter; resting her main defence, however, upon its being the day before Thanksgiving, and the weight of duties which devolved upon her. Colonel Wyborne was occupied, while I was making my survey and listening to the very unnecessary excuses of the good wife, in taking the youngest child in his arms, and patting the heads of the others, and distributing some of the little bribes which cheaply buy the affection of children; and which the kind-hearted old man was seldom without. I was struck with the sort of affectionate veneration with which the good woman regarded Colonel Wyborne, and with her self-respect too, which she thought in no manner impaired by the most reverential observance of her kind landlord.

Freeing himself at last from his little friends, Colonel Wyborne bade Mrs. Davis a good morning, and we set forth on our return to his house. The farm road led us on to the stables, where we stopped a moment to inspect its arrangements. The black coachman was busy cleaning the chariot; the hind wheel, slightly raised from the ground, whirling merrily round under a shower from a watering-pot in the hands of the African Jehu. This worthy functionary had all the happy contentment beaming from his polished face, and grinning from his ivory teeth, which usually mark a well-fed and well-used negro. His



master told me that he had been born on the place, and, together with all the other blacks which he had owned before the abolition of slavery in the State, had voluntarily remained in his service. He left his work to exhibit to my admiring gaze the horses over which he reigned ; and as he displayed the glossy hides of the stout coach-horses, and the little nag for " massa's" own riding, and the old white poney which had retired on half-pay for the remainder of his life, he seemed to be filled with as honest a pride as ever swelled the bosom of a master of the horse. Having bestowed all due commendations upon this branch of the service, I accompanied my host along the sweep of the road to the house.

Upon gaining the door, we were met upon the threshold by the excellent housekeeper, who announced, with an air of no small importance, that Mr. Armsby, the clergyman of the parish, was in the parlor. Colonel Wyborne immediately hastened to open the door of the apartment indicated, and we perceived, standing with his back to the fire waiting for us, the reverend gentleman in question. He was a tall man of about fifty-five, "or, by'r Lady, inclining to three score," broad-shouldered, with the least in the world of a stoop, of a dark complexion, with thick black eye-brows beetling over a pair of sharp, austere gray eyes. He was suitably attired in a black cloth coat, waist-coat, and breeches ; with a pair of thick boots coming nearly up to the knee upon his legs, and a white bushy wig upon the excrescence formed by nature for that use. Colonel Wyborne received him with all the respectful courtesy which was due from a gentleman to an honoured equal, and which the pastor returned with much formal politeness ; through which, however, might be discerned by an accurate observer, a priestly consequentiality, now, alas ! but seldom seen, which told how much superior, in his own opinion and that of society generally, was the director of the spiritual affairs over the most honourable and honoured of the laity. When the two gentlemen had concluded their salutations, Colonel Wyborne turning to me, presented me in due form to his reverend friend as a young gentleman just from the arms of their common mother. Mr. Armsby turning upon me an austere regard, without even the ghost of a smile upon his lips, and with the slightest imaginable inclination of his head, coldly extended his large hard hand to me in acknowledgment of my reverent observance and profound obeisance. Having surveyed me from head to foot with an annihilating scrutiny, which nearly sunk me to the centre, he took a chair in compliance with Colonel Wyborne's invitation, and entering into conversation with him, apparently lost all memory of so insignificant an object as myself. They talked of the weather, the

crops, the Thursday lecture the week before in Boston, which Mr. Armsby had attended, and of the fearful prospects of the times and of the country ; both uniting in predictions of utter misrule, subversion of ranks, and destruction of property which were shortly to ensue.

"Before this young man's career is over," said Colonel Wyborne, "these States will be split into rival monarchies, or else into anarchies inviting the foot of the foreign conqueror."

"Yes," asserted his reverend adviser, turning his severe eyes upon me ; "yes, young man, you will have a worse fight to maintain than we have had with England. You will have to contend with intestine factions, to strive for the protection of property, for the preservation of religion, for the maintenance of all that is worth having in this world. The old scenes of which you read at college in Grecian and Roman History will be acted over again in these new Commonwealths before your head is gray."

"For my part," added Colonel Wyborne, "I rather incline to the opinion that our unhappy country is destined to be one of the dependencies of France. In the present humiliated condition of England, bleeding from the disruption of her colonies, and tottering under the weight of an overwhelming debt, it is hardly to be supposed that Louis XVI. will not be encouraged to revive the old scheme of universal dominion which his ancestor, Louis le Grand, at one time seemed likely to bring about. England once subdued, the subjugation of the rest of the continent would soon follow ; and then poor we would be but a monthful to the ambition of the *Grand Monarque*."

"True enough," replied Mr. Armsby ; "no human wisdom can foretell what such a nation as the French, consolidated under a single absolute king, may accomplish. I confess I tremble for the cause of Protestantism in the world ! Who knows but we may see a Cardinal Legate holding his court in Boston !" and the worthy Divine shuddered at the bare imagination. Colonel Wyborne continued :

"I think that the American Provinces, States I mean, have yet strength and courage enough to resist a crusade under banners blessed by the Pope ; unless, indeed, it should not be preached until our little jealousies and quarrels have ripened into serious hatred, and the lines of division have become too deeply marked to be filled up even by such a danger. The sooner such an attack should be made, the better I think it would be withstood ; for every day seems to weaken the green withs which bind together the strong but jarring giants of the confederacy. In a few years England herself might conquer us in detail, for all prospect of any permanent connexion seems desperate."

"It is too true," replied the clergyman; "and, bad as that would be, it would scarcely be worse than the utter dissolution of all the elements of society which seems to hang over our heads. The industry of the country palsied, the land filled with sturdy vagabonds, law and justice mocked and defied, subordination a laughing stock, religion and her ministers neglected, property uncertain, magistrates unrevered and disobeyed; with all these things staring us in the face, what can we expect but sudden destruction or gradual ruin!"

In this manner were these two excellent gentlemen pleased to make themselves unhappy, and to scare unhappy me with these hobgoblins which they conjured up. I was not then as used as I have become since to the croakings of such boding fowl; which I have happily lived to see many times disappointed of the ruin they predicted, and I felt serious alarm as to the instant safety of my purse and ultimate integrity of my throat. The conversation, however, at length changed to books, and some allusion requiring a reference to some work which was not at hand, Mr. Armsby proposed going to the library in search of it. Colonel Wyborne assenting, turned to me and said:

"I believe that you have not yet penetrated to my Adytum; so, perhaps, we will all go together."

We all accordingly left the parlor, and following Colonel Wyborne across the hall, entered after him a door on the opposite side. Upon passing the threshold, I was surprised and delighted by a display of books which I had never seen equalled except in the College library. The library consisted of a room extending the whole breadth of the house; the two rooms having been thrown into one for the accommodation of Colonel Wyborne's numerous collections. The walls were covered with well-filled shelves, tapering up from the massive folios beneath, to the pygmy twelves at the top. Busts in marble, of Homer, Socrates, Cicero, and Horace stood on pedestals in the four corners of the room; and one of Lord Bacon and of Newton kept guard in the middle, where a portion of the old partition wall yet projected from the sides of the rooms, carried into an arch in the centre of the ceiling. A study table, covered with green baize, occupied the middle of one of these divisions. An abundance of well-stuffed chairs were distributed about in excusable confusion, and a set of library steps stood against one of the book-cases. A fire-place filled up either end of the apartment, the pannel over the one nearest to the door by which we had entered being occupied by a full-length portrait of a gentleman of about five and thirty; in whose form and features I could with difficulty trace any resemblance to the venerable wreck which I beheld before me. Fifty years had swept away

almost every trace of the manly figure and handsome face, which looked as if it might defy age and misfortune, and left a "withered, weak, and gray" old man standing and waiting on the shores of eternity; and yet here the cunning hand of the artist had bade the sun as it were stand still, and had bestowed a sort of immortality upon One Hour—long since vanished—of the summer of his days. He was dressed in a hunting-suit, apparently the uniform of a hunter, and a fine hound was crouched at his feet; behind him, on the left of the picture, were two pillars, with a crimson curtain depending from their capitals, while to the right you saw a landscape representing a level country, well planted, with a river winding through it, and terminated by misty hills in the distance. The corresponding pannel over the opposite fireplace was filled by a picture answering in size and frame to this, but concealed from view by a green velvet curtain which was drawn across it. My imagination readily filled it up with the portrait of his beloved and long-lost wife, of whom my Aunt Champion had told me. Why it should be thus mysteriously veiled, I could not conjecture; but the circumstance certainly had the effect of increasing my curiosity to see it to the most intense degree.

While I was thus engaged, the two elders had found what they wanted, and were returning to the parlour. I was strongly tempted to frame some excuse for remaining behind; but a secret awe of the clerical dignitary, and a fear lest my curiosity might be obvious to Colonel Wyborne and give him pain, deterred me; but I fully resolved to uncover the features concealed by that veil at the first opportunity I could find or make. We accordingly returned to the parlour, and after a short sitting Mr. Armsby rose and took his leave; being accompanied to the hall-door by Colonel Wyborne and myself, and reminded by the former of his standing engagement to dine with him on the following day. This was the first intimation I had had of the existence of such a prescription; and, lover as I even then was of old customs, I confess that in this instance I should have been better pleased with its breach than its observance. I did not at all relish the idea of having this uncomfortable third, with his stony step and hard eye, coming to the table and displacing our mirth with his unseasonable severity. Colonel Wyborne, however, assured me that I should find him another man when we were a little better acquainted, saying that his excellent friend was one of that old school, which held that religion and virtue were most effectually recommended to the young by a harsh and forbidding exterior and deportment in their votaries.

"To day," he added, "you have had a touch of his theory; to-morrow, I doubt not, you will see a specimen of his practice."

## THE LOST HUNTER.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

NUMB'D by the piercing, freezing air,  
And burthen'd by his game,  
The Hunter, struggling with despair,  
Dragg'd on his shivering frame ;  
The rifle he had shoulder'd late  
Was trail'd along, a weary weight,  
His pouch was void of food,  
The hours were speeding in their flight,  
And soon the long, keen, Winter night  
Would wrap the solitude.

Oft did he stoop a listening ear,  
Sweep round an anxious eye,  
No bark or ax-blow could he hear,  
No human trace descry.  
His sinuous path, by blazes, wound  
Among trunks group'd in myriads round ;—  
Through naked boughs, between  
Whose tangled architecture, fraught  
With many a shape grotesquely wrought,  
The hemlock's spire was seen.

An antler'd dweller of the wild  
Had met his eager gaze,  
And far his wandering steps beguil'd  
Within an unknown maze ;  
Stream, rock, and run-way, he had cross'd  
Unheeding, till the marks were lost  
By which he used to roam ;  
And now, deep swamp and wild ravine,  
And rugged mountain, were between  
The Hunter and his home.

A dusky haze, which slow had crept  
On high, now darken'd there,  
And a few snow-flakes fluttering swept  
Athwart the thick gray air  
Faster and faster, till between  
The trunks and boughs, a mottled screen

Of glimmering motes were spread ;  
That ticked against each object round  
With gentle and continuous sound  
Like brook o'er pebbled bed.

The laurel tufts, that drooping hung  
Close roll'd around their stems,  
And the sear beech leaves still that clung,  
Were white with powdering gems.  
But hark ! afar a sullen moan  
Swell'd out to louder, deeper tone  
As surging near it pass'd,  
And bursting with a roar, and shock  
That made the groaning forest rock,  
On rush'd the Winter blast.

As o'er, it whistled, shriek'd, and hiss'd,  
Caught by its swooping wings,  
The snow was whirl'd to eddying mist  
Barb'd, as it seem'd, with stings ;  
And now 'twas swept with lightning flight  
Above the loftiest hemlock's height  
Like drifting smoke, and now  
It hid the air with shooting clouds,  
And rob'd the trees with circling shrouds,  
Then dash'd in heaps below.

Here, plunging in a billowy wreath,  
There, clinging to a limb,  
The suffering Hunter grasp'd for breath,  
Brain reel'd, and eye grew dim ;  
As though to overwhelm him in despair,  
Rapidly chang'd the black'ning air  
To murkiest gloom of night,  
Till nought was seen around—below  
But falling flakes, and mantled snow  
That gleam'd in ghastly white.

At every blast an icy dart  
Seem'd through his nerves to fly,  
The blood was freezing to his heart,  
Thought whisper'd he must die.  
The thundering tempest echo'd death,  
He felt it in his tighten'd breath,  
Spoil, rifle dropp'd, and slow  
As the dread torpor crawling came  
Along his staggering, stiff'ning frame,  
He sunk upon the snow.

Reason forsook her shatter'd throne,  
 He deem'd that Summer hours  
 Again around him brightly shone  
 In sunshine, leaves and flowers :  
 Again the fresh, green, forest sod,  
 Rifle in hand, he lightly trod,—  
 He heard the deer's low bleat,  
 Or couch'd within the shadowy nook,  
 He drank the crystal of the brook  
 That murmur'd at his feet.

It chang'd ;—his cabin roof o'erspread,  
 Rafter, and wall, and chair,  
 Gleam'd in the crackling fire, that shed  
 Its warmth, and he was there ;  
 His wife had clasp'd his hand, and now  
 Her gentle kiss was on his brow,  
 His child was prattling by,  
 The hound crouch'd, dozing, near the blaze,  
 And through the pane's frost-pictur'd haze  
 He saw the white drifts fly.

That pass'd ;—before his swimming sight  
 Does not a figure bound,  
 And a soft voice with wild delight  
 Proclaim the lost is found ?  
 No, Hunter, no ! 'tis but the streak  
 Of whirling snow ;—the tempest's shriek—  
 No human aid is near ;  
 Never again that form will meet  
 Thy clasp'd embrace—those accents sweet  
 Speak music to thine ear.

Morn broke ;—away the clouds were chas'd,  
 The sky was pure and bright,  
 And on its blue, the branches traced  
 Their webs of glittering white.  
 Its ivory roof the hemlock stoop'd,  
 The pine its silvery tassel droop'd,  
 Down bent the burthen'd wood,  
 And scatter'd round, low points of green  
 Peering above the snowy scene  
 Told where the thickets stood.

In a deep hollow, drifted high  
 A wave-like heap was thrown ;  
 Dazzlingly in the sunny sky  
 A diamond blaze it shown ;

The little snow-bird chirping sweet  
 Dotted it o'er with tripping feet,  
 Unsullied, smooth, and fair.  
 It seem'd like other mounds, where trunk  
 And rock amid the wreaths were sunk,  
 But oh! the dead was there.

Spring came with wakening breezes bland,  
 Soft suns and melting rains,  
 And touched by her Ithuriel wand,  
 Earth bursts its winter chains.  
 In a deep nook, where moss, and grass  
 And fern-leaves wove a verdant mass—  
 Some scatter'd bones beside,  
 A mother kneeling with her child,  
 Told by her tears and wailings wild  
 That there the lost had died.

## SONNET.

WHEN all the world is hushed—and drowsy sleep  
 Ties with soft hand the curtains of men's eyes;  
 When the bright stars, those sentries of the skies,  
 A careful watch above creation keep—  
 If some rude jar or sudden fear dispel  
 The slumb'rous vapors from th' unconscious mind,  
 And wakened thought, unquiet, strives to find  
 Some resting spot around the gloomy cell  
 Of darkness, or some pleasant sound  
 Amid the stillness—what a joyous thrill  
 Runs through the senses—how they leap and bound  
 Like untamed antelopes—to hear a shrill,  
 Quick, merry, tuneful whistle, out of doors,  
 Pierce the thick air, and break some next-room neighbor's  
 snores!

P. B.



## DUELLING.

WHOEVER argues to enforce upon human beings any great truth or principle, and finds that, although he can convince their reason, he cannot influence their conduct, may explain this phenomenon to himself, by reflecting a little on the usual efficient motives of human action. There are two sets of influences in the mind—prejudice, which is the habitual train or direction of thought; and reason, or what ought to be the same thing, opinion, usually a more newly-acquired superstructure. The prejudices lie deepest and nearest the springs of action; they may be covered up and contradicted by later convictions, but they continue long to exist, and their effect shows itself when circumstances put the man to the test. His opinions are like his clothes; he has adopted them from considerations of manifest usefulness, fitness, and propriety; his prejudices are like the hairy coverings nature supplies, which grow insensibly, and of which brutes in general get most and rational beings least. But the clothes may be changed, while the hair is like a part of the creature, and so are the prejudices. The opinions, again, like the clothes, are adopted on reflection, and for reasons sometimes good and sometimes bad, servilely like a livery, capriciously like a fashion, or ambitiously like a uniform or party badge. A large class of men can hardly be said to have opinions at all; they have prejudices and customs for every-day life, and for the hour of trial they seem to expect that that wisdom which should be the result of thought, will be furnished to them providentially and extempore. Many a man, at a crisis of his destiny, has cast away life or fortune for want of having well reasoned out and resolved upon his course when he could do it calmly; to enable himself to meet an emergency with a principle.

There has been a vast deal of preaching about the custom of duelling ever since the custom was known, and, as far as one can judge, with absolutely no effect. One man proves to you at great length what requires no proof, that it is anti-christian; another, that it is inhuman, ferocious, and uncivilized; and another, with a touch of satire, that it is cowardly, or the result of a decision "between two cowardices." Certainly, every body knows all this, but it is our habits and customs that must be changed, and not our opinions; we think rightly, we legislate rightly, but we persist in a wrong course of action. Now, though this wrong course of action is not to be got at with

words, it is nevertheless in a course of practical amendment, as we now propose to show ; for we are not about to join ourselves to the great company of the preachers, whose motives we respect, but whose efficiency, as we have said, we do not believe in.

There is but one class of men in the world who will abstain from duelling because it is wrong, while society is in a condition which makes the inducements to it sometimes very powerful. These are the men who really fear God, and who dare not incur the guilt of blood because of that fear. These men are few, so few, that having mentioned them, and we do it with reverence, we may leave them out of view in considering what is to befall the great mass of society. We say then, that there will always be duels in all societies whose condition is intermediate between strict military despotism and thorough republicanism. In the first of these forms it may be repressed, in the second it will disappear ; and it is upon this last idea that we wish to dwell for a moment, and not on the moral heinousness or palpable absurdity of the practice in question. To attack is idle when there is no defence ; and the only defence ever set up for duelling, is the idea of certain outrages and violations of decorum, which gentlemen, it is assumed, would generally commit if the fear of challenges should cease. To weigh this thing against the disruption of social ties and the guilt of blood, which would be the mere foolishness of preaching, as we have said, is not our purpose ; for in truth the reiteration to the minds of men of what they are already well convinced of, often, or even usually, dulls and diminishes their sense of its reality. And the reprehension of crime, whether beforehand or after its commission, is a species of punishment, having this at least in common with punishments in general, that it familiarizes the mind with the idea of the crime itself, and by a strange but well-ascertained tendency of human thought, this familiarity deducts from instead of adding to our horror. Therefore it is that in the most civilized nations punishments are becoming more and more private ; once to know that they exist, and then only to think of them when their idea rises up by the side of temptation, is the habit of mind most favourable to happiness and innocence.

We have said that duelling is inherent in certain political conditions of society, and that from one only it can be forcibly excluded, and from one only it has a tendency to die out of itself. From a rigorous military despotism only can it be kept out by force and fear, and experience has shown that such governments are rarely under the control of minds just and firm enough to make this use of power. Enough, however, has been from time to time effected, by Peter the Czar, by

Frederic the Second, and others, to show that honour, even of the most inflammable nicety, may be kept in awe by the axe of the executioner. A man's honour is dearer than his life; and he will peril his life in a duel for its sake, provided, however, that the chance of death be tempered with a chance of escape. But if the axe is to cut off those whom the sword spares, behold Honour becomes peaceable as a lamb. How this operates in society, and how outrageous and brutal gentlemen grow under such circumstances, no historian or traveller, as far as we know, has informed us.

Despotism, however, as we have seen, *can* quell duelling; but we may see also that republicanism *will*. In the minds of those to whom the great equalizing process now going on in the world is pleasant, this idea will connect itself with a system, and, when once established, will serve as an additional proof that all things work together for good. That it can be established, few, we think, will doubt; the first glance we take, when it is suggested, at the actual condition of things in the world in this respect, almost carries conviction with it. In England, where the human mind has been free longest in the old world, and where practical equality is now most perfect, there also is duelling least frequent and most reprobated. In France, recently let loose from a despotism, and still labouring to clear itself of the wrecks of several orders of aristocracy and nobility, whose pretensions clash, and whose conflicts of interest are embittered by reciprocal contempt, there also is duelling most frequent and most in honour. In Germany strong governments keep it down to a certain extent, and those only of the privileged classes, who are in a measure above the law, venture on it openly. Public opinion there is none; but we may judge that men look on duelling as a gentlemanlike or manly thing, from the plentiful mimics of it among the students of the Universities, who scratch each others' faces with long and sharp knitting needles, for such in fact their swords are, and call it vindicating honour. But here, where public opinion does exist and act strongly on the minds of men, where thought, in its natural shapes, can compare itself with thought and be strengthened by coalition, here duelling, at least theoretically, is heartily condemned. In many minds the old inherited prejudice lies deep, but in nearly all the counteracting reason is above it; and the number of men increases constantly, who can not only talk in its favour by their quiet firesides, but can regulate their actions by it in the moment of excitement. Therefore it is that duelling among us has been turned over to a class whose example carries little weight, unless for admonition; and therefore it is that the arm of the law is strengthened, and that there

is danger at this moment for any duellist, who comes before a New-York jury, that he may go to the State Prison. This severe legislation is right. Homicide in a duel ought not to be whitewashed by the law into a misdemeanor, it ought to be condemned to the punishment of homicide, and, in aggravated cases, of murder. Public opinion will at last enforce the law ; we believe, as we have said, that it will do so now.

The class of men among whom duels of late years have occurred is not, as we have hinted, the best among us ; it is not the refined or educated, or in any respect the superior class. One or two exceptions occur to us ; but in general, where and how do duels originate ; within what walls, or among what associations ? Determine this, and it is hardly necessary to call up your remembrance of the individuals to ask what you know about them. Is it in ball-rooms that gentlemen quarrel ? Is it in each other's houses even, amid the license of wine and walnuts ? Or is it on the hustings or at the polls, or amid the haunts and agitations of commerce ? Sometimes it is, but very rarely. The quarrels which end in blood, most usually begin with whiskey. You hear of a scene at some well-known tavern, you hear names you are accustomed to associate with its name ; there were intemperate hours, cards, gambling, discussions, and a *row* ; and to all this the antidote is a duel. Such remedies may be necessary for such disorders, as beggars have found it necessary to have a king, and endow him with revenues and authority ; and as thieves have a police among themselves the compulsory principle of which is honour ; they would probably be worse if it were abolished. We are not, therefore, arguing against the existence of the thing, but merely attempting to show *where* it exists, and since we think it must be admitted that among us at least it is banished into a certain class, we shall next proceed to inquire how that step to its extirpation has been effected.

Throughout all human arrangements like seeks its like, and seeks to disseminate itself. With light and reason societies consent to purify themselves, and those to whom the process is uncongenial, draw together to resist it. *Here*, in our natural state of things, they cluster and go down, to form, as dregs should regularly do, an understratum. But aristocratic institutions prevent this separation and subsidence ; they fix men in places so permanently, that, do what they may, they cannot go down, and they form such limited circles among such strongly-stamped distinctions, that a circle which expels a member will feel the loss, and knows not whence to supply it. Moreover, they limit each man's habitual responsibility for his actions to his own circle, and teach him to disregard all opinions out of

it, the overwhelming one of the general public having no organs. He acts, therefore, only under so much restraint as is imposed by the laws of his clique, to be administered usually with the bias in his favor of personal friendship or acquaintance, or at least of the *esprit de corps*. These all are entrenchments, defences, and covered ways for vice and crime, out of which they can never be driven. Add to this, that in the complexities of a system of distinctions not based at all on reason, in clashing pretensions to privilege or precedence, and in the insolence of empty rank and the resistance of conscious strength, discussions will arise which only the sword can terminate. To decide which is the best of two men, both perhaps intrinsically thoroughly bad, there is but one method—to kill one of them; and then reason from the rule of the preacher, that a living dog is better than a dead lion. No other principle can ever conclude this strife in societies where a man's character and personal qualities are not the sole, or at all events the primary, criterion of his standing and consideration. Wealth is a pleasant thing, and talent a most desirable one, and even family distinctions are not without their influence, provided their possessor be honourable and unimpeached; but none of these things should be allowed to sustain villainy or gross folly against public opinion. This is the whole theory of republican distinctions; foreigners have pretended to make an enigma of it, but we may say to those who do not understand it, that the fault, and the misfortune too, is their own.

It is a process which adapts itself easily to coarse and violent minds, and one which is very convenient to the advocate of a bad cause, to refer every thing to the arbitration of a fight. Such men, therefore, always preach chivalry, and lay fast hold on the code of honor; but among men of sense and breeding, who understand their relations to each other, and have not their views of each other's conduct distorted by artificial lights and false levels of society, there never need be any difficulty in adjusting a difference. The case is deliberately re-considered, and reduced to its plain right and wrong, and then each man makes or accepts such concessions as are due. Society sanctions this course, and its judgment is strong enough now to sustain those who conform to it against those who do not, without further vengeance. The public is a general Court of Honor, and a much better one than the childish scheme of Mr. Buckingham, lately re-published here, would establish, which is no more nor less than a proposition to increase the number of offences liable to be brought before a jury. What sort of punishments or indemnities this court proposed should

award, whether pecuniary or corporal, or only verbal and mental, is not said, nor is it easy to imagine. We shall waste no words on a scheme so intrinsically frivolous, but shall close this article with a few anecdotes connected with this subject, and a few reflections immediately growing out of them.

In most cases of duels growing out of differences in society, it is the man who is most in the wrong who seeks redress. He feels himself in the wrong, and therefore in a manner disgraced; he wants something to take off the sense of public censure, and he remembers that by the code of Honor a duel absolves both parties of all that went before it. We remember an instance which occurred in a packet ship, where a man, either drunk or in some violent excitement, made an assault on a table at which several persons—some of them ladies—were sitting. The nearest man repelled him by force, and was afterwards called upon, at Havre, to fight him for his satisfaction. He replied, "Sir, you brought your disgrace upon yourself, and I shall lend you no aid to wipe it off." The answer was most logical, and in accordance with sense, and our customs and opinions; but by the code of Honor he must have fought. And he should have fought forthwith, without waiting to learn what, in this case, he would afterwards have learned, that his adversary was a felon and fugitive from justice, and was not a person of sufficient rank to be considered in such circumstances, even technically, a gentleman.

Lord Brudenell, son of the Earl of Cardigan, ran away with a married lady, who was afterwards divorced, and he married her, and she is now Lady Brudenell. But his Lordship, after the first escapade, was somewhat surprised that he did not receive a challenge from the injured husband, and he was so anxious to make reparation, that at last he wrote to offer it. His note was worded as follows:—"Sir: Having done you the greatest injury that one man can do another, I think it incumbent upon me to offer you the satisfaction which one gentleman owes to another in such circumstances." The reply was this:—"My Lord, in taking off my hands a woman who has proved herself a wretch, you have done me the greatest favor that one man can do another; and I think it incumbent upon me to offer you the acknowledgments which one gentleman owes to another in such circumstances." This man took a cold-blooded view of the case, but he was right; revenge, in such a case, is no reparation; and the unworthiness of the cause must completely neutralize its relish. Pecuniary damages are positively base; and Mr. Buckingham himself would hardly have thought it worth the trouble of pursuing the case through a Court of Honor to make the culprit apologize.

The real cause of the most violent quarrels is very often beyond the reach of evidence or explanation, and this it is which accounts for permanent and mortal differences breaking out on a trivial pretext, which seems like nothing; but is backed by old hatreds, indefinable slights, rivalries, and hoarded animosities. The once notorious Baron Von Hoffman challenged a man for not inviting him to dinner, a cause not likely to be avowed, but certainly it was the real one. The Baron had lost his trunk in the river, with all his letters of introduction, and consequently, till more came, his standing was not well ascertained. Some persons received him, others denounced him; but this latter class the Baron, if he could get at them, was always ready to fight. He knew very well that the *ratio ultima regum*, the logic of kings, was also the best logic for impostors; and if any thought his credentials were short weight, he was ready to throw his pistol into the scale. In the case in question, Mr. J. . . . R. . . . whom the Baron met in a certain set where he had access, was famous for his good dinners, from which the Baron was always left out. Weary of this, he called one day on Mr. R. and spread his credentials, such as they were, before him, by way of removing suspicions which, he said, he had heard R. . . . had expressed, and against which he made a laboured argument. He left his papers and desired they might be returned with a note expressive of the impression they produced, but R. . . . returned them in a blank envelope. The Baron thereupon sent a challenge, which was left at the door as if it had been an invitation for dinner. Mrs. R. . . . opened it, and immediately replied to it as follows.—“Sir. Your note is received. My husband will not have any thing to do with you under any circumstances; but whenever you produce official proof that you have been aide-camp to Prince Blucher, as you say, I will fight a duel with you myself.

“MARY R. . . .”

One story suggests another, and to stories about duels there is no end. We will make an end of telling them, however, with one from Boston, where, we are told, there is a correspondence going on still, which began ten years ago with a challenge. Mr. A. a bachelor, challenged Mr. B. a married man with one child, who replied that the conditions were not equal, that he must necessarily put more at risk with his life than the other, and he declined. A year afterwards he received another challenge from Mr. A., who stated that he too had now a wife and child, and he supposed therefore the objection of Mr. B. was no longer valid. Mr. B. replied that he now had two children,

consequently the inequality still subsisted. The next year Mr. A. renewed his challenge, having now two children also; but his adversary had three. This matter, when last heard from, was still going on, the numbers being six to seven, and the challenge yearly renewed.

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THE GREEK LOVERS.

BY J. K. MITCHELL.

*Illustration of an engraving of "Greek Lovers," by Durand, after a painting by Weir.*

No longer here, as once of yore,  
When love, in peace, could love adore,  
The Grecian Lover woos his bride,  
With vines above and flowers beside.  
His scimitar with gore is wet,  
The Pacha's blood bedews it yet.  
He sought her in the Moslem's tower,  
He wrench'd her from the robber's power,  
And left his mansion desolate,  
To prove his love and seal his hate.

Her father fell, where all but fame  
Was lost. His proudly cherished name—  
Though still a war-cry for the fight,  
A hope-flash o'er a starless night  
Of unguilt bondage—grac'd alone,  
One gentle girl. His sons were gone;  
And she, a slave, was doom'd to see,  
In its worst form, captivity.

The first dark day of bondage passed,  
In fitting night of rain and blast;  
And wearied victors sought repose,  
Nor dreamt of harm from scatter'd foes.  
The maiden at the casement stood,  
And watch'd the mild and flowing flood,  
That beat against the Moslem's wall,  
And ponder'd on her country's fall.  
She thought not of herself; the fire  
That burned within, proclaimed her sire,  
And that long line of mighty men,  
Whom Greece might never see again.

A speck is floating with the tide,  
A growing bulk, a boat, a form—  
It is her lover's!—To her side  
He springs, despite the guards and storm.



A moment, and the bark is gained,  
The dirk unearh'd that held it chain'd.  
They spoke not, scarcely breath'd for fear  
The sound might reach a hostile ear;  
His foot upon the deck was plac'd,  
His lifting arm was round her waist;  
He paus'd, look'd back—

“Not yet! not yet!!  
So much for *love*!—There is a debt  
Of *death*, unpaid.—I cannot flee,  
E'en from this place of chains with thee,  
Until 'tis cancell'd—rest thee here!  
A child of Greece should know no fear!  
This rope secures the boat—Be still,  
Though sounds should rise the heart to chill!  
If coming feet should meet thine ear,  
And I am silent, do not fear;  
But if I cry, 'farewell! 'tis o'er!  
Push off the shallop from the shore.  
Friends wait below to rescue thee:  
There yet are some whose hands are free.”

“Oh do not leave me!—If there be  
A danger, let me share't with thee!  
I'd rather go, with thee to die,  
Than to a throne, without thee, fly!”

“It must not be! My love, forbear,  
'Twere only *danger* thou could'st share;  
Thou couldst but fetter heart and steel;  
'Tis mine to act—thou wouldst but feel;  
The deed is bloody, stout the foe,  
My fears for thee might mar the blow.  
Propitious omens bar my flight;  
The 'curse of Greece,' must die to-night.”

His stay was long, but longer still  
It seem'd to her, thus doom'd to wait  
For him, whose coming steps could thrill  
Her heart-strings, like the touch of fate.  
Her head was bent, her breath was low,  
She caught, tho' guards did not, the blow;  
And stretch'd her passion-sharpen'd ear,  
The cry of pain or rage to hear;  
But save, that single blow, was heard  
Nor stroke, nor bustle, groan nor word.

His step is heard at last. “Away!  
The moon is rising!—no delay!  
Fear not; the guards will find no boat;  
I've sent their sleeping slaves afloat,  
And they are drifting with the tide  
Without an oar to move or guide.”

“He spoke not! How I longed to wake  
The foe, and open vengeance take,  
Recount our wrongs, recite our tears,  
Alarm his pride, arouse his fears,  
And strike him, as he bent the knee,  
And cry, “for Greece and Liberty.”

## THE GREEK LOVERS.

"It could not be; I fear'd they might  
 Arrest my hand or bar thy flight;  
 And though for such revenge, my life  
 Were price too mean, the startling strife,  
 Had peril'd thee; and then, oh then,  
 The tyrants had been paid again.  
 To pass away were nought to me,  
 If thou wert safe, and Greece were free,  
 And I could see with dying eyes,  
 The red-drops of the sacrifice.

"But better thus! the hand that gave  
 That hasty blow, may live to wave  
 The sword, in open fields, and slay  
 Oppressors in the face of day.  
 Oh wretched land, oh abject time,  
 When public vengeance seems like crime,  
 And steals upon the sleeping foe,  
 To give an unresisted blow.

"But harken! ha!—They've found him too!  
 The wild lament, the fierce halloo,  
 Betoken grief,—proclaim pursuit!  
 They're tasting now the bitter fruit  
 Of long oppression! Let them wail!  
 'Tis but a prelude to the tale,  
 Of woes to come, when, great and free,  
 All Greece, on continent and sea,  
 Shall arm, and strike for liberty."

Years pass away. The moslem tower  
 Seems now of love the rosy bower.  
 The guards are gone, the warders wait  
 No longer at the iron gate,  
 But childhood's playful laugh is there,  
 And gentle woman's soothing care;  
 The Grecian standard floats above,  
 And frowning Mars is gone, and Love  
 Disports him in its peaceful folds—  
 The victor-Greek the fortress holds;  
 And pours into his Art's ear  
 The story of that night of fear,  
 When, braving storm, and flood, and power,  
 He bore her from the Pacha's tower.

*Philadelphia, March, 1838.*

## MILTON'S LYCIDAS.

### NO. I.

THERE is many an unpleasant discovery that one makes between twenty and thirty. Think not that I mean the hated appearance of wrinkles and crow-tracks, or the thinning of the hair, or the growing signs of florid and rude health, oh, gentle *celibetaire*, that art perchance beguiling the tedium of a long evening in thy solitary chamber with these pages. No! Lancel hath long since "left the herd," and lost all sympathy with *such* causes of fretful mortification. I speak of a certain discovery, which it often befalls us to make at that age when one usually begins in earnest to make a study of his own inward man, concerning our feelings and habits in reference to the highest works of art. Up to that time, for instance, we have had no reason to doubt that we have been truly *genial* students of those works,—that we have been so far peculiarly endowed with the poetic mind as to be capable, when coming in contact with it in its highest degrees, of following it in its creative processes, and of contemplating the result as if it were half our own. We have read—we have perhaps *studied*—our Chaucer and Spenser, our Shakspeare and Milton, with sustained interest, with profound sympathy, with just appreciation. But at this period of self-questioning we make the discovery, that whereas it might be presumed we should *recur* to what we appreciate so supremely, we in fact do no such thing. We are content with our foregone efforts. We had rather be speculating about Hamlet on the strength of old impressions, than to strain our faculties again in a direct and closer study. To be sure our favorite volumes are not abandoned to dust and cobwebs. We do turn occasionally to our Spenser, but we open—not upon the magnificent Faerie Queene—but upon the sweet Epithalamium. In Shakspeare we seek a gentler exertion of the mind in the as yet unsolved riddle of the Sonnets, or the most playful of his Dramas. And as for the sublime and severe old Puritan, for once that we work upon the Paradise Lost, ten times do we disport ourselves in those trim gardens of his, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, the Sonnets, and the minor poems, the Comus and the Lycidas.

Such discovery we have called unpleasant. And, certes, it does—for the moment at least—stir up into troublesome acti-

vity whole swarms of mortifying, self-distrusting thoughts. We listen, with painful misgiving to their suggestions, whether our admiration of Milton (for instance) had been real and natural, when we thus shrink from recurring to the best evidence and noblest monument of his peculiar powers? Whether, in fact we are not, after all, of *the many*, who only read the *Paradise Lost* because they must, and echo the praises of its sublimity because the world has voted it sublime, while in their hearts they care not a straw for the whole book, but rather inwardly fret at its tediousness, and wish the blind old school-divine could never have got his shrewish daughters to write it out for him; or—we inwardly exclaim—if I am not of such cattle—if I am not so bad as *that*—has not my admiration of the nobler works of Genius been half taken upon trust, and really far, very far inferior to that which is felt by men of higher gifts,—men endued with livelier sensibilities, and more rapid and profound insight?

Gentle reader, hath Lancel now caused a chord of sympathy to vibrate responsively in thy bosom, or taught thee to understand a sound before too faint for thy inward ear? (Show thy gratitude, then, by making fearlessly the record of thy own secret experiences, for the behoof of those who can learn to know themselves, or to be honest enough to speak truth of themselves to themselves, only through the suggestive confessions of others.) Then would we keep thee no longer in that state of self-distrust, but would offer to thy wounded feelings an unction which we have at least found healing to our own.

*First*, then, we aver—notwithstanding the appearance of assumption on the one hand, and of severe judgment on the other—that *every* great artist, like Milton, necessarily directs his work to an audience few, *because* fit. In other words, true sympathy with the productions of the *highest* minds, (the ground of all worthy admiration,) can be felt only by minds but a few degrees lower. Poetic imagination is given to but few, even in its lower degrees; and that the reader *without* imagination can sympathize with imagination in its divinest efforts, is an absurdity too stout for *us* to deal with. Had we space, we could prove our assertion even from the very facts that would be brought up against it,—by simply analyzing on the one hand, the character of the works which win the most of popular admiration; and, on the other, the character of that admiration itself. But we go on, to add, *Secondly*, ["Has our Lancel been a *sermonizer*?" Why not,—unless you mean thereby a *proser*?] that if true admiration of art can belong only to the highest minds, then it can be felt by *them* only in their highest moods,—when their imagination can be

brought into full and free activity. They must be in the proper mood for *study*,—*such* study, we mean, of course, as the peculiar character of the object demands. Now, a work of art is *one*,—it has a living principle of unity; and therefore its best beauties can be seen adequately only in connexion with, and in relation to, the whole. And the best mind must be (as we have said) in its happiest mood, before it can,—on the strength of mere memory—place itself in the high, imaginative position from which it can enter into the spirit of a noble passage by itself, as a part of the organic whole. Yet, so loudly does the “fit reader,” by the laws of his own mind, call for the perception and sense of such unity, that he instinctively shrinks from taking up a truly great work, when the conditions of perceiving its unity are not present.

If this theory is correct, then it satisfactorily accounts for the fact—which may, we think, be confidently stated as a fact—that such a reader sits down by *seasons* to his Shakspeare and Milton; and that, when he cannot command a season—when he has only his occasional winter-evening—he turns involuntarily either to some work of a less elevated walk in art or to the *minor* gems of the great masters. And if we are answered that many literary men keep their Shakspeare and Milton, and their other favorite poets, always lying on their table, that they may look up, now and then, a fine passage as a “stop-gap,” (so Elia hath it,) amidst more useful studies, we have only to say, that we speak not of them: for them was made the “Beauties of Shakspeare.”

But, at all events, whether thou wilt receive this unction or not, gentle reader—(a most ungentle reader, though, if you don't)—we retire upon ourselves, and repeat that we applied it to our own feelings with perfect success, when, just a year ago this winter, those same mortifying questionings arose in our own mind upon finding ourselves perpetually recurring to Milton's LYCIDAS. As often as we went to our shelves for our Milton, our hand directed itself to the second volume—for our copy is the noble Boston edition in two volumes—and when we began to turn over the leaves, we were always sure, after casting a look first at the *Paradise Regained* and then at the *Samson Agonistes*, to be set a-reciting

“Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more  
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy ever sere!”

and then we had nothing for it but to read over the whole in our very best manner. Few give the true musical recitation to poetry; we try to, but others, we dare say, have succeeded bet-

ter. But was this pleasure so solitary? No, reader. Lanel hath wife and wife's sister, and to them it was that he recited his favorite poem, with extemporal prolegomena, and now and then an explanation where he *felt* he was not understood. Many, many changes have occurred to us within the year which has passed since that time; hundreds of miles are now between us and that remote village, lying between noble mountains and a noble lake—(O what sunsets have we not seen there!)—we are drudging hard in a far different employment—(we steal the time by snatches to pen these idle pages)—and all of our present intercourse with the present living and now printing world of letters, has been formed since that time; and yet the harmonious cadence of those readings are still ringing in our ears, to remind us of the promise which we then made to that partial auditory, that the said prolegomena and commentary should form our first public essay in "Reproductive Criticism"—if we may borrow a new name of the day. I hear, gentle souls, even in this far distance, and will no longer be disobedient to your mandate. The honored but unseen friend of Lanel shall forthwith have it to say whether he will or will not print a couple of essays on Milton's Lycidas. And, in order to fulfil our promise to the word, we begin with our

#### PROLEGOMENA.

Start not at a term savoring so strongly of Classical Criticism or of Mathematical lore. Lanel is but too guiltless of both. *His* Prolegomena will have nothing to do with learning—with the editions of the Lycidas, the MSS., the Various Readings, or the passages imitated from Dante or Petrarch. He reminds you, that his critique is to be *reproductive*. His aim, therefore, in this preparatory and principal essay, will be to put *your* mind, good reader, so fully into sympathy with the mind of the poet at the time of producing this monody, that you may go through the work as if it were your own; that your feelings may be put (in fancy) under the same exciting causes, and thus become the conditions of a like imaginative activity. And we shall by no means incur blame, we trust, if we direct the reader to make use of the position thus gained in defending this beautiful poem from certain coarse assaults that have been made upon it by a critic, who must have misconceived its whole spirit.

We must first give whatever of story the poem is concerned with. Milton was sent, for his education, to the University of Cambridge. His father designed him for the Church—a destination to which Milton was far from being disinclined: he

would seem, on the contrary, to have entered into the plan, and to have shaped his studies accordingly. And, although he afterwards conceived scruples as to making the subscriptions required of candidates for the ministry of the Church of England, his tastes underwent no change—he was ever a divine at heart. It was natural, therefore, that his college intimates should be chosen from amongst those who were of like minds and like destination with himself. Now, amongst his fellow-students was Edward King. This youth—we take the poem itself as our chief and best authority for the facts—was designed for the ministry. That he was a universal favorite in the University we may reasonably conclude, from the fact, that the poems with which they honored his memory, (including this monody of Milton's,) formed a volume. Our poet styles him his *friend*, and we do not think Milton a man to call any ordinary degree of acquaintance a friendship. In the monody itself he shows how close their intimacy must have been; that it was, in fact, a true *brotherhood* in the enthusiastic study of letters, in religious feelings and pursuits, and moreover in ecclesiastical opinions—at that time, doubtless, a strong bond of union.

Now, we must beg the reader to settle it for himself, here, at the outset, whether the professed friendship of Milton for Edward King was really a friendship or not. It will hardly be doubted, unless we go farther back, and question whether Milton were ever capable of friendship at all. We strongly suspect that most persons, looking on Milton in his private character only as the severe Puritan and strict governor of his family, do really entertain that doubt. But we cannot allow it for a moment. We can allow it of no true poet. We could not allow it of Milton, even in those later years of blindness and disappointment, or in the political activity of his middle life, while he was writing pamphlets for the Presbyterians, or concentrating all his powers in the contest with Salmasius. Much less can we grant it in reference to that earlier period, in which, although he had formed his political opinions, his chief zeal was directed to the cultivation of literature and the production of poetry. Then he could write that precious tribute—

“What needs my Shakspeare for his honor'd bones”——

and could dwell upon

“Sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child;”

that same poet, whom, in the half-affectation (as we think) of

Puritanism—he could, years after, speak of as one William Shakspeare, with reprobation of certain stuff in favor of the divine right of kings. Then it was that he corresponded so affectionately with Charles Deodati, and even hinted to him how sensible he was to the loveliness of woman; then he wrote his verses *Ad Patrem*; and then he loved to dwell—in poetry full of kind and honorable feeling—upon the memory of his early teachers. But surely we need not labor this point. We *must* take it for granted, most kindly reader, that you do believe that the young John Milton had his proportion, at least, of warm (and certainly of deep) feeling, and that he must have *loved* Edward King.

But the time came when the intercourse of the friends was interrupted. Milton left the university, and spent a few years—mostly at a beautiful country-seat of his father's—in the most diligent study of the Greek and Latin classics, and in the not less diligent cultivation of poetry; for during that period he produced his finest Latin poems, and—along with many minor pieces—his *Arcades* and *Comus*, and those twin gems, the *L'Allegro* and the *Il Penseroso*. King must have continued in the University as a fellow (we should judge), for he had spent more than four years there after the departure of Milton before he bade Cambridge farewell, and took passage for Ireland in a crazy and unsafe vessel, which went down in calm weather and deep water. King was one of those who perished.

Now, let us endeavor to conceive the kind of impression which this unexpected and violent death of Edward King must have made upon his youthful poet-friend. Let us reflect *what* King was to his fellow-students, and in what circumstances the shock came upon Milton in particular. Remember, then, that Edward King was a College student, cut off at the moment when he was entering upon the actual business of his life, and still fresh in the hearts and memories of his College friends.

We know what feelings students have towards those who leave their Alma Mater with high hopes and fair promise. We have then known few others in the world; we have compared ourselves only with ourselves; we have measured each other's powers only by our enthusiastic aspirations; and there is no limit to the course which we think ourselves capable of running. The favorites of the class are to breathe new life into the dull and dying world. And if at that moment of separation one of those favorites should die, we exclaim, with a sincerity and faith, unchecked by experience of the exaggerations of such hopes,—What buds of genius have been blasted! What soul-stirring eloquence has died unuttered! How tame and dull still are our lakes and mountains wanting that golden



light of poetry, which *he* would surely have cast upon them ! Ah ! how different does the death of a class-mate strike us ten years later, when the cherished favorite of the lecture-room has measured himself with the hard strength of this every-day world, and sunk down from henceforth to work task-work, undistinguished amongst his fellows.

Edward King would seem to have been eminently one of those College favorites, whose brows are wont to be decked before-hand, in fancy, with "predestinated wreaths." It must have been a shipwreck of no common treasure of promise, that could draw forth such numerous and such peculiar expressions of grief and disappointment from his University. No matter how much their estimate of his powers and their confidence in his future eminence may have been exaggerated ; if only real—and that no one will doubt—it was a sufficient ground for that kind of disappointment which we have described as peculiar to College students. In such feelings Milton (we may assume) could not but bear his part. But there were, besides, circumstances in his intellectual character, in his stage of intellectual developement, and in his aspirations after the best good for himself and his fellow-men, by which this stroke was brought down upon *him* with additional and peculiar force. Remember, dear reader, those bonds of union—those ties of sympathy—which made these young men brethren. King was, or was believed to be, (and that amounts to the same thing for our purpose,) a poet.

"———He knew  
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme !"

But what was Milton's estimate of the preciousness and rareness of the gift of poesy ? Years after, in cooler manhood, he held "these powers to be divinely bestowed, and that upon few in all nations." Think you he valued them less during this period of his most enthusiastic youth, when his own productive power was developing itself with the profuse strength and free abandonment of new life in his bosom—when he had come to the sure belief, that his were wings that were growing for a sublimer flight than mortal had ever before conceived ? What, then, must he have felt at the sudden extinction of a light so rare,—at the passing away of poetic power from the earth ? For if

" Then—when the poet dies,  
Mute *Nature* mourns her worshipper  
And celebrates his obsequies,"

certainly the spirits which have fellowship with the prematurely dead in the same gift, can be affected with no less a sorrow. Milton, then, could not but feel that he had suffered a loss by the untimely blasting of one rare poetic bud; and that feeling of loss must have been made deeper and more lasting by the brotherhood which had existed between him and his friend in the love of letters, in religious feeling, and especially in plans for purifying what *they* deemed a corrupt Church, by at least setting the example of a highly-gifted and cultivated mind, still holy and heavenly, engaged in the faithful discharge of the humble duties of a pastor. Recognise in *him*, therefore, the reasons which he had above his fellows for feeling the loss of Edward King, and we may perhaps conceive the deep, but subdued and sanctified regret, with which he constantly reflected how much of the purest beauty and worth—how much of rare power and high principle—how much of undeveloped cultivating influence for him, for the Church, and for the world—went down in “that fatal and perfidious bark.”

Thus, good reader, have we labored—we *hope* with *success*, we much *fear* with all too much of tedious prolixity—to show that Milton did not produce this monody on his College friend out of an assumed sorrow; but, on the contrary, from feeling natural, sincere, and deep; and further, that such feeling was modified by the peculiarities of the constitution and position of his mind. The case admits, we grant, of nothing more than such presumptive evidence as we have adduced; and presumptive evidence [“ah! I was mistaken; our Lanel is a lawyer!” Very well; let me be a Pasha of as many tails as possible,] we know, may always be rebutted. We grieve—for thy patience’s sake, gentle reader, to say that such a rebutter has been pleaded in this same case; for we are bound not only to hear it and make our answer, but also, for thy better knowledge, to give thee some hints concerning the character of its author.

To that end we must draw upon our stores of learning. Know then, that in a certain place, in Lat.—but we could never remember latitudes and longitudes—during a certain era, from—but we are even worse at dates—there lived a certain race of “Mercurial men,” which has never yet found its match—unless in the thrice-glorious age of Elizabeth, James, and Charles, for intellectual character, for sensibility almost inconceivably acute, for subtlety and profundity in thinking, and for playfulness, grace, energy, and sublimity of fancy and imagination. Nigh neighbour to the habitation of this race did lie another “certain tract or parcel of land,” known by the name of *Bœotia*, a country peculiarly rich in the dower of dulness, and

standing to Attica in the relation of + and —, the positive and negative signs of the algebraist. But sometimes there was a certain gigantic, heavy strength excited in these same Bœotians, which bore down all before it ; but it grew out of a time, and was for a time, and died with the time. Now, we have found, in our more recondite reading, that this same Bœotia hath the singular quality of not being confined to place, but can transfer itself to various places, and be constantly only a Bœotia of *time*. (Doubtless the great *Sartor* was not aware of this unique fact when he spake of a space-annihilating cap as a kind of logical entity still shivering for want of the clothing of reality.) Once on a time this same space-clog-less Bœotia (*we* can make words as well as *Sartor*) took up its abode in a certain *age* of English mind. And first, it added to the unideal, imaginative common sense of the age (which was, indeed, very good just then) a singular power of rhyming in regular iambics, and of using very skilfully a cut-and-dried magazine of poetic diction. Then was the world blessed with *Essays on Criticism* and *Essays on Man*, (the "*Man-animal*," that is,) with *Essays on*—every species of farming and manufacture, we believe, and so forth. Moreover, as we read lately, that every school of art necessarily makes a school of criticism—this Bœotia of time produced a Coryphaeus of criticism to answer to the Coryphaeus of—Poetry, we must call it, we suppose. He was a man of big body and big understanding ; he had a big fist, and carried a big oak stick,—and he made big books, which contained *very* big words. He was made to perform a certain kind of work, and in that work, sooth to say, he was a giant. He was the unrivalled critic of the literature of his age ; and, to confess the truth, he is a dear favorite of our's, he was such a grand old bear. But that school of poetry was manufactured without the help of the imagination, (for the *invention* which they pretended to was not *creation*, not a moulding into one by *Phantasy*, but an aggregation of mere *Fancy*) : it therefore demanded no imagination in its critic ; and, certes, our "*Learned Theban*" had none. By reason whereof his criticism came to exhibit a twofold character, according as the work under his hands was or was not the offspring of the school for which he was made. On the productions of that school he was a sound and satisfactory critic ; for his own mind, when coming in contact with the working of that class of mind, could touch at every point : it was like and equal, and no more. He had not the slightest ear for music, and only the least possible perception of melody ; and yet, so uniform and so mechanical was the flow of the only verse then tolerated, that he had no occasion to become conscious of his deficiency. He had no true enjoyment of nature,

but there was nothing in those Essays on Criticism to suggest a doubt whether there be any Nature. But when, on the other hand, he was to pass judgment upon a true Poet, he was made to feel his want of sensibility, his want of eye and ear, and his utter poverty in imagination. His consciousness of power in other directions, together with the high estimate which he knew other great men of the day placed upon his mind and works, forbade him to confess his deficiencies even to himself; and therefore he had nothing for it but to be fretted and angry, and to be as unjust and severe as possible. Thus of Chaucer, and Spenser he says little or nothing; as to Shakspeare, his criticism is utterly unsatisfactory even when he meant best; on Gray he is unjust; his praise of Collins is feeble and unintelligent; and as to Milton, he nowhere appreciates him; and with respect to most of his minor poems, his opinions are hardly above contempt. But it is on Lycidas that he has poured forth the most unjust, unfair, ignorant, and stupid criticism that he ever uttered. We must not trust ourselves, however, to enter into the examination of the whole of that criticism now while we are so warm. We mean, for the present, only to take notice of the matter, which the "Great Critic" introduces to rebut our presumptive evidence, that the monody is an expression of genuine, and not of assumed feeling.

Let us, then, hear, first of all, the very words—the *ipsissima verba*—of the unrivalled judge of English Poetry:

"It [Lycidas] is not to be considered the effusion of real passion; for passion runs not after remote allusions and obscure opinions. Passion plucks no berries from the myrtle and ivy, nor calls upon Arethuse and Mincius, nor tells of rough satyrs, and fauns with cloven heel. Where there is leisure for fiction, there is little grief." Again—"When Cowley tells of Hervey, that they studied together, it is easy to suppose how much he must miss the companion of his labor and the partner of his discoveries; but what image of tenderness can be excited by these lines!

'We drove a-field, and both together heard  
What time the gray fly winds her sultry horn,  
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night.' "

And, finally, "He who thus grieves will excite no sympathy." These are the critic's *words*: let us get at their meaning. Lycidas must not be considered as springing from real feeling, *because* it is contrary to the nature of real feeling to go (we are to suppose) beyond the model of Cowley or Harvey,—to make other than matter-of-fact statements concerning the deceased,—to indulge in *fiction* (that is, we must certainly infer) to enter

the province of the imagination. In a word, grief that can express itself in true poetry, is not real grief.

Now, gentle reader, can he who asserts what certainly amounts to this, really speak

————— out of a most learned spirit  
Of human dealing ?

Relying upon what we know of man—of youth—of genius, we confidently say, No ! We reason thus. Affection, in all men, is more or less connected, in some way, with the intellect—with the imagination. Generally speaking, in parents, children, brothers, sisters, love is more exclusively that of mere natural feeling, almost entirely independent of personal qualities and of intellectual sympathies. Grief for an object of such love is most of all unmingled with a consoling, restoring element : it is simple and bitter. Yet facts are abundant to show that where the mourner is possessed of genius, it is not unnatural even for such grief to vent itself in poetry,—in poetry elevated far above the matter-of-fact character to which our great critic would confine it. We happen to think just now of Bishop Lowth's exquisite verses—*Latin*, too—on his lost daughter, of Burke's highly poetical prose allusion to the death of his son, of Cowper's lines on his mother's picture, and of Lyttleton's and Mason's elegies on their deceased wives. And yet no one questions the sincerity of the feeling in any of these cases, because we know (as we have said) that in the man of genius especially, the mind is interested, as well as the heart, in *all* his attachments,—even for those with whom his mind has not the highest degree of sympathy. After the first shock of grief, therefore, the very recollection excites the imagination to a degree of activity. The full fraught heart gently, but naturally, moves the mind's shaping power, (through the process of moulding all things into one by giving to all form and coloring from some predominant passion,) to inspire the flowers and the plants, the hills and the groves—the favorite objects and haunts of the dear departed—with a sense of loss and desolation like its own ; the rare volumes are become dumb ; the harp is sad and silent for want of the hand that was wont to touch its strings ; the favorite animal shares in the mute regret ; and this almost involuntary exercise of the imagination, begun in unmingled bitterness, ministers to working the mind clear, self-refreshed.

Thus we say, it may be even where the love of mere natural feeling must necessarily be the strongest. But in the friendship of College companions—of these who come together later

in life, and are drawn towards each other in the first instance chiefly by the secret instinct of intellectual sympathy, by becoming conscious of kindred powers and similar aspirations in each other—natural feeling, on the other hand, must have the less, and the imagination the greater, share. Sorrow for the loss of such a friend has therefore much less to repress the first risings of imaginative activity. So far from having other feelings springing out of earlier and natural grounds of love, to prevent us from thinking, while the sense of loss is fresh within us, of our old pursuits and magnificent schemes, it is precisely to *them* that, in this case, we recur at once. At once do we roam, in fancy, over our old favorite haunts—amidst the old groves and streams, and hills; the very stuff out of which the mind's plastic power moulds its most refreshing creations. At once do we return to dwell upon the source of our heaviest disappointment—our mutual pursuits and schemes; and in a moment we are in the midst of that fairy land, the dream of gifted and enthusiastic youth. And as we see over again our old visions, we are secretly refreshing ourselves with a gallery of most beloved pictures; and before we know it, we are deep in the heathful work of peopling new canvass with scenes, none the less beautiful for the gentle shade of sadness that has unconsciously fallen upon them.

Now we appeal to you, good reader, (for if you have endured us thus far, we are quite sure of your sympathy,) was not *such* the sorrow, which it was natural, yea, necessary for the College friends of young King to feel,—and to whom was it more natural than to Milton? For was not every condition of the predominance of mere natural feeling wanting in his case? And was not every thing present that could give the ascendancy to that sorrow which was more nearly connected with the imagination? Where was he? Was he still in the old halls—the scene of their year-long associations—every feature of which should bring back, in its pristine freshness, each word and act of their friendship, and force the heart into poignant distress? Had it been but a week or a month since they had bidden each other farewell? Was he living in a city, with the bustle and stir and variety of man's every-day life to distract and divert him, and to keep down every higher exertion of his mind? By no means. Milton had been some years, even absent from the University, and could have seen King only during occasional visits, and was living in scenes with which the memory of his friend was in no way associated,—in a beautiful country, rich in those objects which give birth to the most pleasing and soothing exertions of the imagination. Besides, as we have already seen, his mind was excit-

ed to its most genial and intense activity by the *study* of poetry,—the poetry of the ancients, and also that of the Italians; and by the *production* of poetry of his own.

With what reason, then, can it be said, that Milton's sorrow for his friend was not real, because it showed itself as the sorrow of a poet, growing out of no natural relation, but out of the friendship of sympathy in powers, pursuits, and aspirations, *must* show itself? Could the Great Critic have relied so confidently on this objection of his, (so plausible, we fear, to too many,) if his own mental constitution had not been so unfortunate? But shall *he* be allowed to give the rule in this case, whose temperament was so thoroughly morbid, that any grief in him was a miserable, lifeless depression of spirits, an unmingled, unsoftened, unsanctified anguish, that would have smothered the brightest flame of imagination; how much more such an imagination as his—if he could be said to have any at all?

We shall take leave, then, to consider our presumptive evidence as *not* effectually rebutted, and to proceed with our Prolegomena. But what is this? Here I am actually occupying no small part of a fourth closely written foolscap sheet—one sheet, at least, more than a Magazine article ought ever to consist of. Besides, my fingers cramp with such eternal scribbling, and I am heartily tired of my own *longueurs*. Pray heaven my friend Benjamin may not be so too—(I can call myself tedious, but can't bear that any one else should)—for then the world that makes itself funnier (and wiser and better, of course) by means of the *American Monthly*, will die in ignorance of some things that may be *said* about Milton's Lycidas, if not of some of its beauties. Print me this time, Sir Benjamin, and you shall have the rest of these my Prolegomena next month, and the Commentary the month after—wind and weather permitting, the chief enemies to the nerves and brains of

LANEL.

## THE HEADS OF OUR GREAT MEN.

—————"and his pure brain,  
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house."

*Shakespeare.*

WE have just alighted upon a most curious and interesting document, and propose to base upon it a phrenological article. Not that we have become suddenly proselytes to phrenology, and are moved "by all the zeal"

"Which young and fiery converts feel ;"

much less that we subscribe to all the crude absurdities put forth in the name.

We have watched the progress which this *soi-disant* science has been making with great interest but much caution ; we have seen it assailed by violent denunciation and biting sarcasm, but still advancing steadily in notoriety ; we have remarked that few or no scientific men of note embraced it, but remembered the fact that no physician in England, who was over forty years of age when Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, ever admitted it to his dying day ; we have witnessed the ridiculous pretensions, and the mortifying discomfitures of pretended phrenologists ; and last, not least, we have been disquieted by the mountebanks and *chevaliers d'industrie*, who, in this and other cities, gull the public and fill their own pockets, by practising phrenology ; we have seen all this, but still thought that the subject merited candid examination.

That phrenologists have thrown much light upon the structure and functions of the brain and nervous system, cannot be denied ; that they have given a beautiful and luminous arrangement and nomenclature of the mental powers, its general adoption proves ; that they have benefitted mankind by awakening attention to the influence of physical causes and conditions upon intellectual manifestations, is very clear ; but that they have not yet been able to make good the extravagant pretensions of some of their disciples, is equally evident.

Had that amiable enthusiast—that keen, though perhaps prejudiced, observer—that truly good and wise man—the lamented Spurzheim—lived but a few years in our land, phre-



nology would have had a fair and full hearing, and been accepted or rejected according to its merits or demerits. But now it is not so; the subject is lugged distorted before the public; enthusiasts, charlatans, and adventurers find disciples and tools in spite of their absurdities, while cautious and inquiring minds are apt to quit the subject in disgust with their pretensions, or afraid of the ridicule and suspicion which they are drawing upon phrenology.

We stand upon neutral ground; we are not reduced by the specious pretences of this new doctrine; we are not dazzled by the prospect which it holds out of reading the mental and intellectual character upon the brow and head of man, and of improving and perfecting his race by study and observance of the laws of organization; but, on the other hand, we fear not ridicule—we heed not the denunciation of materialism! atheism! and other bug-bear terms used by fools to frighten greater fools. We care not *what* a doctrine teaches, so it be true; we care not *where* it leads, so long as its path is that of truth; in that path we are willing to follow on unheedingly, though it terminate in infidelity to all religion; for religion is true, or it is worthless.

Phrenologists, indeed, complain, with some reason, that their doctrine is made the scape-goat for the faults of all other systems of mental philosophy; since all the others assume that the mind makes use of the body for its manifestations in this life, and there is no objection made to them; but the moment that phrenology asserts that the mind makes special use of *certain parts* of the body (the organs of the brain) for its manifestations, the hue and cry of materialism is raised. Again; phrenologists seem to be annoyed at the charge of irreligion, which is made an objection to their theory, but urged against no others; for, say they, ours is the only one which distinctly recognises a provision for religious belief, and shows how man is naturally inclined, by a special sentiment, *veneration*, to adore a Supreme Being, and prepared to admit a revelation; without which preparation, the thunders of Sinai and the blood of Calvary would have been as unheeded by him as they were by the cattle of the fields.

But, on the other hand, phrenologists are very silly to be so sensitive to attacks on their system; and very unreasonable to expect the world will admit it without severe and long trial. Such ordeal it has not yet undergone; but it does appear to us that it may be made to do so; for we see no good reason why we should not examine the evidence of the doctrine without discussing its nature and tendency.

Phrenology need not be attacked by argument; it is not a

vague doctrine ; it is not an ideality, it stands committed ; for it broadly and boldly lays down certain principles, and it rests upon certain assumed facts ; and if they can be shown to be false, not all the subterfuge of logic can save it. If a philosopher should assert that the mind is weakened in proportion as the body is diminished, as when one limb is lopped off, and that when all four are severed, but half the mental power remains ; we should not roll up our sleeves and prepare to batter his doctrine with all our force of argument ; we should quietly look round for facts, and when we had found one limbless body, with a brain as active and powerful as ever, we should proclaim the doctrine false, and hold up the trunk as an *ecce signum*. Why should not phrenology be treated as we would a question of natural history, and the evidence for and against it be sought in nature ? It is useless to ask, as Dr. Sewall does, how can you have cognisance of cerebral development, when the frontal sinus—and the varying thickness between the inner and outer tables of the bones of the cranium modify the external appearance ; the question is not, *how* it can be that a great development of one part of the brain gives a man nice sense of harmony, or how it can be known on the outside of the cranium, even if it does ; but, is it really the fact that a certain organization of the brain is always found in men manifesting a certain character, and that a great development in certain parts indicates certain dispositions, other things being equal ? If it is so, then phrenologists are right ; but they stand on dangerous ground, for if it can be shown, though but in a single case, that the manifestation exists without the organ, then their doctrine falls—aye, though bolstered up by ten thousand cases where the organization *does* correspond with the character.

We have for some time had this view of the subject, and have looked very hard at our neighbors' heads, with a desire to become familiar with general differences and resemblances ; and we must confess, that if we have profited in nothing else, we have learned that in shape, outline, and air, the tops and backs of men's heads, aye, and of women's too, are almost as little alike as their faces.

We have before essayed to apply the doctrine of Lavater ; we have used the facial angle of Camper ; and we have tried a rule of our own, that "chops" and brain exist in inverse proportion ; but we confess we never have felt so well satisfied with any of them as with the general rule to take the ear for a central point, and to say,—all who have a long reach of head from it forward, and but little behind it, are intellectual ; and all who have a great mass of head and brain behind the ear, and a great thickness in the back of the neck, are decidedly

animal. We have never yet known this to fail; and though we have been puzzled by some very low forehead (Gilbert Stuart's was "villanously low,") we have never seen an intellectual man without a long one from the ear forward.

But we have not advanced so far in our researches as to lay unlearned hand upon our neighbors' heads; and we should probably never have thrust any opinions of our own upon the public, but as a sort of introduction to a curious document. The late lamented Doctor Lovell, Surgeon General of the U. S. Army, set himself about investigating the claims of phrenology in what seems to us the only fair and philosophical manner, viz. taking measurement of the heads of all persons of his acquaintance, particularly those who were distinguished for any talent.

Below is a paper drawn up by that gentleman and Dr. Braireton; a document of incontestible genuineness, giving the measurement of more than fifty distinguished individuals, among whom are Van Buren, Webster, Calhoun, Clay, Marshall, McDuffie, John Quincy Adams, &c.\*

No.	Name	Occipital Spine to	Occipital Spine to	Ear to Lower	Ear to	Destructiveness to	Cautiousness to	Ideality to	Ear to
		Individuality.	Ear.	Individuality.	Firmness.	Destructiveness.	Cautiousness.	Ideality.	Comparison.
1	J. Q. Adams,	7.8	4.2	5.3	6.0	6.1	6.1	5.6	5.6
2	J. C. Calhoun,	8.0	4.2	5.0	6.0	6.0	6.0	5.1	5.4
3	Henry Clay,	7.9	4.8	5.0	5.3	6.0	6.0	5.8	5.3
4	James Barbour,	8.2	4.2	5.2	6.0	6.3	6.2	5.3	
5	Samuel L. Southard,	7.9	4.3	5.1	5.5	6.3	5.4	5.2	
6	William Wirt,	8.1	4.6	5.2	5.9	6.0	5.4	6.0	5.5
7	John McLean,	8.1	5.0	5.1	6.3	6.2	6.1	6.1	5.7
8	Martin Van Buren,	7.8	4.3	4.7	5.6	6.4	6.1	6.0	6.1
9	Wm. T. Barry,	7.5	3.5	5.0	6.0	6.0	6.0	6.2	6.1
10	Judge John Marshall,	8.0	4.5	5.0	5.7	6.2	6.3	5.6	5.4
11	" Johnson,	7.8	4.8	5.1	6.0	6.3	5.8	6.0	5.2
12	" Trimble,	7.9	4.5	5.1	5.7	6.4	6.2	6.1	5.7
13	Gov. L. Woodbury,	7.6	4.5	5.0	6.0	6.2	6.0	6.1	5.7
14	Mr. Tazewell,	7.7	4.5	5.0	5.8	6.1	6.0	5.7	5.7
15	" McDuffie,	8.2	4.3	5.1	6.0	6.0	6.0	5.8	5.4
16	" Cheeves,	8.2	4.1	5.2	6.1	6.1	5.9	6.1	5.7
17	" Webster,	8.2	4.4	5.0	6.1	6.3	6.0	6.4	5.6
18	Judge Mc P. Berrien,	8.0	4.7	4.8	5.8	6.3	6.1	5.2	5.1
19	Mr. Bradlee, Senator Vt.	8.1	4.5	5.1	5.8	5.9	6.0	6.0	5.1
20	" Whipple " N. H.	8.3	4.5	5.1	5.6	6.0	5.8	5.8	5.5
21	" Hamilton, " S. C.	7.8	4.8	4.7	5.6	6.0	5.9	5.7	5.1
22	" Stewart, " Penn.	8.0	5.0	5.1	6.0	6.0	5.7	5.8	5.7
23	Judge Henry Baldwin,	8.0	5.0	5.3	6.0	6.2	6.0	6.0	5.8
24	Gen. D. Parker,	7.4	4.0	5.3	5.8	6.4	6.1	6.2	6.0
25	Col. Roger Jones,	7.8	4.5	4.8	5.3	5.6	5.8	5.7	
26	Mr. Mitchell,	7.9	4.7	5.0	6.2	6.2	6.2	6.1	5.4

We subjoin the document entire, in the form of a note ; sure that it will be examined with care by all who are examining phrenology, and regarded with interest by general readers, who can thus place head by head our great men.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, we will explain the principles of these admeasurements ; and then give the inferences to be drawn from them.

The occipital spine is the lump or knob which every person may feel on the back of his own head, just in the centre of the skull, a little above the nape of the neck ; lower individuality is just between the eyes, where the root of the nose springs from the forehead ; this measurement gives the whole length of the head. The average length of men's heads is seven inches five tenths ; the average length of the fifty-two heads in this table, is seven inches seven tenths, being two tenths of an inch more than common heads. Now, this may seem at first a small matter, but two tenths of an inch added to the length of a man's nose, would make a very different proboscis, and added to the length of the fibre of his brain, might make him longer

	Occipital Spine to Lower Individuality.	Occipital Spine to Ear.	Ear to Individuality.	Ear to Firmness.	Destructiveness to Destructiveness.	Cautiousness to Cautiousness.	Identity to Identity.	Ear to Comparison.
No. 27 Col. Geo. Bomford,	7,9	4,6	5,0	5,6	6,2	6,2	5,7	5,4
" 28 " N. Towson,	7,4	3,9	4,9	5,5	5,5	5,2	5,3	
" 29 " Geo. Gibson,	7,5	4,5	4,8	5,7	5,9	5,3	5,4	
" 30 Maj. W. Wade,	7,8	4,1	5,1	5,8	5,9	5,0	5,5	5,4
" 31 " Jas. Kearney,	7,4	4,0	5,1	5,6	5,6	5,3	5,6	5,3
" 32 Capt. John Smith,	7,6	4,1	4,8	6,0	5,9	5,6	5,6	5,0
" 33 " Maurice,	8,0	4,6	5,1	5,4	6,0	5,8	5,6	5,3
" 34 Rev. J. N. Campbell,	7,4	4,4	4,8	5,4	5,6	5,3	5,6	3,3
" 35 George Todsen,	7,5	4,4	4,8	5,9	6,6	5,4	5,9	5,3
" 36 Dr. Richard Randall,	7,2	3,4	5,0	6,0	6,0	5,4	5,7	5,9
" 37 " Cutting,	7,9	4,2	5,4	5,8	6,0	5,2	5,6	5,9
" 38 Maj. Vandeventor,	7,0	3,8	4,8	5,7	5,6	5,5	5,3	5,3
" 39 Lieut. John Farley,	7,2	4,0	4,9	5,7	5,9	5,1	5,5	5,3
" 40 " Graham,	7,5	4,3	5,0	5,7	5,9	5,3	5,3	5,2
" 41 " Martin Thomas,	7,4	4,7	4,8	5,3	6,1	5,6	5,9	5,3
" 42 Dr. E. Cutbush,	7,5	4,5	5,1	5,3	5,6	6,0	5,2	5,6
" 43 I. Inman,	8,0	5,0	5,1	6,0	6,1	6,0	5,2	5,2
" 44 James H. Henshaw,	7,6	4,4	4,9	5,7	6,2	5,8	5,7	5,4
" 45 Charles Hill,	7,6	4,3	5,3	5,9	6,2	6,2	6,5	
" 46 Nathaniel Frye,	7,5	4,3	5,0	5,9	6,0	5,0	5,9	
" 47 Lieut. Simonson,	7,3	4,3	5,0	5,2	5,1	5,4	6,0	
" 48 Col. J. L. McKenney,	7,0	3,0	4,9	6,5	6,0	5,7	5,6	5,4
" 49 Dr. J. Lovell, Sur. Gen.	7,6	4,6	5,0	5,4	5,6	5,0	5,5	
" 50 R. Johnson,	7,3	4,0	4,6	5,5	5,7	5,4	5,2	5,1
" 51 Lieut. James Macomb,	7,7	4,3	4,8	5,7	5,9	5,5	5,2	5,2
" 52 Wm. Lee, 2d Auditor.	8,0	4,0	5,0	6,1	6,2	5,8	5,8	5,9

headed than his neighbors in more than one sense of the word. But, *n'importe*, we are looking at the facts; the longest heads are those of Daniel Webster, Langdon Cheeves, James Barbour, and Mr. McDuffie, each measuring eight inches two tenths; or seven tenths of an inch more than the average measure of men's heads.

Next come John McLean and William Wirt, measuring eight inches one tenth; then John C. Calhoun, Judge Marshall, Attorney General Berrien, and Judge Baldwin, each eight inches; next come Henry Clay, Samuel L. Southard, Judge Trimble, John Quincy Adams, and Martin Van Buren. These are all longer-headed men than the average of the list; while Levi Woodbury is smaller by one tenth; and the last Post-master, Barry, by two tenths. The shortest head in the list is that of Col. McKenney.

The next measurement is from the cochile, or hollow of the ear, to the occipital spine on the bump felt in the back of the head. It is asserted by some phrenologists that this measurement gives the development of inhabitiveness, or in the vernacular, the disposition to stay at home, attachment to place; but others, schismatics, say it indicates concentrativeness, or power of fixing and concentrating thought. Be this as it may, among those on our list, John McLean and Judge Baldwin are the longest in this direction; next Henry Clay, Judge Johnson, &c. The smallest, and very small (the average being in common men four inches two tenths,) is Col. McKenney, who, (Heaven help him) is tied to home by a fibre of only three inches!! No wonder he has trotted all over the world, and received the appointment of U. S. Indian Agent!

The next line of the table, gives the measurements from the ear forward to individuality, on the centre of the forehead between the eyes. This measurement, when taken in relation to the other measurements of each individual's head, is much relied on by phrenologists as a test of the strength of the perceptive faculties; men who perceive and remember a multitude of individual facts and things, should belong here.

The longest in the list are J. Q. Adams, Judge Baldwin, and Gen. D. Parker. The average length of men's heads in this direction is less than five inches; the above measure five inches three tenths; James Barbour, William Wirt, and Langdon Cheeves each measure five inches two tenths; Judge McLean and Mr. McDuffie measure five inches one tenth. Webster, Clay, and Calhoun are a little longer than the average; Van Buren falls considerably short of the mark.

Col. McKenney should be well endowed in the perceptive faculties, for although his fibre measures but four inches nine

tenths, we must recollect that his head is small. The shortest in the list is R. Johnson. Now, among all men we ever met no one can match John Q. Adams for minute and varied knowledge, save and except Lord Brougham.

The next measurement is from the ear to the top of the head, where, it is said, is the organ of firmness; and the height of the head should indicate the strength of this quality. And here we used to think we had the phrenologists on the hip, judging from some of our own eye measurements; but, we were told, it must be taken in relation with other qualities; a man may be firm in vice's cause as well as virtue's, but then, he is called stubborn; or his firmness may be qualified by caution or cowardice, he may be a confirmed coward, &c. But no matter, we proceed to the measurements. The average of firmness of these men, measured by Gunter's scale, is five inches seven tenths. We find Judge McLean overtops them all, and has a mountain of firmness, measuring six inches three tenths; next comes Mr. Mitchell of South Carolina, then Messrs. Webster and Cheeves—six inches one tenth; then, lower but yet high, John Quincy Adams, Calhoun, Barbour, Johnson, McDuffie, Baldwin, Barry. Van Buren's firmness would never be in his way, being a tenth lower than the average; Mr. Clay's is three tenths; and one person, Lt. Simonson, is only five inches and two tenths! The small firmness, alias, small obstinacy, of Clay, perhaps qualifies him so well for mediator, pacificator.

Now, let us apply the rule and compass the other way, and look at the measurements through the head; that is, from ear to ear, or rather along the ear from destructiveness to destructiveness, which indicates, also, the size of secretiveness; it is said to be necessary to statesmen, players, and thieves.

Men generally measure five inches six tenths in this direction; but the average measure of this list gives seven inches seven tenths; from whence phrenologists would infer, that our worthies destroy and secrete only in the ratio of one tenth more than the rest of the people; a very charitable conclusion truly! The longest is Dr. Todsen of the United States army; who, *horribile dictu!* measures six inches and six tenths! No wonder he was afterwards cashiered for theft; how could he help it with such a bump! Next to this unfortunate worthy—and, as if to mark the contrast, and note the folly of phrenological predictions, comes—who? why, our present magnanimous and open-hearted President, who was then (nine years ago) the innocent and unsophisticated Martin Van Buren!

We feel almost indignant at the insinuation implied in this measurement; not that we doubt its correctness, or the motives of doctors Lovell and Braireton, but they should have put in

as a salvo the measurement of our President's conscientiousness, which, we think, must be enormous, in order to counterbalance this secretiveness; for we are confident that nine years ago he had no fixed plans and determinations which he *secreted* from the world.

To be sure Judge Trimble is placed in the same category, and following close after, comes Daniel Webster, whose destructiveness, measuring a tenth less than the President's, is, nevertheless, enormously developed, and probably is

———"the direful spring  
Of woes unnumbered,"

to the feathered and finny tribes who are so unfortunate as to frequent his neighborhood. He is rather apt also to attack and destroy the arguments of his opponents. Barbour and Southard also are set down as destructives to the extent of six inches and three tenths; while McLean, Marshall, Woodbury, and Baldwin go the length of six inches two tenths; John Quincy Adams and Tazewell, six and one tenth; even Clay cannot be called a conservative, for he, with Calhoun, McDuffie, and others, go the length of three tenths of an inch more than the average of men in the destructive line.

The next measurement is from cautiousness to cautiousness; that is, the breadth of the head about four fingers above the ears at the broadest part. Some heads run up in a regular slope from above the ears to the crown; of course there can be little of the organ of caution there, and phrenologists maintain that this is the characteristic of French skulls; while other heads bulge out above the ear, having what they call large cautiousness, and they point to the well-known bulge in Hindoo skulls.

Cautiousness, however, we believe, is not now considered by phrenologists to be merely a negative quality, as was taught by Gall; but a positive one, and more like fear. When this organ is deficient, the individual should be rash and precipitate; when full, cautious and circumspect; when very large, irresolute and wavering. Too much in a judge would be a failing, "which leans to virtue's side;" too much in a soldier would oftener prove his disgrace than his honor; for one Fabius, who gained the name of Great, we have a thousand Marcelli; the glitter of the sword dazzles the multitude, but the virtue of the shield is known only to the few.

The first thing which strikes one on examining this part of the table, is the great difference between the measurements of caution in military men, and in the statesmen and judges; the lat-

ter are all large—some of them very large, the former are small; the average measurement of the judges and statesmen is six inches, while that of the officers is but five inches and three tenths!

For instance, Judge Marshall has the enormous measurement of six inches and three tenths in the organ of cautiousness—that of the average being only five inches seven tenths; Judge Trimble and Mr. Barbour measure 6-2, Messrs. Van Buren and Adams, Judges McLean and Berrien, 6-1; Messrs. Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Tazewell, &c. six inches. On the other hand, Major Wade measures only five inches, Lt. Farley 5-1, Col. Towson 5-2, Col. Gibson, Major Kearney, and Lt. Graham 5-3. Most of the rest are below the average; and only two, General Parker and Col. Bomford, measure over six inches.

The last measurement we shall notice is from ideality to ideality, that is, through the head, just above and behind the temple. Phrenologists suppose that this organ is essential to the poet, though it alone will not make a poet; he must have, besides, language, time, tune, &c. Ideality in the common man may show itself in his good taste, in dress, furniture, &c.; in the orator or writer, in his tropes and figures; in all men, by the conception of, and aspiration to, something finer, better, superior to what it actually is.

In our list, it is largest, and enormously large, in Charles Hill, who was, we believe, an elegant dresser, quite a Corinthian; he measures six inches five tenths, the average being five inches seven tenths; Webster is 6-4—[Qy. 6-2?] next Messrs. Barry, Parker, Woodbury, Cheeves, Van Buren, Wirt, &c., all of whom have it large. On the other hand, Judges Berrien and Marshall, Adams, Barbour, Southard, fall below the average; and Calhoun measures only five inches one tenth. The remarkable diminutiveness of this organ, taken with the terseness of his language, which never shows a trope or figure of any kind, is a "coincidence" at least.

The measurements of this paper correct some erroneous impressions which the public generally have; we always supposed, for instance, that the heads of Judge Marshall and Mr. Calhoun were unfavorable to the phrenological doctrine, as being quite small; but it seems they are actually large; and, though narrow, the region of ideality capable of containing a more than usual quantity of brain.

The largest head in the list is that of Daniel Webster, but it is not most to our liking, for there is a goodly share in the animal region; and though he has "most brains of the bunch," they are not of the very choicest kind.

Phrenologists, looking over these measurements, and without



regarding the names, would say that the best head was No. 7, belonging to Judge McLean, because it is full in the upper or moral region; firmness, and its neighboring veneration, are large; they would call it a well-balanced head, and conclude that its great intellectual power would not be made a pander to the animal propensities. (We ourselves should prefer it; but, lest we should be suspected of a political bias in favor of the latter, we avow that our vote is for Daniel, *malgré*, his occiput.) The next heads, in the order of size, are Judges Baldwin, Marshall, Trimble, and Johnson; Messrs. Cheeves, McDuffie, Wirt, Adams, (a quartetto of the same size); next, Clay, Van Buren, Calhoun, and Southard.

We have stated that we are candid inquirers into the nature of phrenology; we believe we are so; and if the facts shown in this paper are favorable to its pretensions, the fault is not our's, but Nature's; we admire and we adopt the motto of one of its lights, "*res non verba quaso.*"

It would have been as easy for us to seek for, and to set forth opposing arguments and facts; and we should have done it in the spirit of the motto just quoted; but as the vast majority of men of learning, and almost all writers, are opposed to phrenology—as it is assailed every day by argument and ridicule—as its opponents are rather uproarious whenever it is seriously mentioned, we deem it but fair *audire alteram partem*.

In plain truth, we are all, to a certain extent, phrenologists; and the disciples of Gall and Spurzheim have no right to claim for their masters the credit of originality, or for themselves the credit of peculiar and new views of nature. No age, since Aristotle's, has been without its philosophers, who pointed out the brain as the organ by which the mind carried on its operations; and it is now generally admitted to be its primary and essential instrument.

A shrewd and practical English philosopher, and an uncompromising anti-phrenologist, writes thus: "Mind, connected with body, can only acquire knowledge slowly through the bodily organs of sense, and more or less perfectly according as these organs and the central brain are perfect. A human being, born blind and deaf, and therefore remaining dumb, as in the noted case of the boy Mitchell, grows up closely to resemble an automaton; and an originally mishapen or deficient brain causes idiocy for life. Childhood, maturity, dotage, which have such differences of bodily powers, have corresponding differences of mental faculties; and as no two bodies, so no two minds, in their external manifestations are quite alike. Fever, or a blow on the head, will change the most gifted individual into a maniac, cause the lips of virgin inno-

cence to utter the most revolting obscenity, and those of pure religion to speak horrible blasphemy ; and most cases of madness and eccentricity can now be traced to a peculiar state of the brain."

What the nature and the powers of the human soul may be, we know not, nor can we know, until it is disembodied and disenthralled ; until this mortal shall put on immortality, and time and space shall be no more ; then, doubtless, the power of ubiquity, and a searching vision to which the diameter of the globe will present no more of an obstacle than does the thinnest glass to the mortal eye, will be among the least of the spiritual powers ; but, until then, if we would study the nature of the spirit, we must consider it as trammelled by and operating through a corporeal organization.

The difference between the vast majority of thinking men and ultra-phrenologists, we believe to be narrowed down to this ; all admit that the spirit of man, manifesting itself through corporeal organization, is influenced, and modified by, and indeed entirely dependent upon, the nature and state of that organization, particularly of the brain and nervous system ; while phrenologists go farther, and say, that according to the length and breadth of certain bundles of fibres in certain compartments of the brain does the spirit manifest its different faculties with different degrees of activity and power.

We all of us admit, that even the giant mind of a Newton or a Napoleon would struggle in vain against the finger of an infant pressing upon the brain ; but phrenologists maintain, that as the finger should be pressed upon one or another organ, so would one or another of the mental powers be immediately affected. Perhaps the truth is between the extremes ; and while we should strive to attain the *juste milieu*, we should not be deterred by any fears of what may be the inferences from searching for truth in observations upon Nature. S. G. H.

## REVIEWS.

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*Antiquitates Americanæ, sive Scriptores Septentrionales Rerum Ante-Columbianarum in America.*

Samling af de i Nordens Oldskrifter, indeholdte Efterretninger om de gamle Nordboers Opdagelsesreiser til America, fra det 10de til det 14de Aarhundrede.

Edidit Societas Regia Antiquariorum Septentrionalium. Hafniæ. Typis Officinæ Schultzianæ. 1837. 4to. pp. 479.

It is now about eight years since circular letters were received in this country, addressed to several historical and antiquarian societies by a committee of the "Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries," at Copenhagen, soliciting information on certain points touching the early history of this continent. This was the commencement of an undertaking that has resulted in the publication of the important volume, whose title, in Latin and Danish, is prefixed to this article. The object of the learned society has been to present to the world a complete view of the evidence, with proper illustrations, of the alleged discovery of our hemisphere by the Scandinavians or Northmen about the commencement of the eleventh century, or five hundred years before the voyages of Columbus. To this end they have published, in the volume before us, the accounts that have long existed in manuscript in the north of Europe, of the early voyages of the Northmen; but as these accounts were written in a language now every where extinct except in Iceland, although once prevalent throughout the countries of the north, the editors have provided translations, accompanying, on the same page the original text, in Latin and Danish; together with a complete body of annotations and a variety of corroborative matter, also in Latin. In addition to these materials, the volume contains in English the several communications of the Rhode Island Historical Society, written in answer to the circular letters already mentioned, chiefly relating to the celebrated inscription Rock near Dighton, and other similar monuments found in Rhode Island and Massachusetts, of which drawings are annexed to the volume. No other American Society seems to have interested itself in the inquiries of the Danish Society, and it redounds

very much to the credit of the Rhode Island gentlemen, that they have thus taken the lead in a matter of great historical interest, which has never been properly appreciated in our country. The light now thrown upon it by the indefatigable labors of the learned Danes who have taken the subject in hand, will serve not only to develop more distinctly the true character of the claims of the Northmen, but also to attract general attention to the evidence upon which they are founded.

It may be confidently asserted that no historical work has been looked for with more anxious expectation by those who knew of its being in progress, than the present; and we do not say too much in stating, that the contents of the volume are fully adapted to meet and richly reward the highest expectations that have been entertained. It is published in a style corresponding to the great interest and value of the materials of which it is composed, forming a volume of large quarto size, which, in beauty of typography and the elegance of its embellishments, will compare favorably with the best class of English publications. It is understood that it is to the accomplished editor, Professor Rafn, of the University of Copenhagen, the public is indebted for the appearance of the work at the present time—as the various objects in which the Danish Society is engaged require the use of all its funds, without leaving any provision for this undertaking until the lapse of several years: but the learned Professor, having its completion very much at heart, generously levied upon his own private resources to carry it through, trusting to the interest the work would excite in both hemispheres for his reimbursement. We hope he will not be disappointed in the result, and that his liberal zeal will not go unrequited.

Next to Professor Rafn, the name of Finn Magnusen, a native of Iceland, and a man of great learning, should be mentioned as that of an efficient collaborator in this laborious enterprise. Many of the annotations are from his pen. At the time of Sir George McKenzie's scientific tour in Iceland, more than twenty years ago, this gentleman, who had been bred to the law, was distinguished for his attainments in the language and antiquities of the Northmen, to which his attention has been almost exclusively devoted since that period. Among the subjects connected with the elucidation of the American voyages of that people, none holds a more important place, perhaps, than the interpretation of Runic inscriptions, such as are found marked in the rude monuments of the Scandinavians in the countries they inhabited in Europe, and some of which, it is believed, have been brought to light in this country. In these matters Mr. Magnusen is especially skilled; and several inscriptions, found in various places in the north of Europe, which had defied all previous attempts to decipher their meaning, have been satisfactorily explained by him. It is, of course, therefore, an argument of no common power in favour of the early settlement of, or visits to, this continent by the Northmen, that this profound antiquary pronounces the Dighton Rock a genuine Scandinavian monument, inscribed with characters to which

he is able to assign their true meaning. The results of his examination are contained in an article published in the volume before us, (written in Latin,) to which he has subscribed his name.

The substance of the narratives now edited from the original manuscripts, was given to the world, in a Latin dress, by an Icelandic writer named Torfæus, as long ago as the year 1705. That publication, however, met with little attention beyond the limits of the Scandinavian kingdoms, until, some sixty or seventy years after its appearance, the same accounts were transferred to a work published in England by Bishop Percy, under the name of *Northern Antiquities*, which was chiefly a translation of a French work by Mallet, a German, then residing at Copenhagen. Forster, the German navigator, next took up the subject in his *History of Voyages to the North*, first published also in the last century, who gave implicit credence to the accounts. But, although these writers were copied by some of our American historians, it was done with so little confidence in the truth or reality of the alleged voyages, that few readers have thought it worth while to bestow a thought on the subject, regarding it all as a matter of mere moonshine. Had we not been taught from our very childhood that "America was discovered by Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa;" and was it credible that the world had been mistaken in this matter for so long a period as more than three hundred years? And was it reasonable or *decent* to tear away from the brows of the brave old admiral the laurels he had so nobly earned and so long worn, to transfer them to some northern pirate or freebooter of the dark ages, of whom nobody had ever before heard? The idea was preposterous in the extreme, and was not to be entertained for a moment. No respectable historian, therefore, deigned to notice the subject, except to sneer at the assumption of the Northmen; and even Mr. *Bancroft*, in his recent work on the United States, which discovers so much laudable research, has treated the whole matter in the usual style of contemptuous skepticism, or rather avowed unbelief, referring the newly-discovered country to a southern point of Greenland, when the very harbor from which the Northmen sailed for our shores was itself in that part of Greenland.\*

\* The January number of the *North American Review* contains a lucid and highly valuable article in relation to this subject, from the pen of the accomplished chief magistrate of Massachusetts, as it is generally understood, who rightly deemed the matter as deserving of an elaborate examination at his hands. He has come to the conclusion, as every one must, as we suppose, who peruses the evidence, that the Northmen visited our continent at the period above mentioned. In naming the writers who have not admitted the truth of the accounts, the learned Reviewer mentions the authors of a work not long since re-published by the Messrs. *Harper* from the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, under the title of "*Discoveries in the Polar Regions*," &c., the joint production of Mr. Hugh Murray and Professors Jamieson and Leslie. It is a little singular, however, that in this matter the book contradicts itself; Mr. Murray, in his part of it, assigns the locality of the land discovered by the Northmen to the south-west of Greenland, in which he has been followed by Mr. Bancroft, as stated above; while Professor Leslie, in the part of the work written by him, establishes by argu-

But the evidence now published under the respectable auspices of the Danish Society, places the subject in a new light, and cannot henceforth be passed over by the American historian without at least diligent examination. The public, hereafter, will exact thus much of their historical providers.

Let us, however, do justice to the few American writers who form an exception to the foregoing remarks. Dr. Belknap, the excellent historian of New Hampshire and the author of an able work of American Biography, has, in the latter publication, treated the claims of the Northmen to the discovery of our continent with due respect. A similar remark may be applied to the late Dr. Hugh Williamson, the philosophical writer of the history of North Carolina; and Mr. Moulton should not be forgotten in the same connexion, whose single volume of the history of our own State was so creditable a specimen of industrious research. The latter derived his information respecting the voyages in question from a Swedish work, translated for his purposes by the late Mr. Gahn, Swedish consul. Mr. Wheaton's recent work relating to the Northmen, written during the author's official residence at Copenhagen, is the most satisfactory of all, owing to the author's familiarity with the languages of the north of Europe, and easy access to manuscript authorities. To this work we can refer our readers with great confidence, as containing a clear and authentic account of the early discoveries of the Northmen, as well as an interesting history of the north of Europe during the middle ages.

Having thus endeavored to convey some idea of the subject of the volume before us, we must leave it for the present with the promise of returning to it at some future time.

*Ethel Churchill; or, The Two Brides.* By the Author of "The Improvisatrice," "Francesca Carrara," &c. 2 vols. Carey, Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.

Love, Everlasting Love, is the title which has been given in London to L. E. L. in consequence of her fondness for singing the blind god. But with equal justness she might be called Sorrow, Everlasting Sorrow; for her harp seems attuned to none but mournful strains. Now, both love and sorrow are pregnant and admirable themes; but too much of a good thing, says Solomon,

ment what has since been demonstrated by actual exploration, that the Greenland Colony, from which the Northmen sailed on their discoveries, was itself situated in the south-western extremity of Greenland. The same erroneous idea thrown out by Mr. Murray in the publication referred to, is also advanced in his great work entitled, the "Encyclopedia of Geography."

or some other wise personage, is good for nothing. "Soup for breakfast, soup for dinner, soup for supper," was a monotony which greatly excited the ire of a dramatic hero; and even rabbits will become tiresome if served up every day, as the grace of a worthy chaplain who lived with a noble lord, whose warren was better stocked than his larder, abundantly testifies.

Of rabbits hot and rabbits cold,  
Of rabbits young and rabbits old,  
Of rabbits roasted, rabbits boil'd  
Of rabbits hash'd and rabbits broil'd,  
Of rabbits fried and rabbits stewed,  
Of rabbits bad and rabbits good,  
Of rabbits tender, rabbits tough—  
Thank thee, Lord, we've had enough!

Nature is variety, and therefore variety, within proper limits, never wearies. Monotony is fatiguing because it is unnatural. A lyre of but two tones is not Apollo's. One might suppose that Miss Landon is the withering victim of crushed affection; that the damask of her cheek had been the food—if not of the worm, concealment—at least of the scorpion, disappointment. But we can bear witness that such was not the case a few years ago, when we had the pleasure of meeting her at a ball in London.

Before seeing her, we had pictured to our mind's eye a pale, delicate, languishing creature; and were, of course, not at all prepared for an introduction to a lady of decided *embonpoint*, with a full-orbed face, a pleasant and pleasing countenance, and sprightly conversation. Truly, thought we, as we gazed upon her with no little interest, "melancholy has not certainly marked you for her own, with any external signs at least, whatever impression she may have made upon the inward being;" and all the pretty sentimental speeches, we had previously resolved upon putting forth, went completely out of our head through some other aperture than the mouth.

In all highly imaginative temperaments, indeed, is an irresistible proneness to melancholy. Every leaf that fades is for them a memento of death. However bright and sparkling the waters on the surface, there is an under-current, darksome and gloomy, which ever and anon swells up, and colors the surrounding waves with its own sombre hues, *surgit amari aliquid*. It is this melancholy of the imagination rather than of the heart that we are inclined to ascribe to our authoresses. There is luxury in the former, torture in the latter; and the heart shrinks from the idea of baring itself to the chill atmosphere of an unsympathizing world. "Give sorrow words," to be sure; but the words must be uttered to the ear of affection. That grief, which is always babbling about itself to every body, does not command the fullest belief in its intensity. "I am tired," said Curran in reference to the eternal lamentations of Byron, "of seeing his Lordship weep for the press and wipe his eyes with the public;" and the public is very apt to get tired too, and leave the weeper to

dry his tears *solus*. The 'fons lacrymarum' is too sacred to be pumped up pro bono publico on all occasions.

All Miss Landon's novels are deeply steeped in that same lachrymose fountain, inculcating lessons fitted to deaden the energies, cloud the very sun of hope, and turn the world into one immense house of mourning. This is false philosophy and false religion. "Gather the rosebuds while ye may," and rejoice in their loveliness and fragrance; only remembering that they are not the flowers on which to centre your affections. Religion is cheerfulness, and God never intended this beautiful world to resound with nothing but the voice of woe. Miss L. is unquestionably a woman of genius. She often strikes responsive chords with a skilful and powerful hand; and she can

"Clothe the palpable and the familiar  
With golden exhalations of the dawn ;"

but her genius is not of the highest order—not equal to a sustained flight "through the azure depths of air"—not capable of grappling with the more subtle and potent springs of human action. She has little or no dramatic power, except, perhaps, in her dialogue; little knowledge of many of the mysteries of that most intricate labyrinth, the human soul.

As a novel, we are not disposed to extol the present production. The story is loosely, even clumsily, put together; there is no direct nor absorbing interest; the various streams, as it were, on which the attention is made to float, never meet in one broad, all-engrossing channel; the incidents are often common-place or unnatural in the extreme, and the characters want that fulness, distinctness, and individuality which tempt you to believe that the picture is a living, sentient being. Clap-traps and melo-dramatic situations in very bad taste are lamentably abundant. Ethel's escape from marriage from Trevanion is certainly one of the most extraordinary *coups de theatre* imaginable. The magistrate arrived in the very nick of time, and played the *deus ex machina* to perfection. The whole finale of Lady Marchmont is as ridiculous as it is horrible; and nothing can be more strained and bombastic than the account of the death of the gentleman whom she sends to the other world so early in the morning.

Her ladyship is evidently the favorite of our authoress; but she got hold of a character in her which she did not well know how to manage. The execution is spirited and brilliant to a certain extent, but not always consistent; and it is marred by a most lame and impotent conclusion. There is something very unfeminine and repulsive in the way in which the Countess is made to speak of her husband, and no woman could so speak, unworthy as might be the being with whom she is yoked, who possesses the refinement and elevation of soul with which she is depicted as being endowed. Her



love too for such a coxcomb as Sir George Kingston is incongruous in the extreme, and calculated to render her contemptible. It is impossible to conceive how such a man could ever gain the mastery over such a woman. How much more effective might the story have been made by giving Maynard a brilliant career, and bringing her in contact with him when he is in the midst of it, and reviving her early love! Why she is described as having once loved him, it is difficult to suppose as the story now stands; it only heightens the incomprehensibility of her passion for Sir George.

The heroine, Ethel, is as uninteresting as heroines always are—far too perfect for the sympathy of poor erring mortals. Why *must* every heroine be a faultless monster? Constance is a lovely sketch, with great delicacy of touch and exquisiteness of finish, but still a sketch. Her letter to her father is beautiful exceedingly. Lavinia Fenton, too, is not an unsuccessful attempt to bring the immortal "Polly" again upon the stage, and Lady Mary Wortley is hit off with considerable skill. There is often great spirit and brilliancy in the dialogue between her and Lady Marchmont. Norbonne Courtenay is as much like all heroes—for heroes, whether of novels or of battles, "are all the same, the point's agreed,"—as Ethel is like all heroines. His forced marriage with Constance is brought about in an absurd manner enough; for what *shame* could attach to the discovery of his mother's not having been *legally* married, since she had been *lawfully* so in the sight of God and man? Her dreadful apprehensions lest it should be found out that the laws of England had not sanctioned her nuptials, as if her honor were involved in the concealment of the circumstance, show that Miss Landon had not studied with great attention the case of Mrs. Fitzherbert, who certainly never lost her reputation by her union with George IV., however much at variance the ceremony may have been with the Royal Marriage act and parliamentary statutes. Walter Maynard is in many respects an affecting and truthful picture of the hopes, the struggles, the heart-sickness of youthful genius. "None but an author knows an author's cares;" and we cannot doubt that much that has brightened and saddened her own literary history, is here transcribed. No one who has ever felt the slightest glow of the fever that burnt in Maynard's veins, can avoid feeling his pulse quicken and his bosom swell as he follows the record of the young poet's career. Yet much more, it seems to us, might have been made out of him; and much more, we are inclined to think, our author intended to make out of him when she began the work; but she was unfortunately tempted to hasten her labor upon the preparation of that supper of horrors, which she has provided with such tremendous profusion.

"Ethel Churchill," then, is not fitted to elevate the fame of L. E. L. as a novelist to the loftiest pinnacle; but it is a book which must inspire great and universal admiration for her intellect in other respects. Few works of the kind are so rich in eloquent passages, so adorned with beautiful thoughts, and even with observations

which may be called profound—not unfrequent as may be the fanciful and fallacious ideas, the “crude, unruminated” opinions (to use an admirable phrase of Bolingbroke) which it contains; so full of feelings gushing from the soul, and redolent of its earnestness and inspiration—all clothed in a diction graceful, poetical, and often picturesque and brilliant. The original verses at the heads of the chapters are some of the most exquisite gems, “of purest ray serene,” which have ever dropped even from her bejewelled pen.

*On the Sense of Touch; or, Physiology and Philosophy opposed to Materialism and Atheism, &c. &c.* By J. AUGUSTINE SMITH, M. D., M. R. C. S. L., &c. &c. &c.

“FROM what we daily see and hear,” remarks Dr. Smith, “it is evident that, as regards the world, any thing will pass for philosophy, or even fact, provided *mind* be the subject.” We really wish this remark had been original with the Doctor, because we purpose to commend it, which is more than we can say for most things else which we find in the essay before us. This is unfortunate—extremely unfortunate at once for ourselves and for Dr. Smith: unfortunate for ourselves, because we have been accused of being to a degree unamiable in our criticisms; whereas none know better than the subjects of some of our occasional strictures in times past, how much such sufferers owe to the milk of human kindness with which we abound: and unfortunate for the Doctor, as, we apprehend, the tenor of our remarks is about to demonstrate.

Dr. Smith’s essay in itself affords the best illustration of the general truth of the proposition he has chosen to lay down to us; inasmuch as, for the past four or five months, viz. since the sixth day of November in the year of grace last past, (on which occasion it was given to the public in the form of a lecture) the discourse we are considering has, we understand, been “passing” for philosophy about town, and has been possibly received by some as a valuable contribution to metaphysical science. There is no danger, it is true, that Dr. Smith’s superficiality will ever pass for what it pretends to be, any farther than (to use his own words in the sense intended) “as regards the world.” His “muscipular abortion of a parturient mountain” will introduce no revolution into the logic of metaphysical investigations, nor probably disturb very far the equanimity of those, whom his compassionate magnanimity leads him commonly to denominate his “unfortunate opponents.” It is entirely, therefore, a work of supererogation to put to a violent death a production which hardly carries within itself the seeds of a very ephemeral vitality. Still, it is possible for shallowness to assume an air of such pretension as to render us, in our disgust, impatient even of the brief duration of its natural existence.

The avowed object of Dr. Smith in his essay is to render an important service to the cause of natural religion ; and this by demonstrating, in the first place, the immateriality of the soul, and in the second, the existence of a supreme ruler of the universe. With every honest effort to benefit the world, we have a predisposition to be gratified. We are philanthropists ; and in precisely so far as the good of his fellow-men rather than his own renown has been the aim of Dr. Smith, do we approve of the motive which prompted his argument, and lament the feebleness of the argument itself. In every controversy, the cause of truth must inevitably suffer more from untenable assumptions or illogical reasonings on the parts of its champions, than from all the batteries of its antagonists.

Dr. Smith has spread out a very little matter over a very unnecessary extent of surface. We shall proceed, very briefly, to analyze his argument, and to expose its utter fallacy. A few words, however, in the first place, as to the manner in which the design has been executed. Taken together, the whole essay presents the choicest specimen of unmitigated pedantry, which it has been our lot for a long time to meet. This is especially true of the array of notes, which seem to have been appended to the essay in order to show the extent of the author's reading ; and this remark may be applied with augmented force to one or two long, stupid, quite unnecessary communications, addressed by the Doctor, some time in January or February last, to the editor of the Churchman, in rejoinder to a passing notice of the essay by that gentleman. Such things may do for Sophomores ; but, we may be permitted to say, they are quite unbecoming in a gentleman of the years, and occupying the position of Dr. Smith. There is, in the next place, an air of self-complacency, a kind of assumption of superior wisdom, in the style in which the Doctor propounds his own opinions, and speaks of his opponents and their views, which is offensively obvious on the most cursory perusal of his pages. This spirit manifests itself in the remarkable prominence given every where to the first person, and in that considerate benevolence with which, as we have before remarked, he speaks of his "unfortunate" antagonists, or in that more playful familiarity with which he occasionally denominates them his "friends," even while suggesting the propriety that they should "submit to be impaled." Of their ultimate impalement on the point of his argument, he entertains no doubt ; and, under that impression, he is unquestionably right in thinking that the less they kick and scramble about it, the better. All this is undignified and unbecoming the President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of the State of New-York. Finally, the style in which Dr. Smith expresses himself is uncouth, obscure, and inelegant to the last degree. A few examples will best illustrate the truth of this remark :

"I regret, then, that our friends must submit to be impaled. For they are

obliged to accept of our mind, with their matter, or relinquishing mind, matter goes along with it; and so far as it is practicable for them to ascertain, themselves, the earth and the universe keep it company."

"Having thus denuded, and thereby been able to rectify the errors of my unfortunate opponents, with one further remark I will submit my cause to their—I flatter myself—now enlightened common sense."

"It is proved, as I think, by those ingenious gentlemen, the astronomers, that while we are here in a state of apparently perfect quietude and repose, we are actually whirling through space, heels over head, ten times as fast as ever a cannon-ball 'winged its way.'"

But to the argument itself—and our readers ought to feel themselves much obliged to us, for the pains we have taken to sift out, from the two bushels of absurdity in which they are enveloped, the few grains of meaning of which it is composed. First, in regard to the immateriality of the soul. Assuming that our belief in the existence of matter rests chiefly on the evidence afforded us by the sense of feeling, the Doctor laboriously demonstrates that we cannot *feel* matter, and can therefore have no absolute knowledge that it exists. He then goes on to show that the universal belief on this subject proceeds from a mental operation, in which the mind, perceiving a *sensation*, infers the existence of a *quality*, and presumes that of a *substratum*, to which this quality appertains. The consciousness of such a mental operation sufficiently demonstrates the being of a mind which operates. The existence of matter, then, is only presumed or inferred; but that of mind is certain. *Ergo*, the mind is not material.

Will it be permitted to our ignorance to suggest to such profundity a modification of its logic? We do not absolutely know the existence of material things. We presume them only to exist; however fair, under the circumstances, the presumption may seem. There *may*, then, be no matter, and the mind *may* therefore be immaterial. If, like Berkeley, whose arguments on the subject stood in no need of reinforcement from the sapience of our author, the Doctor chooses to consider it demonstrated that matter actually does not exist; then, indeed, it must follow that no such sordid element can enter into the composition of the mind. But to this extent he is not disposed to go. Though we are originally unconscious of the existence of outward things, our belief in their reality he regards as a just one. His argument rests solely on the fact that we cannot attain this belief, except by means of mental action, which action must be accompanied by a previous certain consciousness of the existence of the mind which acts. Of the *existence* of the mind—not of the *nature of its substance*. For, were we conscious of this nature, and conscious that it is not material, then there would be no longer room for argument, and the doctrines of materialism would be intuitive absurdities.

But though we have stated the Doctor's main argument, we have not stated all its minor ramifications. In acquiring our ideas of matter, he tells us we must conceive it, of necessity, as existing

out of the mind, and as existing in time and space. In other words, the particular material things of which the mind takes cognizance, are not the mind itself. Does Dr. Smith imagine that any "unfortunate" materialist, since time began, has been guilty of the stupidity of confounding his own intellect with the outward objects on which it is exercised? What does this conviction of the "outness" of matter, discovered by the aid of the touch to exist, prove in regard to the soul which recognizes its existence? Will the Doctor claim, because *all* matter is not mind, and is not the particular mind which acknowledges its existence, that therefore all mind is not matter?

We can parallel this reasoning. The mind is conscious of its own existence, but not of its spiritual nature. It knows, intuitively, nothing of the substance either of mind or matter. By reasoning, by instruction, by any mode the reader may please, it learns to believe in the being of ethereal essences. Mental action is necessary to the acquisition of this belief. The beings presumed to exist may be angels or demons, but whatever they are, they are foreign to the mind itself. What is the inference according to Dr. Smith? Why that, inasmuch as the mind cannot be that which, by supposition, it is not—an entity out of itself, and as this entity is spiritual, therefore the mind is not spiritual, but material. In view of such argumentation, we know not whether most to pity or to despise; its weakness strongly moves us to the former sentiment; while the pretentiousness, with which it is paraded before us, in the essay we are considering, almost irresistibly awakens our utter contempt.

Let us not be misunderstood. We are no materialists. We are as fully convinced as Dr. Smith can be of the ethereality, as well as of the immortality of the soul; but our conviction is far from resting upon his arguments. In fact, were such inanity our sole foundation for the creed we hold, we should be ashamed to avow our sentiments. Yet, if it be not heretical, we must be permitted to say that the great aversion of such men as Dr. Smith, and others much greater than he, to the doctrine of a material substratum in the human mind, is at once both foolish and ridiculous. What matter is it to us, so long as we know that our souls are incorruptible and immortal, whether they be constituted of a substance material or otherwise? Considering the question in a point of view merely philosophical, it is well to penetrate as nearly as possible to the truth; but in every other point of view it is nonsense double distilled, to decry the notion of the materiality of mind. It is the perfection of purality to talk of *self-respect* as in any manner justly involved in the decision of the question. Could any man, by reasoning, absolutely demonstrate to us the nature of the thinking essence, we should feel ourselves obliged to him, because he would have added, independently of revelation, one item to the sum of our knowledge. On this score, however, we are under no obligation to Dr. Smith; nor, though he has given evidence of his disposition to

quarrel with his reviewers, do we apprehend that any further verbosity from his pen which our comments may provoke, will create the obligation he has already failed to confer.

The second part of the Doctor's argument relates to the being of a God. In this he considers the origin of the belief, common to all nations, whether civilized or savage, in the existence of a superintending power, who holds in his hands the destinies of the universe. We suppose him right in concluding that this cannot be traced to a deduction from physical or from final causes. We believe him wrong in assigning it to "the workmanship of the mind itself." It would be idle to examine at length an argument, in which, reasoning by exclusion, he rejects the notion of traditional knowledge, with hardly a word; more especially as he adduces, in this connection, the case of a person deaf, dumb, and blind, who is not known to have any idea of a supreme being; and who, if possessed of such a notion, enjoyed the ample opportunities of acquiring it, antecedently to the loss of the important senses of seeing and hearing. The Doctor has been misinformed in the instance of Julia Brace, both in respect to his premises and his conclusion. No one knows, in the first place, what are her ideas on the point under consideration; and every one, who knows any thing of her, knows also that she lost her hearing and sight at the age of four years, and that whatever change might have supervened at a later period, she employed her speech, while it remained, in profaning the name of the being whose existence Dr. Smith supposes her to have recognized by intuition.

There remains but one point farther in the essay before us deserving of attention. It is Dr. Smith's method with the atheists, drawn from a consideration of the laws of matter. He tells us, that if the universe had a beginning, it must have been brought into being by some power independent of itself; and that if the laws of the material world have not been co-existent with matter itself, *they* must have been instituted by a superior power. If, then, from the consideration of the physical laws, it appears that they cannot have been eternally in operation, they must have been instituted *in time*, and consequently must have had an author. He instances the chemical laws; and assumes that if these be allowed to operate on any mass of matter, they will ultimately reduce it to a state of quiescence. But natural chemical changes are still going on in the world, and therefore the laws on which they depend have not yet been in operation sufficiently long to produce their legitimate effect. Yet, had the world endured from eternity, there would have been abundant time for the quiescence, to which they tend, to have been brought about. The world has therefore had a beginning, and, of course, a creation.

Upon this argument we find it necessary to bestow the commendation of ingenuity. It is, beyond doubt, the best thing in this mass of matters, little good. Still, who is convinced by it? Who does not perceive that the Doctor, in urging it, is overstepping the bounda-

ries of human science? Is the Doctor fully acquainted with the operation of all the electrical laws, by which compounds, which yield to no chemical re-agents, are dissolved into their original elements, and present themselves in a state to form new combinations *ad infinitum*? Does he take into consideration the fact, that hardly can any three substances, diverse in their nature, be brought into contact without producing a galvanic circle? Does he feel himself competent to reason, from the phenomena of a paltry mixture in a gallipot, to the stupendous operations going on far beyond the reach of human scrutiny, in the bowels of the earth? Sagacious Doctor Smith! Most sapient reasoner, both in physics and metaphysics! Let us beseech you in future to attend to matters in your own vocation, and cease to obfuscate sounder brains with laborious obscurities upon those, which it is not given you to comprehend.

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*Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott. Part Sixth.* By  
J. G. LOCKHART. Carey, Lea & Co.

WE imagine that this part will be considered the most interesting of all which have been issued. There are many causes which concur to make it so. It contains, as it were, the denouement of the plot, which we have thus far followed with continually increasing anxiety. All that has gone before appears to tend but to this result, and from most that follows we involuntarily shrink in anticipative horror.

"Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange, eventful history  
*Is second childishness and mere oblivion.*"

In the first chapters of this Part, we see Scott in the full enjoyment of all the pleasures that give zest to life. Presiding over a magnificent establishment, happy in the smiles of a delightful family, surrounded by troops of friends, rich in fame and in the esteem of his contemporaries, and endowed with an unusually cheerful temperament, he seems, at the age of fifty-five, to have united almost every qualification for earthly happiness. In the space of a single year we see him, by a series of dreadful blows—coming, with almost the suddenness and scathe of successive flashes of lightning—deprived, by death or separation, of those whom he held dearest; stripped of his possessions; and left in his old age desolate, to struggle with difficulties, against which few in the prime and vigor of life could have borne up.

The chapter which contains the account of his excursion to Ireland in the summer of 1825, just before the failure of the houses in which he was involved, is particularly interesting, from the number

of amusing anecdotes with which it is crowded. The sketches of manners and national peculiarities which it gives, are very easy and graphic. We copy the following brief relation as indicating Sir Walter's tone of thought, and as a specimen of Mr. Lockhart's style of narrative. Speaking of Scott's freedom from the vulgar prejudice that men of genius are in a manner exempt from the social responsibilities which govern common minds, he continues:—

"I cannot forget how much I was struck at the time by some words that fell from one of them, (Sir Walter, and Miss Edgeworth to whom they were on a visit,) when, in the course of a walk in the park at Edgeworthstown, I happened to use some phrase which conveyed, (though not, perhaps, meant to do so) the impression that I suspected poets and novelists of being a good deal accustomed to look at life and the world only as materials for art. A soft and pensive shade came over Scott's face as he said:—'I fear you have some very young ideas in your head:—are you not too apt to measure things by some reference to literature—to disbelieve that any body can be worth much care, who has no knowledge of that sort of thing, or taste for it? God help us! what a poor world this would be if that were the true doctrine! I have read books enough, and observed and conversed with enough of eminent and splendidly cultivated minds, too, in my time; but I assure you I have heard higher sentiments from the lips of poor *uneducated* men and women, when exerting the spirit of severe yet gentle heroism under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends or neighbors, than I ever yet met with out of the pages of the Bible. We shall never learn to feel and respect our real calling and destiny, unless we have taught ourselves to consider every thing as moonshine, compared with the education of the heart.' Maria did not listen to this without some water in her eyes—her tears are always ready when any generous string is touched—(for, as Pope says, 'the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest;') but she brushed them gaily aside, and said, 'You see how it is—Dean Swift said that he had written his books in order that people might learn to treat him like a great lord. Sir Walter writes his in order that he may be able to treat his people as a great lord ought to do.'"

The above extract, as we have said, besides its intrinsic excellence, may serve as a fair sample of the biographer's manner. It is generally, as might be expected, graceful and pleasing: He sometimes, however, in speaking of individuals, chooses to adopt a free and easy style of allusion, which is any thing but consonant with our sense of propriety and courtesy. The affectation of calling Miss Edgeworth, *Maria*, is intolerable.

The most valuable portion of this *livraison* is, beyond question, the Diary begun by Scott in November, 1825. It was commenced in consequence of seeing some fragments of Byron's note-book, the plan of which struck his fancy. The difference of the two journals is very characteristic. That of Byron consists of some rapid and careless notices of passing events, a few interesting reminiscences, witty and pungent criticisms on men and books, with here and there some singular and striking observation evincing the power of a morbid temperament. Scott's runs on in an easy flow of narrative gossip, amusing anecdote, shrewd remark and serious reflection; all indicative, even in his saddest moments, of a naturally cheerful and healthy mind. It is a mental mirror, wherein we see every feature and movement of the intellectual man. In this case it acquires peculiar in-



terest from the period of his life to which it refers. We do not know if we can look upon the worldly reverse, which overtook Scott at the time, as a misfortune of so heavy a nature as it was then regarded. Without it, there were many who would have imagined that his aspirations were too exclusively directed to objects of vulgar and worldly estimation,—that rank, wealth, and reputation were the ends for which he tasked the resources of his amazing intellect. Unless we had seen him amid the wreck of all his earthly prospects and the sundering of his dearest ties, through bodily pain and mental depression bending himself, almost without a murmur, to the heavy responsibilities brought upon him—not by his own fault, but by the carelessness and extravagance of others—the world would have wanted one of the noblest examples of a conscientious spirit, supreme over every accident and through the severest trials.

We cannot afford space to extract as extensively as we could wish from this Diary. One passage, however, we cannot allow to pass without comment, though it has been already a good deal bandied about in the public papers. Speaking of Cooper, during his visit to Paris, Scott briefly observes :

“ This man, who has shown so much genius, has a good deal of the manners, or gait of manners, peculiar to his countrymen.” p. 549.

So far as this remark relates to Mr. Cooper, we have nothing to say ; but as it conveys a kind of national imputation, which is, moreover, several times reiterated in the course of this Biography, we think it worth while to inquire, what particular style of “ manners ” we must adopt if we would escape this stigma. Perhaps we shall gain some light from Scott’s remarks, in another place, on conversational address :

“ The art of quiet, easy, entertaining conversation is, I think, chiefly known in England. \* \* \* George Ellis was the first converser I ever knew ; his patience and good breeding made me often ashamed of myself going off upon some favorite topic. Richard Sharp is so celebrated for this peculiar gift, as to be called *Conversation Sharp*. *The worst of this talent is, that it seems to lack sincerity.* You never know what are the real sentiments of a good converser, or at least it is very difficult to discover to what extent he entertains them. His politeness is inconsistent with energy.” p. 538.

There may be some question as to the correctness of the opinion here expressed, that the highest degree of conversational tact and social politeness must be founded in insincerity, and is incompatible with energy. But if such be really the case, we heartily congratulate our countrymen on their deficiency in the “ art.”

*Yankee Notions ; a Medley.* By TIMOTHY TITTERWELL, Esq. 2d edition, with illustrations by D. C. Johnston. Boston : Otis, Broaders & Co.

WE like wit and humor quite as well as your inveterate joke hunters, and are equally disposed to admire a good thing whenever we are so happy as to meet with it ; but with the best disposition in the world for fun and sport, we have been able to find little entertainment in the present volume. There are some good things in the book, but, like Gratiano's talk, mixed up with "an infinite deal of nothing ; his reasons are as two grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff." Like a rusty gun, for every full report, the author's wit hangs fire a hundred times. There is an unfair attempt in the preface to forestall the reader's good opinion, and prevent his censure by some remarks hitched on to a passage of Falstaff, complaining of the moping spirit of the age, and commending good humor, of which latter Mr. Titterwell stands the representative. People will laugh as heartily now as ever over a good joke, even though their faces should emerge uncommonly long at the conclusion of this volume. This book bears the same relation to a work of genuine humor that a simpering, unmannerly titter does to a genial hearty laugh ; it has hardly the merit of your clumsy honest guffaw. We do not care to point out the particular dull papers. It is a pleasanter task to mention the good ones, leaving it to the reader, if he ventures farther upon the rest, to reap the fruits of his temerity. Benoni Burdock, the little man, is a fair sketch, and Josh Beanpole's Courtship a good Yankee story. For the rest, they are "stale, flat, and unprofitable." Johnston's illustrations are admirable, and do something towards redeeming the volume.

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*Scriptural Anthology : or, Biblical Illustrations.* By N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

A CANDID critic often finds it necessary, in the discharge of his duty to the public, to engage in the performance of a service said to have been dear to Apollo—the sacrifice of asses. An immolation of this description is in some sense forced upon us in the present instance. Now-a-days, if a member of the rhyming tribe succeeds in bringing words to jingle together at the ends of lines possessing generally the requisite number of feet, and in transforming plain prose into the form of "blank verse ;" if he can procure a publisher, and twenty readers, including a printer, four pressmen, and a devil, he is straightway a poet, and needs nothing farther but

to mendicant praise in large quantities, for some friendly "Little Pedlington Observer" or "Eatanswill Gazette." The truth is, we are "over-poeted" with this small fry in the United States; and we greatly need some modern Gifford to come down upon such literary *di minores*—who jostle each other in their struggling march toward the foot of Parnassus—with a weapon swung round like a flail. Some scores of small-beer poetasters, who imagine they can supply, by word-elaboration, the defects of nature, and whose "poetical license" is synonymous with writing without ideas or information, would then soon find their level.

A short time since there appeared in the Knickerbocker a review of the book whose title is given at the head of this notice. The comments on, and extracts from, the work, sufficiently established its character in our estimation; the more easily, perhaps, that we knew the criticisms of our contemporaries were more frequently too lenient than severely just; and we hailed the review in question, as well as one or two of a similar stamp in previous numbers of the same periodical, as evidence that a due regard to the health of our literature had prompted a change, in some degree, of its critical habitudes. Chance afterward threw into our way voluminous newspaper proof, that the shots of the Knickerbocker had "told" with good effect, and that the bard was not one who could with propriety jest at scars, for he had felt wounds. He had worked himself into a lamentable state of worry, and was striving to fussify himself into notoriety.

Well,—the continuous complaints poured forth, week after week, in one or two local papers, of no clearly-defined character, wherein the poetical Used Up could infuse his tale of woe, either in person or by proxy, impelled us, through pure sympathy, to a procurement of the volume in question. We have thoroughly perused it; and, notwithstanding the modest author claims for himself a "high degree of poetical excellence," and describes the book as "blending exalted sentiment and devotional fervor with the enchantments of poetry"—(we say "the author," because the affectation of a "publisher's preface" is too transparent to escape detection)—notwithstanding this attempted forestalment of opinion, we shall express our judgment of Mr. Brooks's 'poetry' with that candor and fearlessness which we intend shall always characterize the critical notices of the American Monthly.

Honestly, then, we consider Mr. "N. C. Brooks, A. M.," as a writer who can lay no claim to the honored title of poet. In spite of all the pompous pretension to which we have alluded, no reader can peruse ten pages of the "Scriptural Anthology" without perceiving that the writer's head has neither many mansions, nor spacious. "Where there is a great ground-swell of language," says the sailor Carnaby, "there can be no great depth of ideas;" and we can call to mind no book whose style better answers to the admirable description by the same salt-water critic—"the ideas loom big.

ger than they are, like a fishing-boat in a fog"—than the "An-thology."

There is a characteristic presumption, such as might be anticipated, from the tenor of the foregoing remarks, in the choice by our poet, (poet by courtesy) of Scriptural subjects for embellishment and improvement, under the benign influence of his plastic intellect. The pure strains of moral pathos and sublime heart-touches of the sacred volume *needed* such a pen as that of Mr Brooks to set forth their spirit and beauty; and hence, apparently, all unconscious that he is inflicting bastard feeling, sickliness and weakness of sentiment, and bald and heavy prolixity upon his readers—our author, his eye in a fancied genuine frenzy rolling—labors successfully in transmuting refined gold into lead. But this is not all. Even in the supere-regatory task of re-painting the matchless and vivid pictures of Holy Writ, he does not always depend upon himself; but, filching a striking thought here and there from genuine poets, he mixes it up with enough of his own "improvements" to disguise its paternity and make it ridiculous, and then palms it upon the reader as original. Take, for instance, the "electro-magnetic" lines, cited by our contemporary of the Knickerbocker:

"And now the patriarch beheld, far off,  
The place appointed. *Then the electric flash*  
*Of anguish ran, like lightning, down the wires*  
*Of strong paternal feeling!"*

We marvel that the editor of the Knickerbocker did not perceive that this was just such a case as we have alluded to. The idea here disguised, is stolen from these lines of a true poet, GEORGE D. PRENTICE, Esq.:

———"flash electric  
Trembles down the wire of chainless passion."

There are dozens of other instances, in addition to those mentioned by the Knickerbocker, had we time and room to specify them, wherein Mr. Brooks has diluted others' meanings by a process of very clumsy distillation.

Lest we should be thought to convey an erroneous impression of the extent to which Mr. Brooks has rendered portions of the Bible poetical, we proceed to "summarize" a few specimens—asking, meanwhile, the reader's especial attention to our "string of pearls."

In the "Destruction of Sodom," that sublime scene of Holy Writ, our author shines. Then it was, that

"The clouds shook from their ebon plumes  
Dew-drops of flame, and doleful lightning rained;  
Its lurid hail!"

What time went down

"The flaming city, with its blazing towers,  
To endless Tophet!"

leaving a waste,

"Whose *turbid* waters, like the *troubled* breasts  
Of its *mile* denizens, that *ceaseless* stirred  
The sediments of sin, pollute the shores  
With darkness and the *lurid filth of pitch*!"

Belshazzar's Feast is, after all, susceptible, it should seem, of being made quite a scene. The poet gives us to see how

———"on the opponent wall  
Came forth the fingers of a giant hand,  
And wrote upon the solid, stuccoed wall,  
Tekel! thy soul is weighed, and *wanting found*!"

Great improvement is effected with the passage in which Belshazzar is described as being suddenly turned out to grass:

"——With the wild mountain ass  
He made his lair, and on the grassy plain  
*Browsed with the oxen*; and the *vocal* dell  
Rang with their lowings!"

There is great power and felicity of language, with nothing of tautology, in the scene wherein Samson, with a "forehead like a tall oak reared!" pulls "Philistia's hall" down over his head, by taking hold of the two middle pillars thereof; when

"Anon the columns *move*, they *shake*,  
*Totter*, and *vacillate*, and *quake*!"

How much more poetical than the original, too, is the improved "Prodigal Son!" He thinks of his father's house, and of the things around it, including "the rill whose *purlings* had amused his youth," and exclaims:

"——I will arise and go  
Unto my father, and my guilt confess!"

In minute description, our bard is very powerful. He belongs to the "catalogue school," and omits nothing. In depicting the furniture of Belshazzar's apartment, he tells us, that among other things there were "gold-specked porcelain" dishes, and "gods of gold, of silver, iron, brass, and wood, and stone;" and if he could have added, "of pewter and of putty," doubtless he would have done so, if it were necessary to help out a line. In "Decay," he informs us that Rome, with a long list of particulars, is now occupied "by the newt, the lizard, and the toad," and also "the owl;" and moreover, that in due time the ocean shall be "mowed down by the scythe of Time" and that the *head* of the "earth herself" shall "grow hoary, and her features pale:"

"Her decomposed limbs to ashes turn,  
And be laid in the macrocosm's urn!"

We cannot choose but admire, in an especial manner, the sanguinary minutiae which distinguish Mr. Brooks's conceptions. He is pre-eminent upon such themes as "the tears of childless mothers," the "smoking blood of murdered sucklings," and chains "festered on the hands" of the apostles. Here follow a few lines from the "Destruction of Jerusalem," when "Faction, with torch infernal, lit Anarchy's hellish fires:"

"Dire Discord flapped her wings, dripping with blood;  
Mad Murder raged. In their paternal halls  
Children were slaughtered in their parents' view,  
Parents, before their children; and the steel,  
Steeped in the life-fount of the bridegroom's breast,  
Sluiced, with its crimson rain, the bride's white robe."

\* \* \* \*

"The Pestilence, from between her livid lips,  
Blew poison; and the atmosphere was death;  
Gaunt Famine raised her pale and spectral form,  
And Hunger, with her sharp and skeleton claws,  
Tore the pained vitals of all things that breathed.  
Whole families fell by fasting—faint arose  
The cry for bread, from children, as their tongues  
Cleaved to their husky palate; sucklings cooled  
Their burning lips in their dead mothers' blood;  
Parents the morsel from their offspring wrenched,  
And mothers tore the delicate infant limbs  
Their wombs had borne, and gorged themselves thereon!"

But enough, more than enough. To go on, would only present a similar level of inflated or insipid uniformity, in which the extremes of sense and nonsense, sometimes ludicrously tacked together, are all that serve to divert the reader's attention, and repay his perseverance and wearisome research.

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*The Tourist in Europe, &c. &c.* Wiley and Putnam, New-York.

WE have just space enough left, in which to commend this excellent, unpretending little volume. It is, we understand, from the pen of Mr. George Putnam, a partner in the publishing house by which it was issued. It is a highly creditable production. The letters are written in an off-hand, easy, and amusing style, which, without evincing any attempt at display, shows that the author was willing to draw freely upon his resources for the gratification of the reader. It is a most valuable guide-book for travellers, and to such we recommend it, as well to those who may be disposed to live over again in imagination the time of their sojournings abroad.

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LITERARY LIFE IN AMERICA.

It is now more than twenty years, since an English writer of some celebrity asserted that this was not the country for a literary man. Physical happiness, he saw ample means for; but all in which intellect gave pleasure, or was its companion, was deficient. This,—though at the time thought a slander, because asserted by a foreigner, and he an Englishman,—has been ever since acknowledged by us to be a fact, and is still so considered; notwithstanding the vast stride we have made in the higher arts of civilized life, in science, and—in what is their first element and the best evidence of their improvement, and the best guarantee of their further advance—a knowledge of ourselves. We have stood before the world, during our short political existence, with the imputation resting on us that we did not appreciate or understand, and of course did not or could not encourage, the higher degrees of intellectual power. This stigma still clings to us, and all boast of our liberty or our morality, or of the value of our institutions to ourselves and the world, cannot do it away; even if it be allowed that we possess these in a degree beyond all other people. The charge was a very severe one; it carried with it the idea of vulgarity in taste and feeling, of rudeness in character, of most of the wants and deficiencies that arise from imperfect education, besides being thrown out as a sort of taunt upon our dignity as a nation, and the claims we set up as worthy of respect.

It is not worth while to examine the causes of this condition, it is enough if we know and acknowledge the existence; though we must at the same time say that nothing can be more

degrading to the intellectual character of a people than a general indifference to what is in itself great, or a general coldness towards those studies or pursuits that require high powers and lead to high ends. America does not, however, stand alone in this neglect. Her ancestral home must share the obloquy. Notwithstanding England's ten centuries of freedom, her ages of glory, the thousand sources that have fed her national grandeur, her achievements in every pursuit where mind could triumph,—the accusation still remains of a neglect of those things that are more purely matters of mind, and of those men whose lives and energies were devoted to them. This apathy, —infamous as it may be and unfortunate in its results,—seems peculiar to free and more especially to commercial countries ; and if it be then true of England, should be so in a tenfold degree here, where there is neither wealth nor leisure to foster art, or acquire the taste that appreciates and encourages it. These are good reasons why a commercial nation shows no marked favor towards one which cultivates the imagination or the fancy, and why the fine arts in general retreat before the spirit of commerce. Its insolence mingled with sordidness, its exactions of homage, and its pride and self-conceit, make it impossible for it to be the friend and associate of those free and fine faculties, whose dwelling is hardly on the earth, whose range of power extends beyond it, and is only limited by the nature of man. But its worst feature, besides its costly ostentation and love of display and its meanness, is the standard of utility that it arbitrarily imposes on all who are within its influence. This is confined almost entirely to those occupations the whole object of which is money making, (the cause being immediately obvious, but the cure more remote.) All that is wanted, where this standard exists, is the appearance of industry ; no honor is secured by the loftiness or dignity of a pursuit, for the simple reason that it is not valued in proportion to the mind which is exerted in it, but in the more intelligible ratio of the money that is made by it. The metaphysical solution of this lies on the surface of our nature. A man does not carry the results of mental exertion about with him, his aspect does not show his intellectual wealth, the many pass by the finest genius without homage ; but the successful trader dazzles them with an equipage ; the amount of his stocks or his real estate amazes them. These are the products of his mental powers ; they are sensible and readily understood, and admiration follows in proportion. It is useless to complain of this. It must be so in commercial countries, where patronage is bestowed by individuals and not by the government of the country ; and it will so remain until the wealthy are princes in heart as well as purse.



From these remarks we do not mean to convey the idea that we are in favor of the indiscriminating enthusiasm and morbid encouragement that results from entire ignorance of the matter concerning which they are so brisk, which seems to prevail in this century, and has the unfortunate effect of too highly heating the feeble roots of minor minds, and making every petted darling believe himself an original genius. It is far more favorable for the developement of a man's best powers, that he should meet with early difficulty; that he should not be brought into too early notice, and made by flattery to fancy and to feel that to him all things are easy. The blandishments of society corrupt and enfeeble; they do not afford the kind of excitement that impels genius on its course; they enervate and turn the confident but noble reliance on one's self into a forward conceit and fantastic vanity. The greatest poets or painters, all, or nearly all, of the most illustrious names in the higher departments of human knowledge, were born in poverty, were ill-rewarded, and died in neglect. Few, or none, were nurtured among the elegancies and refinements of life; and thence it comes that their labors were great, and the basis of them fixed and enduring. They labored without the encouragement of fame—which is thought now so important. Necessity seems to have been their master; and, though they chose their own province, and fulfilled to the utmost its duties, the choice appears to have been guided by instinct; and they toiled with their souls, and not from any temporary influence or patronage offered by the accidental enthusiasm of the times. But there is a wide difference between the opposition these great spirits of former times went through, and that which must now be endured. With them it was a source of excitement; a victory over external circumstances was to be gained; the conflict was with fortune. But in our time it is of another character. It arises not from too little, but too much encouragement—too little to what is truly valuable, too much to what is so feeble as to be held up and put in motion only by aid from others. A great mind must now, besides conquering circumstances, make its way through the myriads of little wits, who impede its course by having a popularity that allows them to throw their venom into the public ear, and withheld from all audience a creature of superior pretensions and greater strength, whose powers they depreciate, and whose stature they mutilate for the purpose of self-preservation.

We cannot illustrate our position more favorably than by the example of Wordsworth. For the more than forty years that he has been before the public, it is only within the last few of this long period that he has been appreciated, or, to speak with

more truth, been so fortunate as to become the fashion. Slandered and sneered at by those who felt his ability and dreaded his success, as the first move to the displacing and destroying their own—his fame has, notwithstanding, gradually put aside and surmounted the more flashy and fashionable reputations of inferior men, and taken its place among the highest names in English literature. His literary history forms a remarkable example of intrinsic merit and real power conquering pretension; of the consciousness of aiming at the truth, and the conviction of having chosen the path to it, bearing one up under neglect and abuse, or, it may have been entirely keeping off the despondency and even despair that arise from the complete annihilation of a man's labors and hopes. Quietly, but strongly, he has built up a wall of opposition before the gorgeous but empty splendor of some of the better known poets of the day; and in his moral nature and mental character raised a barrier to their passion, to their want of principle and their affectation. Still, he is a poet that will only suit certain natures. There is not enough of action and life in him to stir the admiration of the majority. He favors certain moods of mind. One takes him up with something of the feeling that we approach the bible, to have an hour of repose from life's common-place, of exaltation above its little things. But this implies a tendency to the spiritual, that does not often appear among the grossness of ordinary every-day character, a desire to be what they are not, a feeling and a sense that they are more than they appear, which do not lie among the common attributes of common natures. This, of course, sets him apart, and there is no more hope of his becoming generally popular, and of the world coming up to him, than there is with Milton, who still moves across the world's intellectual sphere like a shadow, near which we tread with awe, on which men gaze perplexed, in whose presence their inferiority is so sensible that they shrink from all comparison, as if they were not beings of the same order, and whom, as a proof of their despair and dismay, they dare not even try to imitate; (a liberty taken with the highest, though to escape from it is the strongest testimony to one's greatness.)

But the example of Wordsworth, besides displaying the difficulties with which the best powers must contend—when they attempt to shape to themselves a course opposing or not congenial to the taste of the day—offers a strong illustration of the unfortunate tendencies of the standard of utility by which commercial countries measure genius. A long life, devoted, so far as the world knows, to little else than poetry, appears to the industrious lover of money-making, completely thrown away. Though adorned with the noblest studies, it is still but

a life of amusement and idleness—a long holiday; and in England, where the highest refinement exists, and there is a large body capable of appreciating mind in all its various exercise, Wordsworth, and Scott, and Byron, were accused of doing nothing useful; that is, if the term have any meaning, it was thought that they might have employed themselves in matters that required, or seemed to require, more labor. As to the last of the three, we will not say that the world would have been less wise or any worse if he had found some other vent than poetry, for his spleen, and misery, and misanthropy. The House of Peers was his proper sphere, and a portion of his time and abilities might have been employed more directly in the service of his country, and as beneficially to that and the world, as in throwing at both scorn and defiance, and enlightening neither on any thing beyond the depths of his own remarkable nature. If he had acted occasionally in his place as legislator, it would perhaps have given more purity to his poetry, and not taken from it any of its power. Goethe considered that many of his writings were only parliamentary speeches in the form of verse; meaning, that the wildness and violence of his passions would have been tempered by collision with his equals; and that the exasperated feelings with which he judged men, and the too constant preying upon self, and all his morbidness of sentiment, would have been averted or moderated by variety of occupation and the consciousness of being useful—the greatest, if not the only essential for happiness. How the others could have been employed more usefully we do not see, even taking usefulness in its lowest and most limited sense. The one made a large fortune by his writings, and gave infinite pleasure to half a universe; in the first he certainly comes up to the mercantile standard, and in the second goes a great deal beyond it. Wordsworth may, we believe, stand charged with poverty; but it was his will, he preferred it, and no one has a right to quarrel with his election. It might be palliated to some extent, in the opinion of his foes, the money-makers, if they only knew how much happiness his writings had conferred—how much refined pleasure—how many new sources of deep and beautiful contemplation had been opened—how much they had widened the love of our species, and enlarged the sphere of human thought; if they only considered these for a moment, they would not sneer at his poverty—laugh at the humility of his ambition, though a large portion of the world honor it—or despise the useless, the idle man—the day-dreaming, star-gazing philosopher, whose chief enjoyment of life has been in silent thought and solitary labor, with the not ungentle hope of making men wiser and better.

These remarks are not intended to be contemptuous towards any class, but only as a defence of what is in itself great; and where success implies and is the result of the highest and most painful efforts of the mind, all the paths of industry are open to all; but the most difficult should not be the one most aspersed and most encumbered with discouraging circumstances. But the chief of these is of a peculiar character, and very opposite to neglect and want of encouragement; this is the general impression among the large proportion of those, whose numbers, if nothing else, make their verdict decisive, of the facility with which acquirements in literature are attained. This idea serves, more than any other, to bring the reproach of idleness or mis-spent time upon those who devote themselves to letters, as it tends to lower both them and the class of abilities they require; and if the real amount of talent that each demand were to be accurately gauged, there is certainly much reason to suppose that a balance might be struck with as much justice in favor of the man of letters, as in his who made a coat or a pair of shoes, or sold figs and raisins. If no more is meant than that a man might and should, in a country like ours, take to a more lucrative pursuit, we cannot quarrel with this direction of opinion; although it is somewhat impertinent as well as benevolent, since it checks a man's right to be poor if he pleases, and interferes with the bestowing of his time according to his taste.

There can be no doubt that a professional life is the happiest in this country, and perhaps in most others. We have the testimony to this of some of the most extraordinary men of our time. Coleridge in his *Biographia Literaria*, and Byron and Lamb, urge the necessity of some occupation besides literature; that this should be the pastime, the other the duty and the object of life; but not on the ground of its ease, but of its excessive hardship, and, what is more, of its cruel anxieties from its precariousness. Nearly all happiness is based on regularity of pursuit, the having some path in which the mind may move without exhaustion, without being tasked in its highest powers and by daily effort—and not from lofty motive or generous impulse, but merely to gain a livelihood. The mind cannot be ever on the stretch, but requires repose; though not that of inertness, but of change and variety of pursuit. Chancellor D'Aguesseau, one of the best lawyers and most accomplished men France has produced, declared, that notwithstanding the immensity of his legal labors, he found time for other things of equal difficulty with the law, by unbending at times from its duties, its doubts, its special pleading and sophistry, and refreshing himself among the depths of philology. To the man of genius, no exaction can be so terrible as the being driven to his work, to answer an

unexpected call upon the spirits, a sudden demand upon the brain, a requisition upon the feelings ; to be, what Shakspeare calls, gored in the thoughts ; and this to "sell cheap what is most dear," and to gratify a harsh and cold world, censorious in its judgments and unforgiving to errors. An hour of labor, under such circumstances, cuts deeper into the heart, and wastes more of life, than years of plodding exertion where the compensation is sure and the end definite. If any one wishes the strongest evidence of this, let him read the *Life of Goldsmith* ; it will bear witness to the fact, that no toil equals, in drudgery and severity, that of the man of letters, who earns by them his daily bread. To such an existence as his, that of the beggar and dog—the meanest occupation would be preferable. To hire out one's brains for the pleasure of others ; to turn out one's thoughts and feelings, the tenantry of our minds and hearts, by command ; to feel and know we have powers, but that they are sold ; to be obliged to check the impulses of all generous ambition ; to bring down all high hope, and pass every energy and every effort they call forth to the credit of some sordid tradesman—are fearful penalties and inflictions for the gift of intellect. To feel, too, that while we task ourselves to the utmost, and every exertion is like drawing from us our blood, that it serves but a temporary purpose ; that we secure no wealth and but little honor, and the view of the future is filled in but with the alms-house or the grave :—surely men who give themselves up to such occupations, and sacrifice to their taste all worldly prosperity, do not deserve indignation or contempt. The worldly wise may accuse them of want of judgment ; the cold, the selfish, and the sordid may laugh at them for their simplicity in the choice of their pursuits and direction of their affairs ; but as they enjoy none of life's prosperity, aspire to no dignities, cross the path of no man's ambition, and stand in no one's way, unless it be the beggar's, they might surely be permitted to move across the dreary waste over which their track lies, without being insulted by the condescension of the proud, or having their struggles made more bitter by the aversion, the neglect, or the contempt, open or disguised, of the fortunate and the happy.

But, besides the idea so natural in a commercial country, and more particularly in one like this, where all is action and enterprise, that a life devoted to literature is one of idleness and ease, or misspent time ; there is another current in society, equally erroneous,—that it is a spiritless existence—that being devoid of apparent excitement to the world, it is therefore dull—and that no one but the quiet and soft in spirit would make it the sole object of their labor. This impression arises from ignorance, and hardly deserves an attempt at refutation ; but, although untrue,

there are circumstances that give it an air of probability, or at least do so here, where minds are directed so little towards the pursuits of intellect. It comes, in a great measure, from the degrading notion that is conceived of utility—which is confined to selfish occupations, where mere self is the object, or to those where the public are served, which is only individual selfishness multiplied and diffused; and if there is any one very considerable cause which will tend to hamper the efforts of genius, to bend its pride, to lower its desires and degrade its aims, it is this idea of utility that public opinion is now upholding, which is the vaunted novelty of the times, and the largest item in the cant of the age. It is this false conception that is so baneful to our country; for, backed as it is by public opinion, very few will have the courage to resist it; and thence it is that our best minds, those whom nature seems to have designed to do us honor in literature, in obedience to the tyrannic exactions of this great but evil power, draw off into exclusively professional or public life. Where an ambitious purpose is to be served, there is no doubt that the inducement is very strong to desert the unprofitable cause of Minerva, for the better appreciated and more immediately compensated labors of politics or some lucrative pursuit. It would be the same any where else, if no fostering influence or support were offered by some portion of society to intellectual exertion in *any* career; and it is the same thing, or nearly so, in England, and of late in France; and it appears a necessary result of free institutions, that they demand for the public service the use of the finest intellects, and reward them with what is most desired, an honorable fame. We do not remember, however, among the distinguished public men of England, but two who first sought a reputation in literature and consummated it in the legislature. Burke and Canning would, no doubt, have been as great in letters as in Parliament; and indeed the first is better known and more admired through his writings than his speeches, which still, though remarkable as speeches, seem far better adapted for the silence of the closet than the turbulence of the House of Commons.

While this idea of the useful, which now prevails, continues a fixed impression among the large portion of society, there is no hope of moral elevation in the nation at large, and, of course, no hope of national dignity. It is impossible for any people to hold such humble notions of the mind, and of the path it may choose for exertion, without at length really humiliating the individual, and throwing a species of disgrace over the exercise and enjoyment of certain inclinations and tastes. Under the influence of some such sense of almost degradation, some of our best writers have retreated to Europe; where, in a wider

sphere and under more liberal encouragement, they could devote themselves to favorite pursuits without that most painful of all feelings incessantly tormenting them—the consciousness, that their countrymen regarded them as useless. This feeling accompanied by a want of appreciation, and necessarily of encouragement, deters them from exertion when at home; for the delicate structure of the intellect and its auxiliaries, refinement of feeling and taste, requires, if not support, at least that their foundation should rest upon a disposition kindly and respectful to them. Those, who do not make mind, or its habits or its attributes, objects of attention or study, may say, that where it possesses great strength it will clear its own way. It is not so—and most incontestably not so in the fine arts. No poet will be called into existence if his powers are compelled to exertion in some sphere opposed to his art; no prose writer will waste his time in literary effort, if a trade is thought a more honorable occupation; and no painter will sketch his conceptions on the canvass, if he is sneered at as an idler; all the finest faculties will lie dead if all near them tends to depress and degrade their labors. Among the chief requisites of genius is an atmosphere in which it may breathe freely. It may, and it does bear up against difficulties, and hold a long and strong conflict with the greatest obstacles. But we are not now alluding to those impediments that fortune throws in its way. Low birth and poverty are both every day surmounted; they are incentives to exertion, and not depressing circumstances. But we refer to that state of society in which the resistless force of opinion breaks down energy; in which the highest intellectual properties are made lifeless by men's aversion; where all natural impulse is checked, and the resolution of the individual is unnerved and destroyed, not by the bad chances of success, not by want of opportunity, but by the utter uselessness of wasting life in a hopeless struggle against the false conceptions of men. It is this that has been so severely felt in this country, and is still to a great degree; it is this that drives genius to the pursuit of wealth and not fame; that brings a cloud over the whole intellectual character of the country; that deprives us of the respect of foreign nations, and re-acts mischievously upon ourselves in exalting our ideas of the abilities of foreigners, and making us despise those of our own countrymen. So far has this gone, that no man considers his reputation as secure, or likely to be lasting, unless it receives the seal of approbation from abroad; nor do our own people seem willing or able to make a candid estimate, and bestow undivided applause on the candidates for fame, until it is sounded back in the echoes of praise from a foreign country. This ready submission to the opi-

nion of strangers is too free an acknowledgment of inferiority. It, is, indeed to a great extent true, that we are inferior to the nations of Europe in the higher departments of knowledge; that we have not as much science, not as much literature, not as much talent at work in the fine arts; but it is as nearly a question of quantity as quality. The basis of this inferiority rests rather on the want of patronage than the want of power. There is genius enough among us, but it is scattered and exhausted in trades and professions, or thrown away on politics. As we have already said, it cannot contend in a double conflict with opinion and fortune. When it casts itself on the chances of life, and ventures its young exertion in a precarious and desperate struggle with the world, it calls for sympathy. It does not hesitate to meet want, nor does it shrink from every physical evil that can be piled upon it; its nature is masculine, though its constitution is delicate. But it must be met by some genial feeling, greeted by warmth of encouragement, received with a cordial and heart-opening interest somewhere in society, or its enthusiasm will die away into despondency, and all hope settle to despair.

We are not equal to sketching a picture of the depth of disappointment, to which he is doomed who is never cheered by sympathy in his labors; all that we can conceive of misery, is not beyond it. The individual so cursed, takes to his toil with pain and hesitation, and rises from it without a ray of joy or pleasure. If he show ability, no one says to him "stick to your pursuit;" but, on the contrary, he is told that it is a pity so much talent should be wasted without profit; it should be devoted to the public, to politics or a profession; your life is thrown away, you are idle when every one near you, in all particulars your equals, are struggling for fame and fortune in the severe courses of a cruel ambition, or the agonizing anxieties of gaining a livelihood: rouse yourself to action, hasten to the chase, leave this lifeless way of passing the time! And many more like these are the stimulating arguments thrown upon the uneasy and unhappy, perhaps morbid, mind of the suffering student, to change the direction of his pursuits, to create a hankering for things he despises, to stir his cupidity, to alter the ingenuousness of his nature into sordid desire, to drive him from the noble career of literature or science to the drudgery of avarice, and compel him to subdue his powers to the irksome servilities of depraved ambition. In this way a great amount of the talent of the country is drawn off, from the direction of taste and inclination, from the fulfilment of its hopes, by this moral compulsion, and forced into law, commerce, or the muddy pool of party and political strife. Few, very few, have been



as yet found able or willing to resist this tide of opinion ; but in obedience to it, most have surrendered their independence, their free right of choice, and bent to its dictation—allowing their energies, which were equal to the achievement of something important, (it may have been even something great,) to float away into the vortex, towards which both the great and small abilities in this country tend. It is hardly possible to blame, and it is certainly impossible to despise, those who have yielded to this outcry against certain liberal and engaging occupations, in favor of a mean and meagre idea of utility ; and, instead of a vain conflict, have permitted themselves to be borne off by its under-swell from the ungenial and inhospitable waste, that borders society, into the deep—where, though there is nothing to be gained that they desire, yet all lies free and open. Some have done it from a sense of duty, some from necessity ; others, and it is the only reason with which we can quarrel, from merely ambitious motives ; and others because they found the meed of praise more readily awarded, and distinction of easier acquisition in the pursuit towards which they turned, than in the one they had deserted.

In truth, it requires much strength of mind, a strenuous will, and considerable moral courage, to set oneself against the stream. No one, who has not experienced it, can form a remote conception of the difficulty there is in offering opposition to a pervading sentiment in society. We do not allude to the difficulty of producing an impression on it, or bringing it to adopt the peculiar notions of an individual ; but the obstacles that lie within the man himself,—the close and concentrated effort that is necessary to prevent one's natural tastes from joining the common current,—to the keeping up the enthusiasm, which is so apt to sink if not animated by congenial ardor,—to the labor of holding to one's convictions, where all around tends to baffle them,—to that patient endurance of present neglect, that calm waiting, where hope hardly throws a shadow ; all which require more energy than ever exists in those who engage in the active business of life. The man, who has to sustain and preserve in life these deep feelings, must be governed by lofty sentiments and upheld by principles of adamant ; or at the last, he will grow familiar with the voice that calls him away, and listen to it as to that of interest or duty. He will begin to feel that he has closed in a struggle he cannot sustain ; that what he once thought was a concession to nature, has now become a stern contest with destiny.

All this will be more particularly true with those who devote themselves to literature. They are almost necessarily of generous natures and sensitive dispositions ; and if not of high

talents, or capable of producing great results, are liable to various excitement, and ardently desire sympathy. They are generally, too, men capable of conceiving far more than they can execute ; and form to themselves an ideal standard of excellence towards which they are ever looking, and for which they are ever toiling. Many perish without attaining it, for the bounds of literature are so wide, its auxiliary and collateral studies so many and almost infinite, that the most universal powers are exhausted and subdued ; all nature, all art, all science, lie within its province ; all that man can conceive of the beautiful or the perfect are within its domain ; and many a deep and anxious student, wearied with toil and heart-broken with disappointment, falls by the way, and finds his grave among the fair and beautiful structures he has attempted to rear for his fame.

Society should cherish these noble spirits, and in them honor their pursuit. They are its ornament and its wealth ; and without them society becomes little more than an aggregate of individuals, with not even a connecting fibre to link it with elevation of feeling, virtue, or intellect ; and still more especially where the spirit of commerce is in the heart of the nation, a body is wanted to represent the grandeur of the past, to diffuse through our own growing power the dignity and majesty which belong to the history of genius. E.

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### THE ROSE.

FROM ANACREON.

On the Rose to lovers sacred !  
 We will sing it o'er our wine ;  
 While we drink, and gaily laughing,  
 With its leaves our brows entwine.  
 Oh the Rose—'tis Queen of flowers,  
 Joy and glory of the Spring !  
 'Tis the Gods' delight and ours,  
 As we sip, and gaily sing.

With the Rose, the boy of Venus  
 Wreathes his airy elfin locks ;  
 Sporting with the blue-eyed Graces,  
 Whom he wounds, and archly mocks :  
 Crown me, then, O Dionysus,  
 In thy fanes to sound the lyre !  
 There let rosy Loves surprise us,  
 With the swelling-bosomed choir.

AUBURN.

## ESSAYS FROM THE FIRE-SIDE.

BY FELIX MERRY, GENT.

NUMBER II.

### THE CITY AND THE COUNTRY.

"I HAVE passed all my days in London, until I have formed so many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. \* \* \* The wonder of these sights impels me into night walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life."—*Charles Lamb. Letter to Wordsworth.*

By dwelling long in a great city the heart gradually gathers around it those every-day habits of affection, which in the end prove as strong for bricks and mortar as for bubbling springs and green fields. The customs of daily life will beget a friendship even with stocks and stones; the human interest that lives in a city attaches it to us as to an individual; the very absence of nature fastens the thoughts more upon man. In passing along its streets we are every moment arrested either by some display of wealth or poverty, some foible or weakness, or a chance unstudied trait of character, that touches the soul more nearly than the best array of hawthorn hedges or sloping fields. From looking at men in large masses in the city, we come to separate many little annoyances of manner and disposition (that will cling to the man in the country), and open the soul to a purer spirit of philanthropy. Charity has a larger heart in the wide-spread city, where the notes of distress plead oftener; where the ranks of life are thinly filled, we have little compassion for the vagrant who strays from his station; but here we do not wonder, that in so varied a machine some parts should be out of order. The real practical virtues will be sooner found in the city, where they are kept in finer exercise. Philosophers were never formed in the country, though they have retired to the groves and sea-shore to muse over the materials they have gathered in crowded streets and assemblies. Poets have always found an exceeding sympathy in the rural objects of fields and meadows, while few have sung of the streets and houses. To our mind there is much poetry even in Cockaigne, which is not, after all, so hackneyed or common-place a district as the far be-rhymed Arcadia. I love the country well; but here, by my fire-side, I may indulge a preference for

over the walls, seem like a band of evil spirits in an Arabian tale sent to destroy the favorite work of a good deity. With every loosened stone falls to the ground the prayer of some pious founder and benefactor. The monuments plucked from the walls lie strewed on the ground ; the grave-stones are broken on the tombs ; the sacred vaults, filled with the ashes of the dead who were buried there with Christian burial, are laid open to the day.

How different is this premature destruction, from the decay that comes gently upon the village church by the slow hand of time !—who, cruel monster as he is represented, is gradual in his work and offers no rude violence. The time-worn edifice is graceful in decay ; the sombre weather stains eaten in upon the structure, and the verdant moss clinging to the mouldering buttress, take away the sense of desolation. The green ivy covers the ruin, not as a funeral pall, but a holiday garment worn in May. Nature, indeed, touches with a gentler hand than man. In her own forest temple, she builds up, with a more classic order of architecture, the light springing shafts of the plant, the firm buttress and solid pillar of the oak, the groined arches of the upper branches, and the drooping pendants of the leaves. She conceals her decay with the rich hues and coloring of Autumn. The ripe leaf falls shaken by the wind, like the dying pilgrim summoned away by some airy messenger.

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ON THE MARRIAGE OF A FRIEND.

I saw thee wed, sweet lady—heard the vows,  
 Breathed to the happy man who owns thy heart,  
 That thou would'st never from his guidance part,  
 Would'st always love and cherish him, thy spouse.  
 The tears that then bedewed thy pallid cheek  
 I knew were not the bitter tears of grief ;  
 The sob by which thy bosom sought relief  
 I knew did not that bosom's anguish speak.  
 It was not doubt that quivered in thy voice ;  
 And when in his was placed thy trembling hand,  
 It shook not from a quailing spirit's fear.  
 Oh no ! for calm, deliberate was thy choice,  
 Thy love no sudden growth of fancy land,  
 But the ripe fruit of reason's cloudless year !

R. M. W.

## THE IDEAL.

SPIRIT ! whose path is on the chainless deep,  
And midst the everlasting stars, and round  
Earth's hoary limits, and adown the steep  
Of Night—unto Creation's farthest bound !  
Green isles on life's swoln sea are thine ; no sound  
Of the vexed surge thy calm retreat may hear  
Its plaint expiring on that hallowed ground !  
Like the wild wind-harp, pouring music near,—  
There harmonies alone salute the charmed ear !

Spirit ! thy home is in the heavens—yet long  
Hast thou sojourned, a guest beloved ! with me ;  
Breathing in every breeze its passing song,  
Swelling with life each bud, and flower, and tree,  
The skies are blue, and stars are bright through thee !  
As one of old awoke the senseless stone,  
By passionate clasp, to life and ecstasy—  
So Nature's form drew vigor from thy own,  
And life and beauty owed to thy embrace alone !

Her charms but mirror thy all-glorious face—  
Her voice but answers thy deep melody ;  
Unto thy smile responsive every grace,  
In earnest love her glance aye turned on thee !  
Thou with the noble soul, the bosom free,  
Delight'st to stay ; to rear in the mind's home  
A fane well worthy of thy minstrelsy !  
O dwell forever, Spirit ! in that dome,  
Nor e'er to stranger gods thy worshipper shall roam.

There when the glow of youth's fair morn grows pale  
And fade those sons of light, his phantom train,—  
Thy angel bands on starry pinions sail,  
Thy Day still reigns, that knows nor cloud nor wane,  
There golden skies expand—and many a plain  
Rich with sweet groves, and springs that cannot die ;  
Life's pageants there, and vanths, and tumults vain  
Like inarticulate air shall, scorned, pass by,  
Nor from my bosom call the tribute of a sigh !

E. F. E.

*Columbia, S. C.*

## SOUTH AMERICAN SKETCHES.\*

BY GRACE GRAFTON.

ABOUT eight leagues north of Zacatecas lies another mining town of some importance, called Fresuillo. In travelling thither from Zacatecas you have to cross an extensive plain, little diversified except by groves of palms, and here and there the deep-worn gullies of a water-course; rather inconvenient to the passage of wheels, as we experienced when crossing them in the Diligence, which passes through Fresuillo from Zacatecas three times a-week on its way to the city of Mexico. After crossing this plain, we reached the isolated hill, whose perforated sides bear witness of the miners' labour. Large excavations have been made there under the auspices of government; but the excessive rise of water in the mines has rendered the works expensive and difficult; added to which, deplorable mismanagement has thrown the business into a disastrous state.

It was not, however, for the purpose of exploring the interior of the mines that we visited Fresuillo; nor will I here betray my inability by endeavoring to enter more deeply into the subject, which has been handled by others well qualified to explore its depths. As for our little party, we merely gazed on the outward face of affairs, (after the manner of the world,) as we passed the spot on our way to a pleasant retreat, which we visited for the restoration of health and spirits; which latter had been scared away from Zacatecas by the entrance of Santa Ana and his troops. What can be more dull and depressing than a gloomy city? The most dreary solitude is less dismal. At least we thought so, as, after taking to our horses at Fresuillo, we made our way over desolate uncultivated wastes towards the Baths of Atotonilco, where we were destined to spend the next few weeks.

What a singular set out is a party of pleasure—a country excursion—in such a country as Mexico! How different is such a place of resort from some of our own Springs or fashionable watering-places! No city beaux nor town-bred la-

\* This, (we are sorry to say it,) is the conclusion of those admirable sketches which were published in the prior volume of this Magazine under the title of "Leaves from a Lady's Journal." We are confident that our readers will participate with us the regret with which we part with our talented and entertaining journalist. *Ed. Am. Mon. Mag.*

dies intruding their pomps and varieties on the sweet retirements of the country. No over-fine vulgars nor over-refined genteels. No gaudy "Hotels" nor ill-built "Mansion Houses." But if these were wanting—comfort was wanting also, and "accommodations" there were none.

We were told beforehand that we need not expect the convenience even of a common Meson—nothing but the bare walls of the house that was to give us shelter. To meet such exigencies, we had sent on men and women servants beforehand with provisions, camp bed-steads, and all the paraphernalia of table, cellar, and kitchen; and when, after a warm, sunny ride of about four leagues, we reached our temporary domicile, the familiar faces of our own domestics greeted us, and as I alighted, my comfortable serving woman received me in her arms! Night came on soon after; but a bright moon was above, struggling with the short twilight. It was a pleasant light by which to take a first survey of the bath, which was within a few steps of our dwelling. We were conducted to a door in a very high wall, forming a semi-circular enclosure a hundred or more feet in circumference (as well as I can remember), within which lay the clear waters of the bath, open to the sky; its only shade being a large weeping willow, which droops over it. The sides are built of white stone, and the bottom is a gravelly sand, through which the tepid springs are perpetually making their way. Round the bath, within the enclosing wall, is a broad flagged way leading to the entrance of the dressing apartment, from which a flight of steps descends into the water. It struck me as a pleasing and singular scene, and reminded me of *something* I have read *somewhere* about contrivances of a similar kind executed by the Moors in the south of Spain. The "Tales of the Alhambra," thought I; does Washington Irving say any thing of the kind in that pretty book? I believe not. Where then have I read of some such sweet path, with its water, reflecting the sky, open to the pleasant breezes; yet carefully enclosed to the exclusion of intruders. My conjectures were cut short by the merry voices of the children, who were eager to prove the tangible pleasures of the bath, and made the walls ring with their joyful shouts as they splashed into the transparent water. And truly, whilst we remained there, a kind of amphibious character seemed to take possession of the sage old grown folks as well as of the children. We were the first visitors there, but others soon arrived; yet we still persevered in the foreign custom of bathing in private, and strenuously insisted on the privilege, for which we had bargained with the Bañero, (bath-keeper) of particular hours allotted to our family. These habits of privacy, so congenial

to our American manners, seemed very unsocial to the Mexican ladies, who bathe *en masse*—fly in in flocks, and make a noisy frolic of it. All the gentlemen of their acquaintance who happen to be there, are at liberty to join in the diversion; and if perchance some idle gazer to whom they owe a playful grudge, approach too near the brink, he is seized on by the water nymphs, and gets a ducking gratis. In the mean time an old gentleman will be serenely taking his bath in a quiet corner, smoking his cigar the while; and others are in the dressing-room, closely developed in blankets, sipping their chocolate. The dressing-room is dark, paved with flags, and has no convenience beyond a seat of mason work running round the wall. It is customary for each family to carry thither a large buffalo hide to serve as carpet, and all other comforts needful on leaving a tepid bath.

The warm springs which supply this bath are not confined to that particular spot. They ooze through the soil, and form swampy places on the plain close by; and they even intruded their way through to the end wall of our house, so as to make our room uninhabitable, which apartment has since been converted into a bath. The spirit of improvement must have crept even into that remote corner; for another row of houses has started up forming a street, and several new baths have been built.

This little bathing establishment belongs to a large estate, and lies within half a league of the dwelling-house, church, and usual cluster of buildings belonging to a large Hacienda. The *casa grande* is built in the common style of Spanish houses, forming a hollow square, making an inner court called the *patio*. A spacious garden is attached to the house, displaying little exercise of taste, beyond a summer house in the centre, prettily embowered in grape vines and roses. It is planted with abundance of fruit trees, and regularly irrigated from a reservoir at the upper end of the garden; which provision the climate renders necessary. The mud-built huts in which dwell the *peones*, or farm labourers, are without gardens or enclosures of any kind, and have nothing in their appearance to give the remotest idea of comfort, corresponding well with the character of their inhabitants. The Hacienda extends for leagues over the plain, in the midst of which stands the principal residence alluded to, desolate and unsheltered, though within a few hours' ride on the same estate are woods and mountains, under the shelter of which appear fine sites for building, and abundant field for the exercise of taste in improvement.

We visited several times an interesting spot three leagues from the Bath, called the *Presa*, which is an enormous dam erected to back up and confine the water, which in the rainy



season pours down from the neighboring mountains. After arriving at the mountainous district which bounds the plain, we entered a defile leading between precipitous rocks rising high on each side of the road, and grown over with trees, shrubs, and flowers. Beside the road ran the stone aqueduct which conveyed the water from the Presa to the plain for the use of the Hacienda. We picked our way for miles through this rocky retired path, till at an angle of the mountain the Presa appeared in view, a substantial work of art, looking strange and out of place in that wild solitude, like an intrusion on the sanctity of Nature. And that primeval dame seems to have had some such idea herself; for in one of her furious fits, a few months after, during unusually heavy rains, the waters come pouring down from their high places, and carried away this stout barrier, to the great loss of the owner, and the hindrance of cultivation on the estate for the coming season. But to return to the mouth of the long defile from which we had just emerged. We there found ourselves in a glen, hemmed in by craggy mountains, and shaded with trees, the stout battlements of the Presa in front, stretching from rock to rock so as to fill up as it were a gap in the mountains. A climbing, troublesome ascent led us to a good standing place on the top of the structure, and a view of the then dwindled waters of the artificial lake, on which flocks of water-fowl were quietly reposing, till the guns of some of our party scared them from their element and sent them through the fields of air over head, or fluttering to the earth in the glen below, victims for to-morrow's dinner. This sport over, we returned to our horses, and ascending a steep path to the left, rose to another view of the sheet of water, and pursued a road that led us through the bed of the lake, and beyond, up into the deep recesses of a mountain valley. The mountains on either hand were thickly-wooded, naked precipices appearing here and there amongst the trees, and slabs of rock of a variety of colors;—some stained with red, as from gold ore; others grown over with lichens of a bright yellow. We wound in Indian file up the difficult way, till we thought it no longer safe to risk our horses' legs or our own necks; so we dismounted, and leaving them—that is our horses—to the care of the servant, we pursued our ramble on foot. We followed the winding, upward course of a gorge betwixt the mountains, where torrents occasionally take their impetuous way, and of which it bore the traces,—here hemmed in, and overshadowed to the exclusion of the view to within ten yards,—there a fine opening, giving a glimpse of a neighboring mountain, with its wood-grown summit and bare, weather-worn sides. At one place where we halted to rest, we found tall currant bushes

bearing ripe fruit, resembling in taste the Missouri currant of this country. Farther on, we again encountered marks of the labor of man. On small level spots were vestiges of the charcoal burners' sooty trade; but living creature we saw none, and as the day was far spent, we turned to retrace our steps, and were glad enough to resume our saddles, after what was pronounced to be a delightful walk!—quite an exploring party!—though we made no discoveries, and suffered no hardships beyond derangement of dress and destruction of shoes amongst the rocks. In truth, we were like birds escaped from thralldom, and revelled with a kind of animal instinct in these sequestered scenes, over which Nature, lovely Nature, spreads her wild and mysterious influences. These affect us in childhood with indescribable delight. We know not from whence proceeds the bounding joy that stirs within us whilst treading the verdant path, or climbing the steep hill-side, till at a future day some accident revives the long-forgotten feelings, which the philosophy we have picked up in the world teaches us to analyze; and then we find that it is our inherent love of Nature, our neglected mother, wherein lies the source of all these innocent joys.

I rather think such thoughts were stirring in my brain whilst we were descending towards the Presa; for I presently found my head in a tree, and my horse's feet making an awkward, backward movement down the side of a steep, stony bank; which reminded me that love for myself would do me more good than my love for Nature, with her tangled branches and slippery rocks. To ride through such scenes, is certainly an annoyance; but on reaching the plain, a fine gallop home repaid us for all our picking and stumbling. And then a late dinner with a well-earned appetite, and a plunge into that delightful bath. Never was rest and refreshment more welcome!

Adieu to Atotonilco.—An acquaintance arrived from Zacatecas with his travelling coach, in which we gladly accepted his offer to return, and went into town in Mexican style; in a big coach drawn by seven mules, with postillions, out-riders, and a relay of mules. It is a quiet, sleepy way of getting over the ground as long as all goes right; but "the course" of such travelling "never does run smooth." Some poor mule tires down, or turns sulky; a driver indulges in undue potations; the carriage breaks down, or the harness gives way.

Our journey down to the coast on our return to this country, gave us some experience of such petty disasters. We procured a carriage and mules to take us the first day's journey, having made arrangements to perform the remainder on horse-

back and in litters. These were sent forward with the baggage and a part of the family, and we followed, accompanied by some kind friends, who went so far to speed us on our way.

We had not proceeded far before the wavering seat of one of the drivers betrayed his intoxicated state. This gave sufficient uneasiness when the road was good ; but when we found ourselves on the edge of a creek, over the banks of which there seemed danger of being turned, it was time to interfere, to prevent so unpleasant a catastrophe. When I first looked out, a tall Englishman, who had mounted guard on the box, had alighted, and was holding fast the shaft mules with one hand whilst with the other he was playing fisty-cuffs with the dark face of the offender, accompanying every blow with a volley of broken Spanish. He then made the fellow detach his mules from the carriage, and we went on with the leaders to Guadalupe ; where we called at an Hacienda de Plata, and begged another pair of mules to proceed on our journey. These were quickly granted by the English Administrador, and in a few minutes we were rolling at a regular pace over the plain, and bowled along for full six leagues on one smooth, uninterrupted course.

We stopt at an *Estancia* called Casa-blanca, one of the farming establishments of a very large Hacienda, and amused ourselves by watching the operation of thrashing in a large yard, where a large quantity of barley had been spread, into which a troop of young unbroken mules was turned, and driven round, capering and galloping till the process was complete. By this means the straw is broken up, and in that state is gathered into large circular bundles, confined by ropes, forming a kind of net-work, and is thus carried to market in large quantities as food for horses and mules.

The next morning we started forward in real travelling order. We had two litters, which the presence of six children in the party rendered necessary, and two side saddles, with the quiet nags which had the honor of bearing them. The litters and the baggage employed a number of animals, in addition to which, we had in company a quantity of mules going down to a merchant at the sea-port, counting in all rising fifty animals. To conduct these and ourselves through the country, no less than nine stout serving men were needful ; and on the morning of our departure from Casa-blanca, we found our numbers were augmented by an armed escort of half a dozen mounted *rancheros*, (rough farmers,) offered for our protection by the polite Administrador on account of reports he had heard of a band of robbers having a design on our bags of specie,

and who were said to be lying in wait in the woods beyond the open plain. We were glad of the escort, but heard no more of the robbers, and found these false alarms so frequent, that we ceased to pay any attention to them. After seeing us safe through the suspicious wood, the rancheros took leave of us, and we went on our way—but not rejoicing. Shut up within the curtains of the foremost litter, I experienced, for the first time, ist strange swinging motion, and felt, besides, very sad and very chilly; when a sudden scuffle in the rear, and some hasty exclamations, bespoke a disaster. We came to a halt. All was confusion; for behold, the foremost mule of the second litera had deserted, and was scampering over the plain with one of the poles, which he had broken from the wheelless vehicle, from which the children were escaping on either side, whilst two of the men pursued the fugitive mule, and soon brought him back to a sense of his duty.

We were compelled to take an unfrequented, circuitous route to avoid the stragglers and deserters known to infest the road from the army of Santa Ana, which was then marching on Texas. It cost us twenty-eight day's steady, but slow travelling to reach the coast. This involved a passage through a variety of scenery, and incidents no less various, but not worthy of record. I grow weary of turning over the leaves of this too lengthy journal; which, after all, is nothing more than impressions left on my own head and heart, without a word in black and white to aid my memory. If I turned another leaf there, I should live over again my return, after many years, to this busy city, and should again contrast, as then, the cold manners of the north with——. But stop—the leaf is not quite turned—I will close it for ever.

## SONNET.

Flowers have a language—every perfumed cup  
 Upturned, with dew-drops trembling on its brim,  
 When the gay lark, warbling her matin hymn,  
 Leaves her low nest, and soars exulting up  
 To cloud-built palaces in summer skies:  
 And when their heads are droop'd at sultry noon,  
 Or leaves close folded 'neath the placid moon,  
 While stars watch o'er them with their myriad eyes:  
 Flowers have a language—to the heart they speak—  
 "Why trust ye not your heavenly Father's care,  
 Oh ye of soul so faint, and faith so weak,  
 Are ye less valued than the lilies fair?  
 God robes in beauty flowers that turn to dust,  
 Ye are immortal—why his love distrust?"

J. C.

## PERSONAL MEMOIR OF NICHOLAS BIDDLE,

PRESIDENT OF THE BANK OF THE UNITED STATES.

THIS gentleman has been brought very prominently into public view of late. The embarrassments of commerce and the confusion of currency under which our country has so keenly suffered, have turned all eyes toward the man who fills a station of great financial importance; and fills it with acknowledged ability and manifest uprightness of purpose. His name has therefore obtained—perhaps unexpectedly to himself—a European as well as an American celebrity; yet his portrait has not been seen, except in clumsy caricatures, at print-shop windows; nor has his biography yet graced the pages of a review or literary magazine.

Mr. Biddle is a native of Philadelphia, and now somewhat over fifty years of age. He is one of a family remarkable for eminent talent, and also for the better qualities that render men acceptable in social intercourse, and endear them to familiar acquaintance. His brother, the Commodore, is certainly one of the most intelligent and accomplished officers of our navy, if not the first in both these particulars. In his boyhood he was a fellow-sufferer with the gallant Bainbridge in the captivity at Tripoli, endured by the crew of the unfortunate frigate which fell into the hands of the barbarians. In the war with the British he was gloriously distinguished; first at the capture of the Frolic by the Wasp, in which ship he was serving as a volunteer lieutenant; and then in the capture of the Penguin by the Hornet, which he commanded. In this last action, where, as well as in that of the Frolic, the enemy was of superior force, Captain Biddle received a dangerous wound after the Penguin's colors had been struck. Since that period he has been in command in the Pacific, the Mediterranean, and elsewhere; always with honor to himself and his country; and it is well known to his many acquaintances in various parts of the world, that his qualities as a companion and a friend are not less estimable than his character as an officer.

Another brother is Major John Biddle, now of the State of Michigan, formerly a meritorious officer of the army; and a third is the Hon. Richard Biddle, a member of Congress from the city of Pittsburgh, who has already distinguished himself by his eloquence, and whose constituents hold him in high esti-

mation for his forensic and literary abilities, as well as for the great amiability of his character in social life. This gentleman last named, is the youngest of the four brothers ; and the eldest is Mr. Charles Biddle, now or lately in Guatemala, where he has been engaged in forming a company to cut the long-talked-of canal across the Isthmus of Panama. The eminent merchant, or broker, of the same name, is of another family, which is likewise remarkable for personal merit of no common order.

The subject of our present sketch, being the son of a gentleman of independent property, had every early advantage of education, and was sent to Princeton College, where he was graduated with the highest honors of his class at the age of only sixteen years. After completing his college course, he was placed in the office of a lawyer ; but before he had passed his minority, he was invited by General Armstrong, who had just been appointed Envoy to the court of France, to accompany him to that country as his private secretary—or secretary of legation. Mr. Biddle accepted this offer, and went accordingly to Paris, where he remained several years as a member of the American embassy, during a period when its duties were rendered uncommonly arduous by the obligation to remonstrate incessantly against the repeated aggressions upon our neutral rights. The case of the ship *New-Jersey* is recollected as one in which Mr. Biddle's name appeared, as in some manner connected with the controversy. During his residence near the French court, the first-consulate was exchanged for the imperial crown, and he was present as one of the diplomatic corps, at the splendid ceremony of Napoleon's coronation ; an incident in his life to which he has very felicitously adverted in the beautiful oration delivered by him, two years since, to the students and alumni of Princeton College.

After some years passed in the refined society of Paris, he quitted that brilliant capital to travel in Italy and the countries of the Levant—then seldom visited by Americans. He made some stay at Delphi and at Athens, to indulge or cultivate his classic taste ; and then returned to Paris, whence he soon after passed over to England, and again entered the diplomatic service as secretary to Mr. Munroe, at that time our Minister at the court of London.

His residence in the British metropolis was not a long one, as he preferred returning to the home from which he had so long been separated ; but the friendship formed with Mr. Munroe continued through the lifetime of that statesman, and perhaps materially influenced the after-life of both ; for it was the remote cause of bringing Mr. Biddle into his present office, at the head of the most important financial institution of our country ;

and is believed to have been productive to Mr. Munroe of certain advantages, the details of which belong to private history alone. It was a friendship honorable to both; and if Mr. Biddle could have yielded the independence of his judgment so far as to act with the political party which supported his friend as a candidate for the Presidency, it would almost certainly have brought him forward into office in the general government, for which his talents undoubtedly qualified him.

But several years elapsed between his return and Mr. Munroe's election to the chief-magistracy; during which interval Mr. Biddle was admitted to the bar, and commenced the practice of the profession of law in his native city. There is yet sometimes to be met with in collections of the less valuable pamphlets of that period, a printed report of the trial and execution of two very guilty negroes for murder, on which occasion Mr. Biddle and Mr. Rush were the prisoners' counsel; and it seems rather curious that those two gentlemen, whose mutual attitudes, or at least that of Mr. Rush towards the other, has been so unfriendly, should have been associated in perhaps their earliest forensic appearance. *Tempora mutantur, says Horace, et nos mutamur cum illis.*

Soon after his admission to the bar, he married a lady of considerable fortune and most amiable character; and being tired of the "forum contentiosum," or finding it uncongenial to his taste, he withdrew from the legal profession, and devoted his attention to literature and politics, and that very costly amusement called sometimes "gentleman farming," and by those who follow it, dignified with the name of experimental agriculture. Andalusia, a beautiful country-seat on the banks of the Delaware, was the scene of these researches into the qualities of seeds and the power of manures; and though we do not know that any important discoveries crowned the labor, we have seen a discourse delivered to an agricultural society by the *farmer* Biddle, which *seems* to be a learned dissertation, (but on subjects of tillage, we confess ourselves unread, beyond the Georgics of Virgil,)—and is certainly marked with the eloquence which has appeared in every thing proceeding from his pen.

His zeal in the cause of letters induced him to assume, as a labor of love, the editorship of the *Port-Folio*, then the only literary journal of any repute in the country. It attained its most palmy state under his management; but soon passed into other hands, and began to decline.

For several successive winters he was a member of the legislature of Pennsylvania, and was in the senate—a very youthful member of the *patres conscripti* of the State—during the exciting period of the war with Great Britain. He was an able

and ready debater, attentive to the business of legislation ; and on two occasions at least was particularly distinguished. The legislature of one of the eastern States had adopted resolutions condemning, in very severe terms, the conduct of the general administration and the policy of the war. These resolves being in due course communicated to the several States, it happened that Mr. Biddle was chairman, or the most active member, of the committee of senators to whom they were referred. He considered it no time for showing a divided front to the enemy ; and possibly his own war-spirit was quickened by sympathy with two gallant brothers in the army and one in the navy, all of whom had been earning fame and honor by distinguished bravery. The report which he wrote upon that occasion embodied with signal ability the sentiments which all would now agree to have been entirely appropriate to the peculiar circumstances of the juncture. About the same period, very near the close of the war, Congress was about to adopt a very energetic war-measure, which was strongly opposed as unconstitutional. This was, to raise an army of fifty thousand men by means of militia drafts. The details of the plan would be tedious and uninteresting here ; it is enough to say that Mr. Biddle advocated with zeal and eloquence the passage of resolutions in the Pennsylvania legislature favorable to the execution of the plan by the federal government ; and it was, in fact, we believe, prevented only by the peace.

It was a period of much party exacerbation ; and, as always must happen in such times, both parties, or leading men in them, said and did much that cannot on retrospection be entirely approved by men of any party now :

“ Simul insanavimus omnes ; ”

but it is not our desire to revive any of the unpleasant questions of that day. The federalists had elected Mr. Biddle to the senate, and they were now somewhat divided upon both the subjects just referred to. His conduct therefore gave some dissatisfaction to a portion of his constituents, and he relinquished his seat in the legislature. At the next Congressional election he was one of the four candidates nominated by the democratic party in the district that included Philadelphia ; but they did not receive a majority of the votes, and Mr. Biddle returned to the amusements of his country-seat during the summer, and his city residence during winter ; and possibly it was more at this period than at the earlier one, which we have named above, that his attention was particularly given to theoretic agriculture. Writing now, without attempting to correct our reminiscences



by any inquiries or reference to himself or his immediate friends, it is obviously not impossible that, as to some of these less important particulars, we may transpose the dates.

After the Bank of the United States was chartered by Congress, he was named by President Munroe as one of the directors on the part of the government; and attending regularly at the meetings of the Board, he entered upon a new and hitherto untried employment of his abilities. Though not a commercial man, but at that time merely a gentleman of literary taste and leisure, he became so efficient a member of the direction, that, on the resignation of Mr. Cheves, he was designated, at a convention of stockholders, as the most suitable person to fill the arduous office of President. It is known that he was continued in that very important station, by successive re-elections, until the expiration of the charter; and that whatever may have been the extent of hostile feeling generated among politicians by the angrily vexed question of the re-charter, there has been but one sentiment manifested toward him by the stockholders, namely, a grateful and constantly-augmented approbation. This has been testified by a repeated vote of thanks; and at the time of the last one, when the new charter was accepted from the state of Pennsylvania, it was accompanied with a magnificent present of a memorial service of plate.

Nothing could be more characteristic of Mr. Biddle than his public appearance on the occasion just alluded to, nor could any thing be more honorable to the head and heart of any man than the clear, plain, perspicuous, and satisfactory statement that he made of the advantages to be derived from the new charter, and the reasons for accepting it; and afterwards the acknowledgment which he made on behalf of the officers of the bank, as well as himself, in return for the vote of approval just adopted by the meeting of stockholders. The first address was an unadorned display of financial knowledge and sagacity, betraying, perhaps, some measure of that liberal confidence in his country and his countrymen, the indulgence of which too far is possibly his most ensnaring propensity; while the second was a spontaneous and eloquent effusion of cordial attachment to the friends and associates with whom and for whom he had labored.

It is not for us to pass a judgment upon the financial management of the Board of Directors of that institution from its commencement, or from Mr. Biddle's accession to the presidency, till its close; nor of the management of the bank under its State charter, of which he is now at the head. Such an inquiry would involve questions that have become too much mingled with feelings of party strife to admit of any decision

that can be universally satisfactory, before the case is carried within the jurisdiction of that high court of errors and appeals that men call POSTERITY ; and, however desirable a financial history of the institution may be, both for entertainment and instruction, it is plain that to write it would require opportunities of information such as we cannot, and few do possess. But we may suggest, in the meantime, that perhaps a greater share of the responsibility, whether for praise or blame, has been imputed to the president of the board of directors than was equitably his due. That board has always contained men of first-rate abilities and intelligence ;—acting harmoniously with the president, but never intermitting the free exercise of their judgments in aid of his, while he has been nowise accustomed or desirous to assume more of the government than they were disposed to yield from an enlightened confidence in his urbanity, firmness, extraordinary knowledge, and untiring devotedness to the interests of the institution, which he and they believed to be identical with the interests of the country. It has been even said that one point of policy to which Mr. Biddle has owed much of his popularity as president, has been the forbearance with which he has allowed directors to be really directors, and cashiers actually cashiers, without interfering at all with their appropriate functions ; a policy unhappily not duly appreciated by his predecessor.

Looking at him outside of the walls of the bank, it remains for us to say that he finds time still to be active in all useful projects of public improvement ; to be hospitable, social, literary, and beneficent. As trustee of the University, commissioner for the Girard College, and member of numerous charitable and literary associations, he lends not merely his name, but his faithful attention to all the most elevated interests of society. Some of the English papers, by some strange misapprehension, have said he is a *Quaker*—meaning, doubtless, one of the Society of Friends ;—but, in truth, there is as little as possible of the *quaker*, in any sense of the word, about him. He is, in respect to religious faith, an Episcopalian, and a regular attendant upon the public worship of the church. Entirely amiable in domestic relations, no one attaches friends more warmly ; and as the turmoil of politics into which he has been thrown, has failed to affect his temper or his spirits, so neither has his early relish for polite letters, in which he is an accomplished scholar, been spoiled by long devotion to the *musæ severiores* of finance and commerce. While, therefore, he is at the morning council the wisest among the wise, he is often to be seen in the evening circle, the gayest of the gay. Happy in family ties, in the attachment of friends, the esteem of the community, and an offi-

cial station which confers much power of doing good ; he is yet happier in the recollection of a life, already past its meridian, spent hitherto in the untiring application of a cultivated mind and ardent feelings to varied objects of utility or refinement ; and in the reflection that if he were obliged to write a faithful history of his career, the record would contain

“ No line that, dying, he would wish to blot.”

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AMETHA.

SHE leans by the green-leaved balconies,  
 As the glorious day into twilight dies,  
 With the gentle wing of the gentlest breeze,  
 To fan the lids of her lustrous eyes.—  
 To lift the locks of her flowing hair—  
 To mingle its breath with her fervid sighs—  
 As over the vallies and mountains, there,  
 The roseate day into twilight dies.

Darker and darker the day she sees  
 Become, and the flush of the sunlight fades,  
 As she leans by the vine-clad balconies,—  
 The purest and fairest of Southern maids.  
 And scarcely a languor, and yet repose  
 Comes over her limbs, as on the spot  
 She stands, with her eyes uplifted to those,  
 That rival their beams but eclipse them not.

Her's is a spirit as gentle and meek,  
 As that which dwells in the folded flowers,  
 And murmurs a music, that man should seek,  
 To soften the pride of his sterner hours ;  
 And there, in her dreamy and voiceless mood,  
 My fancy, from fairy-land brings to ear  
 The tones of a lute from some solitude,  
 Or the voices in summer we love to hear.

T. H. H.

New-Orleans.

## AN OCTOGENARY,

FIFTY YEARS SINCE.

### CHAPTER IV.

DINNER soon followed the departure of the pastor, and was sauced with discourse which I would that my limits would permit me to record. The afternoon and evening passed swiftly away, sped by "old wine, old books, old wood," and an "old friend." At an earlier hour than the preceding night, the chamber candles lighted us to bed, and my hospitable host shook me by the hand with a cordial good-night. After he had retired, I felt but little inclination for repose, and, as a good fire was blazing on the hearth, I procured a volume of Swift from the closet of my room, and sat down by the fireside to read. My thoughts, however, soon wandered from the page on which my eyes were fixed, and began to brood over the strangeness of the place in which I found myself, and the singular history of my kind old host. I figured to myself the stripling parting from his mother's roof, and seeking the land of his ancestors. Then I saw him in the midst of the stir and bustle of London, and imagined his first palpitating interviews with Pope, and Young, and Gay. Then I would see him mixing in the hollow crowd of courtiers in the great man's anti-chamber, or joining in the fluttering throng which passed in review before the old monarch on a birthday; that throng whose follies and vices are portrayed in fadeless colors upon the pages of Lady Mary Wortley.

The scene changed, and he was sitting between a couple of hay-cocks with Bolingbroke at Lydiard; or was listening to a chapter of pointed complainings at Pope's breakfast-table; or was chased up and down stairs by the Dean of St. Patrick. Another wave of the wand transported him to Paris, and plunged him in the recesses of the Palais Royal; and yet another, and he stood among the ruins of Rome. Again he was in England, and then came a mist over the mirror, and objects were but faintly and uncertainly seen in it. Among them, however, was a beautiful woman moving about, and busy with his destiny. She was now sitting alone in an old manor house, gazing listlessly at the trees of the Park as they spread their green canopies over the herds of deer, and a single swan,

floating majestically in the stream which flowed beneath them. A sound is heard; she raises her head from her pensive hand, and shakes back her clustering locks and eagerly listens. It is the tread of a horse galloping up the approach. She hastily rises, and with faltering steps advances towards the door. It opens, and Wyborne enters. Her gestures seem to entreat him to hasten away, for there is danger in his stay. He re-assures her with looks of joyful love. And now he seats himself by her side, her head droops upon his shoulder, and her passive hand rests in one of his; while the other, half-encircling her waist, plays with the tangles of her hair. Can there be any doubt as to the theme of their glowing discourse? But hark! what noise is that in the court-yard? Is it possible that the chase can be over! They both start up; she entreats him to fly; he moodily shakes his head; it is too late. The door flies open. A gray-haired man, but hale and ruddy, and of Herculean proportions, enters. He starts—turns pale with rage—his lips move with dire imprecations. His sword is out, and he advances furiously upon Wyborne, who puts his blade aside with his sheathed rapier. The old man stamps with passion, and seems to call for help. A train of liveried menials enters, and at their master's beck approach the intruder. Wyborne gently disengages himself from the clinging girl, and tenderly places her fainting form upon a couch. His steel glitters in the air. He describes around him a magic circle, which the baffled crew dare not pass. The door closes behind him, and before the dependents can ask the further pleasure of their lord, the clang of his horse's hoofs is heard lessening in the distance.

Then again I saw them riding over the waves of the Atlantic, and I beheld her gentle form pining away on a distant shore, perhaps under the fatal ban of a Father's Curse! And then her funeral!

"I must see her picture before I sleep!" I exclaimed, starting up, strongly excited by my waking dream. "I must gaze upon her lovely features as they are feebly shadowed forth on the canvas below, or the phantom I have conjured up will haunt me till dawn!" I opened the door softly, and listened; all was silent as the grave. I took off my shoes, and snuffing my candle, prepared to descend. I have to confess that I was not at that time of my life free from the fumes of the superstitious lore, which in my boyish days formed the chosen aliment of childhood, and which was employed by the ignorant nurses of those days both as a reward and a punishment. I own my curiosity more than half gave way when the hall clock struck TWELVE, as I was groping my way down stairs. I reached the library door; my hand was upon the lock; I hesitated for a

moment, and looked hastily over my shoulder. The lock turned, and as the door slowly opened, I felt as if I should encounter some spectral form in the deserted apartment. All was still, however, and nothing was to be seen, as I advanced into the room, but the white, ghastly busts in the middle of it, casting long black sepulchral shadows into the void beyond. I advanced stealthily along, shading my flickering candle with my hand, when I was suddenly startled with a shock and a noise. I had stumbled over a chair. Apprehensive lest the noise should alarm the house, I returned hastily to the door, and listened. But no sound broke the dead silence of the night, and I returned with more cautious steps to pursue my way. At last I stood before the mysterious curtain which concealed the features of the long-buried fair. I felt strangely excited; I felt as if some appearance, natural or supernatural, would yet baffle my curiosity. The mantel-piece was so high that I was unable to reach the curtain from the ground, and putting down my light, I went in search of the library steps, which I carefully arranged before the fireplace. Taking up the candlestick, I mounted the steps, and laid my hand upon the fringe of the curtain, and was in the act of withdrawing it when I heard a rustling sound behind me. Turning suddenly around, I saw before me an apparition, which, in such a place and at such an hour, might well have daunted a stouter heart than mine. A figure in white drapery falling to its feet, a white covering upon its head, and its pale and withered features lighted up by a taper held up in its long, bony fingers, was looking sadly, yet sternly upon me. My candle dropped from my hand, and I was near falling to the ground.

"Young man, what do you here?" inquired a well-known voice. It was Colonel Wyborne, who had been disturbed by the falling of the chair at my first entrance, and who had descended as he was, in search of the cause. My confusion may be imagined; I would almost have exchanged his presence for that of one of the beings of another world, which for a moment I had imagined him to be. He stood looking at me with a kind of bewildered curiosity, and again said, before I had recovered from my confusion, "Young man, how came you here at this time of night?"

By this time I had descended from my elevation, and had in some degree collected my spirits, and thinking that the truth was the best excuse I could make, I apologized for having disturbed his repose, and accounted for my strange conduct by the strong curiosity which my Aunt Champion's description of Mrs. Wyborne had excited in my mind to see her portrait. I added, that as the picture was veiled, I had concluded that the

subject was one upon which I was not to touch in his presence; but that my curiosity was certainly not diminished by that air of mystery, and it had perhaps got the better of my sense of what was due to my host; which certainly should have prevented me from prying into what he saw fit to conceal. I concluded by heartily begging his pardon for my unauthorized intrusion upon such sacred ground, and promising to offend no more in future.

I had gathered up my candlestick and broken candle, and was passing by him, feeling sufficiently foolish, when the kind old man laid his hand upon my arm, and gently detained me.

"Stop," said he, "there is no great harm in what you have done; your chief fault has been in not having told me of your desire to see all that remains to me of my beloved wife. I did not know that you had even heard of her; and she is a subject to which I never lead, unless I am sure of an interested auditor. Ascend the steps again, if you please, and draw the curtain."

Much relieved, I obeyed with alacrity, and the portrait was soon unveiled. The light of the two faint candles gave but a tantalizing view of a form of the softest grace, and features of the most bewitching beauty. There she sat in the bloom of early womanhood,

"In freshest flower of youthly years."

The side of her figure was presented to you, but her face was turned as it were suddenly to yours, as if upon some happy surprise, life and joy breathing from her half-smiling lips and flashing from her dark, hazel eyes. The graceful proportions of her bust, too, were brought skilfully into view by the attitude the painter had chosen. Her light brown hair, forming a singular but beautiful contrast with her dark eyes, fell in natural ringlets upon her shoulders, and shaded her pure brow. Her right hand rested upon the smallest of lap-dogs, which (evidently a portrait, too,) was apparently roused by the same cause which had excited his mistress, and was half standing upon her lap, and regarding you with a serious earnestness of expression. She was seated under a tree, as was usual in portraits of women of that day; and a landscape, which I could scarcely discern, formed the rest of the scenery of the picture.

I stood for many minutes gazing upon this lovely vision; this being, long since vanished from the earth, and yet here before me in all the rosy light of youth and joy. Colonel Wyberne did not interrupt my abstracted gaze till I drew a long breath,

as if after a long draught of beauty. He at length broke the silence.

"It is like her," said he, "too like her, I sometimes think; and at other times I look at it till the resemblance seems to vanish in the stronger light of memory. It is for this reason that I have hung the curtain before it; for I find that the reality of the portraiture impresses me more vividly if it be presented only occasionally to my view."

"She must have indeed been a creature," I exclaimed, "to be remembered to the end of the longest life! I am sure that her image will never fade from my remembrance, should my days be protracted to the utmost verge of existence!"

"You are right, my son," returned my aged friend; "you are right. She was one of those beings who bore the stamp of immortality upon her brow while she was on earth, and she breathed an undying remembrance into the hearts of all who knew her. We have been long parted, but she has never been absent from me; and now this fleshly veil must soon be withdrawn, and we shall again see one another face to face."

As he was speaking, I turned my eyes from the lively portraiture before me to the living countenance at my side. His eyes were raised; the tears rolled down his wrinkled but unmoved cheek; his mind had, as it were, for a moment escaped from its prison-house, and rejoined the companion-spirit, the long-lost but the unforgotten!

"The tears of bearded men," it has been said and often quoted, "stir up the soul of him who beholds them with a far deeper, because stranger sympathy, than is called forth by the ready tears of woman;" but what are they to the tears of extreme old age?

I was deeply moved, and descending from my elevation, I advanced to my venerable friend, and taking his hand, reproached myself for having thus agitated his aged bosom by my ill-timed curiosity. He looked at me, and seeing in my wet eye and quivering lip the sympathy which annihilated the years that separated us, he looked benignantly upon me, and said,

"Nay, my dear boy, it is I who should apologize for having thus given vent to emotions which are far better confined in the breast; but you have taken me at unawares, and the strangeness of the hour and the unexpectedness of this interview quite disarmed me. But come," he continued, taking me by the arm, "we will live over together those long gone years at some more seasonable time; and now let us betake ourselves to our chambers again."

With these words we slowly retired from the Library, and ascended the stairs in silence. When we reached the door of



my apartment Colonel Wyborne expressively pressed my hand without a word, and left me

“To chew the food of sweet and bitter fancy.”

It was now near one o'clock ; my fire was almost out, and my candle was flickering in its socket ; so I speedily disposed myself for rest. It was long, however, before sleep consented to be wooed to my pillow. The figures of my aged host and of the bride of his youth for a long time flitted around my couch, and drove sleep away. At last, however, the Twin-Brother of Death waved his poppies over my head, and my senses were lapped in forgetfulness.

When I awoke in the morning, the midnight events, which were the first which occurred to my remembrance, seemed like the visions of the night, to be “such stuff as dreams are made of.” But the rays of the sun soon chased away the shadows which had lingered after sleep had fled, and I realized that I had actually had the singular interview with Colonel Wyborne in the Library, which dwelt on my memory. I felt at first as if our morning meeting might be a little awkward after our midnight parting, and I resolved to make no allusion to the matter, unless my host led to the subject ; but upon second thoughts I determined not to treat it as a circumstance of which I was ashamed, but as one which had excited a strong interest in my mind, of which I could not forbear to speak.

Upon my reaching the parlor, I found Peter busily employed in laying the breakfast-table, with an air of even greater importance than usual ; which I accounted for by the fact of its being Thanksgiving Day. His master had not yet appeared ; but a few minutes, however, elapsed before the door opened, and he came in. He bade me good morning in his usual manner, and I could perceive no trace of the agitation of a few hours before. When Peter had marshalled the last division of the multitudinous array of comestibles which were provided for my refreshment, and the house-keeper had duly furnished forth the simpler components of Colonel Wyborne's repast, and they had both withdrawn, I begged to know if my kind entertainer had experienced any ill consequences from his unusual exposure, of which I was the unintentional cause. He set my fears at rest upon that point, and showing no disinclination to the subject, I reverted to it, assuring him that it was an hour, the remembrance of which would abide with me to my dying day. He seemed pleased with my enthusiasm, and gratified to think that the memory of his wife, which he had supposed would have been buried with himself, would take root in a younger breast, and

flourish for another generation. He inquired how much of his history I had learned from Mrs. Champion, and then added many particulars, which she had omitted from her having figured favorably in them, of his short residence in Boston. He also added, beginning at the breakfast-table, and continuing his narrative in a short walk in the garden, a succinct history of his first acquaintance with Maria Somers; the difficulties he surmounted; his clandestine marriage, and the reasons which made it expedient to transfer his residence from England to America. His history, strange and eventful as it was, I must reserve for some opportunity which affords an ampler verge than is left by this too-protracted though "ower true" tale. We continued sauntering up and down the gravel walks, and bathing in the delicious soft air and hazy light of a day better worthy of a place among the bright ring that circle in joyous dance around the merry month of May, than to be of the train of the gloomy month which ushers in the winter; till the sound of the first bell reminded us that it was time to make our preparations for divine service.

My toilet was soon completed, and I occupied myself until it was time to go to church in a daylight visit to the Library. The lovely features of Maria Wyborne were still unveiled, and smiled upon me even more sweetly than they had done the night before, as the rays of the sun seemed to penetrate the darkest recesses of the picture, and to bring boldly out all that was dimly seen at midnight. When I heard Colonel Wyborne leave his chamber overhead, I drew the curtain, and having removed the steps from the fireplace to their appropriate nook, I issued out to meet him.

The second bell was just beginning to ring, and the carriage was already at the door; the sable coachman sitting complacently enthroned upon the dickey, while Peter, hat in hand, stood by the expanded door and unfolded steps of the old-fashioned chariot. Colonel Wyborne stood before me as he reached the lowest stair, the very image of a gentleman of the generation which was then just leaving the stage. His wig was elaborately powdered, and terminated behind in a black silk bag, which swung pendulously from shoulder to shoulder as he walked. His coat was of a deep claret color, with gold buttons, and embroidered about the button-holes, skirts, and cuffs. His waistcoat of the same material, richly laced about the ample pocket flaps, opening in front, displayed a world of the finest lace waving in the breeze. Ruffles of the same gossamer fabric shaded his hands. His breeches and stockings were of black silk, and his shoes were graced with ample buckles of the purest gold. His gold-headed cane—full half as

tall as himself, now only seen on the stage—and his cocked hat, were brought by the vigilant Peter, who left his post by the carriage door upon his master's approach. Having invested him with these ensigns of dignity, Peter took the cloak from the hands of the attendant housekeeper, and with fitting reverence enveloped his master's form in its ample folds. Alas for the scarlet cloaks of our Fathers! They have vanished, with many of the other habits of our ancestors, and have carried with them to their last home much of the graceful reverence for age and rank of which they were the emblems! Peace to their shreds!

Colonel Wyborne being at length invested with all his habiliments, leaned upon my arm, and somewhat painfully ascended the uncertain footing of the carriage steps. I followed him, and the door was closed upon us by Peter, who duly took his stand behind the carriage. The heavy vehicle moved slowly forward, and as we turned into the high road, it might have been thought that one of the frontispieces to the old editions of Sir Charles Grandison was suddenly inspired with life, and had turned out the family coach of Uncle Selby or the more elegant equipage of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen or the mercurial Lady G., upon the King's highway. Turning to the left as we came into the public road, we ascended a considerable hill, from the top of which we saw before us the village meeting-house—forming as it were the centre of the little rural system. As we drove along the road we saw the inhabitants of the village issuing from their comfortable houses, and wending their way to church. They were mostly dressed in the productions of their own farms and looms, and had an air of substantial plenty about them without any attempts on the part of man or woman to ape the manners and costume of the town. The road was also covered with the farmers who lived beyond walking distance, mounted on stout farm horses, with their wives or daughters seated on pillions behind them; and now and then a heavy square-topped gig, or chaise as it was then called, looking like a sedan chair cut in two and placed on wheels, came lumbering along, filled with an amount of humanity which proved to a demonstration the infinite compressibility, if not perfectibility, of human nature. The meeting-house was of the earliest style of construction; the belfry in the centre of the roof, which sloped up on four sides to it; the principal door, which was opposite to the pulpit, was on one of the longer sides of the parallelogram, while the shorter sides were adorned and accommodated with porticoes. As we passed by the cheerful groups of walkers or riders, for it not being the Sabbath, they did not think it incumbent upon them;

though going to meeting, to put on their Sunday faces, they all made due reverence to Colonel Wyborne, who was universally beloved for his bountiful and courteous spirit. When we drew up at the church door, many a brawny arm was proffered to assist him in his descent, which he acknowledged with the most perfect grace of good breeding, and said something to each of his humble friends, which made them better contented with themselves and of course with him.

I followed Colonel Wyborne up the broad aisle to his pew, which was the fourth from the door on your right hand, and the nearest of the pews to the pulpit; the space between the pews and the pulpit being filled up with benches, upon which were arranged the aged parishioners, who were not owners of pews, in order of seniority; the post of honor being the one nearest the minister. The pulpit was of oak, unpainted, and surmounted by an enormous sounding-board, looking like a gigantic extinguisher just on the point of putting out the luminary beneath. Beneath the pulpit, the deacons' seat embraced within its ample enclosure the dignified officials for whom it was designed; one bald-headed, with an unquestionable squint, and the other with his thin gray locks falling almost to his shoulders, and with a sharp face and meagre person; both seated with their backs to the pulpit and their faces to the congregation. Two galleries ran round the walls; one filled with women and the other with men. Near the ceiling, on the left hand as we sat, a phenomenon was presented to the inquiring eye in the shape of an oblong hole in the wall, surrounded by a sort of wooden frame, in which was set a human face, which glared upon the meeting-house door with an earnestness almost supernatural. About every ten seconds the face of the apparition underwent a sort of downward twitch, which was succeeded with a sharp toll of the bell, but the eyes were ever rivetted upon the door. At length a twitch of more convulsive energy than usual was followed by an emphatic clang of the bell, which said, as plainly as the tongue of bell could speak, "There, my work's done for to day;" and while its undulating sound was vibrating on the ear, the Rev. Mr. Armsby walked majestically along the aisle, and ascended the stairs; his well-powdered wig diffusing a miniature snow-storm upon the small precise cape of his black cloak. After a short pause the services proceeded. The prayers of the revered pastor were admirable; eloquent, devout, fervid, mostly clothed in the language of Scripture, or at least in language which gushed from a mind deeply imbued with the spirit of the Hebrew prophets. As the rich, deep tones of his voice uttered forth the recital of the blessings and bounties which this people had received at the

hand of Heaven—of Freedom—of Peace—of Plenty ; and above all, of the knowledge of the true God and of Jesus Christ, whom He has sent ; and then described their unworthiness, and ingratitude, and sinfulness, and deprecated the impending wrath of Heaven, and the awful judgments which were reserved for an ungrateful, godless nation—all wrapt in the dark and terrible imagery of the prophecies ; I could almost imagine that I heard one of the seers of old telling, in thunder tones, his message of warning and denunciation to the chosen but erring Race.

The innovation of a choir had displaced the good old custom of singing the hymns "line by line" by the whole congregation. Of this part of the service I will say nothing, except that it bore no resemblance, which could shock the most rigid puritan, to the choral symphonies of the Sistine Chapel, or even to the heathenish melody of that legitimate daughter of the old Scarlet Lady, the Church of England. A bass-viol grated its share of harsh discords, in addition to those of the human instruments, all of which together, if the science of music does not lie, must have amounted to harmony. Colonel Wyborne, in the goodness of his heart, and the abundance of his good-will to any persons who earnestly did what they could to assist at the service of the sanctuary, though himself an excellent judge of music, stood up alone during the performance, and encouraged the choristers by strict attention and beating time, and when they finished, by an emphatic—"very well—very well, indeed !" audible over the whole house. My gravity, I confess, received a severe shock, and I fully expected to hear a general titter run round the assembly ; but a hurried glance around satisfied me that it was a usual act of my admirable old friend, and was regarded with pride and pleasure by the singers and the rest of the congregation, and by no means looked upon as any thing out of the common way. This circumstance brought Sir Roger de Coverley at once to my mind ; and the idea being suggested, I recalled a good many points of resemblance between the warm-hearted old Baronet and Colonel Wyborne ; though the latter was entirely free from any hallucination like that which sometimes sent Sir Roger's wits a wool-gathering.

The introductory services being over, the minister rose, and took a prefatory look around at his flock. Before giving out his text, however, he desired the audience, in a tone of authority and decision which would have well become Dr. Johnson himself when he scolded Boswell for having a head-ache, not to interrupt the discourse by coughing or sneezing ; which ebullitions he assured them were entirely unnecessary. It may

be well to add that his commands were strictly obeyed ; thus affording a new fact in support of Kant's theory of the power of the will over bodily ailments. This preliminary being adjusted, he announced his text and proceeded with his sermon. It was a truly masterly production, and displayed those remarkable powers which not long afterwards procured his translation to the more congenial atmosphere of the metropolis. It was a work like one of the Pyramids ; its foundations, broad and deep, resting on eternal and universal truth, and the superstructure tapering in sublime simplicity up to the blessed duty of gratitude ; massive blocks of sense and reasoning piled regularly in lessening rows upon one another, and clamped together by cogent quotations from the Greek and Hebrew Scriptures ; all ascending upwards to a single truth, and making upon the mind, undistracted by meretricious ornament, an impression of oneness—the feeling of a grand whole. The music of his intonations and the harmony of his gesture are still present to my mind, as if it were but yesterday that he spoke. He was listened to with the most profound attention ; and when he ended, his auditory all seemed to take a long breath, and each man looked upon his neighbor with a flushed cheek and a dilated eye.

But one circumstance interrupted the solemnity of the discourse, and that was too characteristic a one to be passed over in silence. In the midst of the sermon an unlucky child in the women's gallery began to cry. The pastor stopped short, turned his severe eye upon the dismayed mother, and sternly said, "Take that child away !" In unutterable confusion the poor woman gathered up her descendant ; and the urchin, kicking and screaming with an energy worthy of a better cause, quickly vanished from our sight. This little episode, however, attracted but little attention on the part of the rest of the audience, and the moment it was over they were as deeply absorbed as ever in the march of the discourse.

After the blessing had been pronounced, the whole congregation remained standing in their places, as was their invariable custom, until Mr. Armsby and Colonel Wyborne had left the house. While the clergyman was making his preparations for his departure, Colonel Wyborne left his pew, and kindly advanced to the venerable band of old men, and made friendly inquiries as to their well-being ; and I could catch the sounds of their grateful voices thanking him for the bountiful gifts which he had bestowed upon them at this joyful season. When Mr. Armsby descended from the pulpit, Colonel Wyborne took his arm, and giving me a signal to follow, slowly left the house, courteously inclining his head to the right and left in acknow-

ledgment of the respectful salutations which he received from the sturdy farmers on either side. We all three entered the coach, which we found ready at the door, and were soon conveyed to the scene of the solemnities which yet remained to be performed appropriate to the great New England festival. On the way the conversation was engrossed by the two gentlemen, and I confess that I regarded my reverend companion as a sort of a Mordecai at my gate, and looked forward with a kind of dismay to the cloud which he would bring over the joyous festivity which I had anticipated at the Thanksgiving table of my genial host.

Upon our arrival we were shown into the Library, at either end of which a blazing fire, worthy of an English Christmas, diffused a generous warmth through the apartment. The cheerful heat had an evident effect on the ice of the reverend gentleman's manners; for there being no provision made in those days for warming churches, we were all glad enough to greet the cordial welcome of the blaze. As we walked from one fireplace to the other, and stopped before each to imbibe a portion of its warmth, Mr. Armsby, for almost the first time, turned to me and said, "Well, young gentleman, how do you like being between two fires?"—a jocular abortion, which I received with a laugh worthy of a better jest—with an explosion which would not have discredited a Schœpen in the eyes of a jovial burgo-master. The worthy gentleman evidently took my laugh in good part, and by being put on better terms with himself, was disposed to regard me with more consideration than he had yet done. He made some more rather cumbersome attempts at jocularity, which being met more than half-way by myself, we soon rapidly neared one another; and before long, not unassisted by the good-nature of our host, we were fairly engaged yard-arm to yard-arm. My awe of him gradually melted away, and before Peter made his appearance with the tankard of punch, I began to wonder that I could ever have felt any.

As I have hinted in the preceding sentence, in due time the door opened, and the excellent functionary there alluded to was ushered in, bearing with fitting solemnity upon a salver the silver tankard, which in those days ever heralded the serious business of the day. A grateful perfume arose from its brimming mouth, and filled the apartment. Colonel Wyborne received the fragrant offering at the hands of the sable Ganymede, and having raised it to his lips, passed it to his most honored guest, who paid it the homage of a deeper libation, and then consigned it to my ingenuous hands. This harbinger of better things to come, (now, I admit, better far removed,) performed its orbit round our little circle with a rapidity and regularity, which

would have given a Temperance Society a fit of delirium tremens, until the last drop was drained. Admirer as I am of old customs, I must allow that this was one which I am glad to have survived. The punch-drinking of a morning, which our ancestors looked upon in the light of an innocent amusement, not to say of a positive duty, is extinct; and with it have vanished, in a great measure, the gout, and a train of "immedicable ills," of which it was the fruitful parent. Since its disappearance, too, drunkenness is a vice almost unknown to the educated classes, which was far from being the case in my time. On the present occasion, however, the bewitching draught seemed to unlock the secret source of a thousand sympathies till then unsuspected, and to bring to light a multitude of affinities unfelt before, between the morning, the meridian, and the evening of life. Under its deceitful, though delicious enchantment, the barriers, which time and custom had raised between us, and which but a short time before seemed to be impassable, were levelled with the ground, and we stood side by side as friend by friend.

Precisely as the hall clock struck two, Peter, re-entering, announced dinner; and, marshalled by that dark seneschal, we proceeded in due order to the dining-room. Mr. Armsby blessed the meal with a grace which seemed at least sufficiently long to a hungry boy, in which he did not omit, in the enumeration of blessings, the Governor, council, the churches, the college, and the old Congress. When he had concluded and we had taken our seats, the covers were removed, and displayed an array of dishes which would have seemed preposterous for the supply of three persons, did we not know that a multitude of retainers were assembled in the kitchen, eagerly awaiting whatever might fall from our table. A noble tautaug,\* with his tail in his mouth, lay grimly before me, like the Egyptian emblem of eternity. At the foot of the table Colonel Wyborne was entrenched behind a formidable round of beef *à-la-mode*. A roast turkey was stretched, victim-like, upon his back before the sacerdotal knife of the pastor; while on the other side of the table, a pair of boiled chickens lay patiently awaiting their immersion in the oyster-sauce which stood ready for the deed. Vegetables of every description filled up all the interstices of the well-spread board; and decanters of white wine (for as yet red wine was not) kept watch and ward, like tall sentinels, over the whole scene of action. Soon the remains of the fish before me were decently removed, and replaced by an admirable haunch of venison attended by all that should accompany that prince of meats—the sacrificial fires—the jelly, "sweet as the smile when fond lovers

\* Vulgarly called black-fish by the many.



meet, and soft as their parting tear,"—the thin parallelograms of toast, brown as the Arabian berry. All our energies were soon wholly engrossed in this new career of duty, which we pursued with an untiring zeal and indomitable perseverance, which should have entitled us to a high place among the benefactors of mankind.

But, alas! even venison may cease to please! at least a foreboding of future good, yet to be revealed from the dark recesses of the kitchen, prompted forbearance ere it was too late. At length the viands, which I have feebly attempted to describe, were transported from our eyes, and a new generation occupied their vacant places. The beef *à-la-mode* suddenly gave place to the much-injured bird which saved the capitol; the venison with a sigh yielded its throne to a triple alliance of wild ducks; a pair of partridges dislodged the reluctant turkey; while the boiled chickens, with the attendant oyster-sauce, fled again before the incursion of a horde of lesser "fowl of game." The transitory nature of all human things is well illustrated by the sentiment of one of the heroines of "The Rovers, or the Double Arrangement," in the Anti-Jacobin, where she says, (I quote from memory,) "The beef of to-morrow will succeed to the veal of to-day, as the veal of to-day has succeeded to the mutton of yesterday;" but the flying courses of a single repast bring home even more forcibly to the reflecting mind the instability of our most substantial joys, and afford a lively picture of the fleeting generations of mankind, hurrying, like them, over the bountifully spread and richly adorned banquetting table on which Boon Nature feasts her children. The change which had just come over the scene before us was not destined to endure any more than the one which had preceded it. The shining face of Peter is again seen, full of busy importance, bustling about the board; and now the table is cleared—and anxious expectation sits impatient on every brow. A pause ensues. The door opens, and lo! he comes, the Pudding of the Plum, Thanksgiving-day's acknowledged chief! He comes—attended, conqueror-like, by the dethroned monarch of Christmas day—Mince Pie—who follows, crest-fallen, in his triumphal train! Apple Pie, too, rears his "honest sonsy face" in sturdy yeoman pride. Custard, no longer "blasphemed through the nose," receives the respectful deference due to fallen greatness. And thou, Pumpkin Pie, my country's boast! when I forget thee, may my right hand forget its cunning! And Squash Pie, too! when I refuse to celebrate thy praise, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

Then came the dessert, chiefly composed, from the necessity of the season, of dried fruits; but then such apples and such

pears ! Apples for which Atalanta might well have lost her race, or which might well have been thrown by Discord among the Gods ! The pears, too ! St. Michael's spicy fruit ; St. Catherine's immutable glow—"the side that's next the Sun"—worthy the cheek of a cherub ; St. Germain's celestial gust ; and other gentle races, which confer by their virtues higher honors on their patron saints than any they derive from their canonization.

Then, too, came, from the subterraneous crypts where they had been confined for many years, the imprisoned spirits whom Wit obeys. Not those fierce demons which are called into being amidst the fierce combustion of the still, and which soon tear in pieces the victims whom they have singled out for their prey ; but "delicate spirits," like the gentle Ariel—bursting into life in the year-long summer's day of the Fortunate Islands, and summoned across the Atlantic waves to impart their native summer to northern hearts. Alas ! that any magicians should now be found who would fain exercise them, and condemn them to the fate of vulgar devils ! But then it must be admitted that the degeneracy of modern times has reached even these ethereal powers. The grapes of the present day do not express the same juice which gushed from the veins of their progenitors. Their thin potations have debauched this washy generation. Did the French Philosophy take root amongst us before our clay had been soaked in claret and champagne ? Were we over-run with the weeds of German Metaphysics before the Rhine had poured an acid deluge over the land ? Talk of the schoolmaster being abroad ! The heresies which infest this age were unknown, until the wine merchant went abroad.

I wish that I could find it in my heart to detain the gentle reader from the perusal of things better worth his reading, and recount the talk of that genial day. But the milkiness of my nature forbids. Besides, a separate essay will not be too much to devote to the oddities, genius, and virtues of Richard Armsby. He was a choice specimen of that racy class of originals—the elder New England clergy ; men who were in a great measure raised above the control of public opinion, and the sharpnesses of whose characters were not smoothed down by the friction of society, and the excursions of whose eccentricities were checked neither by the inquisition of squeamish coteries nor by the censure of a fastidious age. I have never looked upon his like since he entered into his rest. He united the playfulness of Yorick and the simplicity of Parson Adams, with the logical acuteness of Butler, the strong sense of Barrow, and the redundant imagination of Taylor ; and all these shining and solid materials, which went to make up the web of his remark-

able mind, were strongly relieved by the dark ground-work of the sternest Calvinism upon which they were woven. And yet this man is forgotten! His sermons, which should have constituted an integral portion of our literature, have been fated to "clothe spice, line trunks," or to fall into the sacrilegious hands of the "oblivious cook." Surely this was a man of whom the world in which he lived was not worthy!

That day is an epoch in my life, for it was the first time that I had ever listened to the table-talk of the highest description. I might have searched the world through, and yet not have met with two such men, so different and yet so admirable, as the two whom the chances of life had thrown together in the remote village of Sanfield.\* I have since listened to most of the celebrated men of conversation of our times, and the chimes of midnight have often fallen unheeded upon my ear as I yielded myself to the enchantment of their eloquence and wit; but the remembrance of that brilliant day still holds the first place among my convivial memories.

We remained at table till about six o'clock, when we returned to the library, where tea and coffee were served. After this ceremony was over, Mr. Armsby's pipe was brought—"his custom always of an afternoon"—and taking, as it were, a new departure from this event, he swept gallantly on through a sea of talk, growing more and more brilliant as he went. At last, however, ten o'clock came; he knocked out the last ashes of his pipe, and taking a glass more of wine as a stirrup-cup, he prepared for his departure. The carriage was soon at the door; and our charming friend, for such I could not but regard him in spite of his ministerial dignity, bade us a cordial good-night. As I attended him to the carriage, he warmly pressed me, nothing loth, to visit him at his bachelor's house.

When I returned to the Library, Colonel Wyborne begged to know whether I did not think that his prophecy the day before, of the change which a day would bring forth in Mr. Armsby, had not been fulfilled. I replied with expressions of the warmest admiration of the qualities of his reverend friend. "And pray, Sir," I added, "why did not you tell me how extraordinary a man he is?"

"Simply," he replied with a benignant smile, "simply because I wished to give you the pleasure of finding it out for yourself."

We soon separated for the night; but it was long after I had sought my couch that the clear tones of the pastor's voice died upon my ear. The strange groups of thought, in which ideas, that never before dreamt of meeting each other, found themselves side by side, the freshness and beauty of his classic

allusions, and the grotesque narrations of scenes and characters, such as are only known in a simple and primitive state of society, delivered with a spirit and life which Matthews never surpassed ; all together produced a degree of pleasurable excitement which drove sleep far from my eyes. The walls of my solitary chamber rung with the echoes of a foregone merriment ; and if my pillow were that night wet with tears, they were the tears

“Of one worn out with mirth and laughter.”

Y. D.

### STANZAS.

ENOUGH that thou art cold—and I am free !

Ask not the story of my love to hear—

It was a holy passion ; as the sea

Rises beneath the moonbeam soft and clear,

So to thy smile my slumbering heart arose—

The heart which now is hushed to deep repose.

How truly, fondly would that heart have given

Its hope of happiness to thee alone !

No hermit-saint could dedicate to Heaven

His soul with more devotion than my own

Was vowed to thy sweet service—Fare thee well !

The charm is broken, and dissolved the spell.

“I loved, not wisely but too well”—alas,

That such a love could meet with no return !

Yet blame me not, dear lady, I shall pass

Away, and be forgotten. I must learn

Thee to forget, and on another's shrine

Those vows to cast, which were so wholly thine !

## LITERARY JOURNALS AND AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.

CENTURIES ago a wise man said, "Of making many books there is no end," and the lapse of time has certainly not much mended the matter. But of the innumerable volumes that crowd the shelves of a public library, the disproportion of the wheat to the chaff has been again and again commented upon. The votary of literature will be directed by the universal admiration of the world to some three or four gifted beings who sit enthroned, the kings and princes of intellect; and their works will be his constant companions. Some six or eight names will probably include all who can be placed immediately beneath these in the illustrious catalogue; and these too will be obvious to the world's applause. As the student descends in the scale, more and more numerous will be the candidates for his attention; and he will soon find, that to be even a sciolist in literature, is a work of labor; for literature, in the full import of the word, is the essence of all that is truly valuable in the various departments of human knowledge. It is illimitable in its extent, for every science and every art yield to it a tributary stream. Besides an acquaintance with the masterpieces of former times, the student cannot venture to be wholly ignorant of the current literature of the day; a portion of which is for the time an unfailing topic of conversation, but the greater part soon forgotten, or surviving only in the memory of the antiquary. The memory of most men can carry away facts even to their minutiae, but soon loses the impression of ideas, sentiments, and feelings. After the lapse of time we can, in general terms, say, that the perusal of such a book pleased us; that another we disliked; but a work must be great indeed which leaves any strong, abiding trace upon our minds. Yet there is pleasure and profit to be derived from many volumes that are not worthy of a second perusal; which by their gay style or innocent gossip add to the sum of human happiness, and which will not be utterly forgotten if properly recorded or referred to. And again, there are trains of thought suggested,—not by a single work, but by the general course of reading, or the prevailing habit of mind—which may not, even in the longest life, again occur. Books, indeed, are more to be valued for the reflections they suggest than for those merely which they contain. The connection of ideas is constantly

producing the most happy results. Through it the memory is never tasked beyond its capacity, nor can the judgment ever become a dormant faculty. Were a writer to record the reflections to which his previous sentence gave birth, and so proceed, the wildest dreams of the wildest imagination would be surpassed. Don Juan is an instance of the sportive disregard of the wholesome fetters of a single subject. And each one of these thoughts may afterwards become valuable to its author. Besides, in the perusal of a work we seldom have a definite conception of its peculiar excellence, unless we accustom ourselves to think on paper;—a mode of thinking, by the bye, which ensures at once accuracy and elegance.

Eloquent beyond expression is the silent record of a journal. It can call up the past to memory, or create the future to imagination. It is the miser's hidden treasure, happiness when acquired, happiness when again opened to his gaze. It is the source of pleasure now, and by recurrence to its pages years after, that pleasure may be enjoyed fresh and unalloyed as ever. Do troubles and sorrows now press heavily upon you? Turn to your journal. See there the delight you once experienced, and let memory, with its wizard power, make the joys of the past also the happiness of the present. Here you can see yourself of yesterday, of years since, and of to-day. If you have well employed your opportunities, the retrospect will be one of unmingled pleasure. "These diaries," says D'Israeli, "form that other self which Shaftesbury has described every thinking being to possess. When Cato wishes that the breast of every man were diaphanous, it is only a metaphorical expression for such a diary." If time and talents have been misused, if you have not strained every nerve in the race of intellectual advancement, those silent pages will cause many a bitter pang to throb through your bosom. Who, without horror, can view in his own person the violation of that great law of progression, which the Creator has ordained to every creature. The mind knows no moment of rest. If, looking back upon the past, you find yourself not superior to what you were years ago, be assured that if there be an axiom in philosophy, it is that you are now an inferior being. And when from the annals of your reading, you call to mind the sure rewards of mental labor, and find that if not in the poor compensation which the world can give, yet in the consciousness that, however distant you may still be, you are advancing to that high eminence where sit the giants of mind in their solitary grandeur—you will not, you cannot despair.

My eye has just fallen upon my record of the first moment when I truly felt the greatness of Browne—when I first read that sublime and solemn homily, which forms the last chapter

of the Hydriotaphia, and that most fascinating of speculations, the Religio Medici. I sat and read how man the immortal has a something which shall outlast the elements, and owes no homage to the sun. It seems like a new truth; and yet from my earliest childhood had I heard the same, till by repetition its unspeakable sublimity was forgotten. I cannot express the ecstasy with which I see an old truth thus, as it were, again revealed in the splendid creation of a great genius. Yes, it seems as if at that moment my mind had taken the stride of years; as if a new soul was given to me; and as if in the revived consciousness of my immortality I could not stoop to feel the petty ills of life. These were my feelings then, and now they are dreamed of again. Such, too, are many of the impressions we would not willingly have obliterated. I peruse Shakspeare, and a light is thrown upon the darkest recesses of the human heart. I perceive his inimitable perfection, but my views are indistinct and undefined. And the next day I may coldly descant upon his greatness, but the vividness with which I then felt it is gone. To the end of life some emotion excited, some reflection suggested, will be an actuating impulse, but the noise and bustle of the world will destroy the first intensity of admiration, and the cherished flower may be trampled down and lose its original freshness. But from the herbalist I derive a useful lesson. Like him, on paper I endeavor to preserve that flower. But my simile will carry me no farther. That flower, when again brought to light, will have faded and died; it was not there locked up that its fragrance might be felt or its beauty contemplated, but that the source of these might be analyzed. Now, in my superior process, both objects are accomplished. That feeling is embalmed to a life beyond its transient existence; and when I turn to my diary, I not only enjoy it fresh as ever, but when the first warmth has passed away, can sit down and unravel its philosophy. It will be perceived that we attach the term *journal* to something beyond a mere record of events—to something more than vague and indefinite criticism on works perused and actions performed; it must be full of its author's hopes, and fears, thoughts, feelings, and passions. Nothing must be considered too visionary for insertion, for its first great requisite is candor. There must be no drawbacks, nothing that can give an idea of concealment. There must be a free expression of opinion, just and impartial criticism of the author himself and of others; and to secure this, it should be preserved inviolate until all circumstances that are obnoxious have passed away. In fine, a journal should be an undigested autobiography. But, after all, there is

an imperfection in all writing. Emotions there are, too sacred to be chronicled, for they are too deep for utterance.

While the journalist has been thus carefully watching the progress of his faculties, and thus improving them, his moral character has also felt its influence. With such a monitor to remind him of each misspent day, his actions will be more carefully watched. He is living in the spirit of the great precept of Pythagoras, that thrice, ere slumber seals the eyes, memory should recount the errors of the past, and thence draw wisdom for the guidance of the future. He is imitating one greater than Pythagoras; and when he thus sums up the concerns of the past day, there is but one step to commend their imperfections to the indulgent consideration of a merciful father. A bad man cannot journalize. In the words of an author already quoted. "Could a Clive or a Cromwell have composed a diary;—neither of these men could suffer solitude and darkness. At the scattering thoughts of casual reflection they started. What would they have done had memory marshalled their crimes, and arrayed them in the terrors of chronology."

A diary, we have said, should not be a mere narrative of incidents, however important; but their characteristic features should be sketched before the fervor of action has subsided, and before time shall have destroyed their interest. The literary man should not seclude himself from the world, for he is the world's chief ornament. He should not keep aloof from the passing occurrences of the day, for those may derive their only charm from the magic of his touch. The springs of action have been as frequently laid open by some obscure contemporary as by the profoundest researches of the most learned historians. Every man esteems himself, for some reason or other, a bigger point in the universe than his fellows. He will allow their superiority in every attribute of mind or body which can be named; but draw the unavoidable inference, that whoever so excels him in every enumerated quality, must be upon the whole superior, and the conclusion will be denied. This egotism, disgusting in men of slender capabilities, adds the charm to the confession of many whose pretensions are forgiven because forgotten in the elegance with which they are clothed. The names of most, says Browne, are "to be found only in the universal register of God;" but few are the sons of men who wish not also for an earthly record. The world attaches to very few other circumstances than those of birth and death; but let each man be his own biographer, and events that in other hands would be dull and common-place, acquire a new and unlooked-for interest.

There are innumerable petty occurrences by men at large



unregarded, but which we in our simplicity think well worth remembrance. Nature has seldom denied to any at least one in whom he may confide his very soul, and such a friend may delight in the memorial of his friend.

We think it but a slight test of talent to write an autobiography, for that man must be indeed poor, who, with self for a theme, cannot sometimes interest. What is it that gives their charm to the memoirs of Marmontel? Is it not that he flatters every reader by making him his confidant, so that it seems like the betrayal of a trust, and the wounding of an ingenuous and talented man, if we refused our love? It is not that the incidents he recites are of exciting moment, for they are such as daily happen in the lives of humble individuals. It is not the greatness of the characters to whom we are introduced, for many of them, too, are no-wise remarkable. It is that the fine fancy of the author, and his gossiping style, throw open the curtain, and we stand in the familiar presence of the actors of the scene. What would dearly purchase such an insight into but one hour of Shakspeare's life? The characters of individuals, with whom we are brought into contact, will form one great constituent of a journal. To the vulgar eye two persons may seem to resemble each other so closely that no points of difference are discoverable; for want of individuality is a prominent trait in the uncultivated mind. Two may resemble each if viewed in one light, and be opposite when taken in another. They may with equal enthusiasm, for instance, enter into literary pursuits, and may be divided in other tastes. One may be enamored with politics, another with theology. These shades, it is the province of a delicate perception only to recognize.

Diaries, like letters, should not be studious of the graces of composition, nor should they be disfigured by the opposite fault of negligence. We can derive no pleasure from even our own pages if carelessness is apparent.

Charles Lamb's notes to the old dramatists seem to us perfect specimens of journalizing criticism. It was not immediately after the perusal of the plays that those notes were penned—for the first intensity of feeling must have been too strong for words; but, when that had given a moment's interval for calm reflection, and yet before the enthusiasm had evaporated, he rapidly sketched the finest critiques in the language. And so it is with the Lectures and Essays of Hazlitt. Indeed, no writer appears to have possessed more of the true journalizing spirit. His productions, beyond those of any other writer, appear to have been thrown off spontaneously, without a solitary wish that they should attain publicity, without one anxiety as to reviewers and critics.

We have no patience with his affectation, when he says he could not read his own writings. The journal of Gibbon is little more than the statistics of his reading; but his autobiography, with all its defects, is entertaining and delightful. His stilted style we know to be the natural offspring of his erudite and pompous mind. More will naturally write like him than like Marmontel; for ease to the reader is no index to the labor of the author. Most minds run into the Rambler style.

Reader, in conclusion be assured that if you do not keep a journal, the day is coming when you will repent your folly. When, in the shades of old age the indistinct visions of by-gone days flit before you—in the strong language once used to us by a revolutionary veteran when regretting this neglect—you would esteem a diary of your past life not dearly purchased with the loss of a right leg or a right arm.

R. T.

# TO THE CICADA.

(*From Anacreon.*)

BLEST Cicada! happy thou!  
 Chirping on the topmost bough,  
 Sipping drops of chrystal dew,  
 King of all beneath thy view;—  
 Clust'ring fruit and golden grain;—  
 Friendly thou to toiling swain.  
 Innocent! from malice free,  
 Men delight to honor thee.  
 Harbinger of summer-tide,  
 And the Muses' darling pride!  
 Who like thee to Phœbus dear?  
 He thy carol, loud and clear,  
 Hath thee giv'n to charm the ear.  
 Age to thee no wrinkle brings,  
 Passion ne'er inflicts its stings;  
 Fleshless, bloodless, born of earth,  
 Singing ceaseless from thy birth,  
 Blest with wisdom—like the Gods  
 Ruling in their bright abodes.

E. A. C.

## A FAMILIAR EPISTLE ON PHRENOLOGY.

I DON'T mean to afflict you or your readers, most implacable editor, with a disquisition on bumps, or an argument *pro* or *con*, or a laudation of Spurzheim, or a lashing of the dollar-a-head quacks, that have sprung up, in these latter days, to mammonize and degrade the science of which he was the great apostle, and all but the founder. You may read this page or two, of my awful chirography—if you can—without fear of any such mortal infliction. My callipers were appropriated, me nothing loth, some five or six years ago, by my eldest hope, to serve in some unexplainable matter of boy mischief; and the last of my half dozen mapped casts is now doing duty, I believe, under the busy hands of “my daughter, sir,” as a block for trying on caps and bonnets, in the fabrication whereof she displays a resource and a felicitous taste—considering that she is yet considerably on the hither side of her teens—which forbode me a world of expense, when she gets to be a young lady, in the matter of gauzes, velvets, and ribbons. In short, I have left off speculating on phrenology, any time these dozen years; having grown out of that, and various other follies, in the natural course of human progression. But that article in your last number set me a thinking; the more especially, that it happens to include my own measurement, taken by Dr. Lovell that year when I went to Washington; and as you told me once to think of you whenever I set about to do any thinking, you shall come in for the benefit of my ponderings. Do with them as you like. I sha’n’t swallow one of Dr. Feuchtwanger’s cursed little black bottles of prussic acid if you fling them into the fire, unprinted, or even unread; and if you print them, I have the consolation of knowing that you stand between me and your readers. If there’s to be any “blowing-up,” you are the man to catch it, not I.

Well, then, to come to the root of the matter, I think that I have discovered a new use of phrenology; nothing less than a decided improvement of our language in copiousness and variety! What do you say to that, Benjamin of my soul?

My notion is to substitute measurements for qualities, or the lack of them; and upon my word, the more I consider it, the more I am tickled with the felicity of the idea. You may carry it, not only into the actual description of men and women, but into the business and even the accidents of life. As, for instance, I

meet a friend in the street, whom I have neglected visiting for six months. He stops me, shakes hands with me, and all that; inquires about the health of my wife and every one of my household, down to the white cockatoo; and then comes the bothering question, "Where under the sun have you been? What has kept you away so long? Why haven't you been near me this age and a half?" or some other form of words to the same purport. Now see the beauty of my invention. Instead of bamboozling him with a long string of lies about want of time, pressure of occupation, &c. &c., I tell him the phrenological truth at once. "Why, the fact is, my dear fellow, that my head measures 'from the cochile, or hollow of the ear, to occipital spine,' five inches and five tenths." That settles the whole matter. If he knows any thing about phrenology, he must be aware that with such a development of inhabiteness, he might as well expect me to lend him money as to stir out of my own house when I can help it. Again, I apply to some Mr. Smith for the character of a servant, who refers me to him as her last employer. "Excellent cook," answers Mr. S., "clean, sober, good washer, &c.," as the case may be, "but her head shows six inches and six tenths, from ear to ear." Of course she breaks all the crockery, china, and glass ware, and "secretes," peradventure, to an amount that is formidable.

You perceive the point now, I suppose. If you don't, I shall question whether your measurement from ear to individuality comes up to the average of five inches, or any thing like it. Mine, I see, shoots a tenth of an inch beyond. You *must* discover the grace, and beauty, and strength, that the adoption of this system will infuse into our language, on the modern principle as established by Lady Blessington, Miss Pardoe, the author of Rookwood, (I forget his name,) Fairfield, Willis, and the other great lights of English and American literature; to wit, that of getting down to the philosophy of the commonest matters, and never telling any thing in a strait-forward manner when it can be done up into a speechification. Why, sir, upon this plan you may even bring science to bear on one of those smallest of all little things, the well-made coats, waistcoats, and pantaloons, with figures like men in them, that trot up and down Broadway of a morning; the things with Boz side-locks, and big tufts of hair on their upper lips, and little canes in their hands. Yes, sir, you may actually phrenologize these outsides of men. Not individually, however, for they all make up a class, whereof each one is as like all the rest, as one pea to all the peas in a bushel. We don't call them dandies hereafter, but say of them in the lump, that they measure some six or eight tenths beyond the average, from ideality to ideality, and as

much below the usual average in all the other intellectual developments.

But my epistle is growing too long, and I must wind it up with asking a favor. Pray don't send your last number to my house. I wouldn't have my wife see it for sixpence. She would be pleased, I dare say, at finding my eight inches "from occipital spine to lower individuality," but she gives me credit for being a good, home-staying person; and it would be murder to have her advised that my domestic proprieties in this respect are all owing to my eight tenths beyond the usual average from "occipital spine to ear." Your's ever,

GABRIEL GRUMMAR.

# WESTERN PLAINS.

MARK how the fates of men may vary ;  
 Just climb this hill, whose plumed crest  
 Nods like a sentinel to yon prairie,  
 The pride, the glory of the west.  
 How like a stooping flag unfurled  
 Waves far and bright the verdurous ocean:  
 The dreamers of the ancient world,  
 With half the scene's enchantment warmed,  
 Had deemed a sea had been transformed,  
 Each billowy surf  
 To a dew-sprent turf,  
 Still dancing on to its wonted motion.

Around the far-off shadowy shores,  
 As if to curb the fairy tides,  
 That else would flow  
 From Mexico,  
 From Rocky mount and Ohio,  
 To where the north its deluge pours  
 Round the Big Turtle's frosty sides—  
 Mark with what grace the green earth swells,  
 Crowned with its forest colonnades,  
 On yon side laced with fountain dells,  
 On this festooned with bloomy shades ;  
 A galaxy of gorgeous glades,  
 The play-grounds of the Indian boy,  
 The paradise of Indian maid,  
 Where erst in glory and in joy,  
 In nature's majesty they strayed:  
 Where now their cowed descendants stray  
 With motley garb and idle bow,

Dwindling beneath the usurper's sway,  
Like their own deer and buffalo.

And fast upon their fleeting track  
And o'er the ashes of their sires,  
With bandit rifle at his back,  
The vanguard of the monster pack,—  
Uniting all that's dark and wild  
In nature's rude untutored child  
With all the white's hypocrisy,—  
Steals, and before the traitor see!  
Flash up the ruthless prairie fires.

Wo to the weary warrior sleeping  
Upon the burning brink, and wo  
To burdened squaw; the wild-fire, leaping  
Like famished tiger, whelms below  
All that the rifle spared; while over  
The red sirocco's swooping blast  
The eagle and the buzzard hover;  
The one upon the surging van  
To snatch his victims half entombed,—  
And one, when the destroyer's past,  
To gorge the relics half consumed,  
Promiscuous wreck of beast and man.

And now a black Sahara's spread,  
With here and there a whitening bone,  
Mute index of the white man's path,  
Where yesterday's sere herbage fed  
The spoiler of earth's fairest zone,  
Red emblem of the invader's wrath.  
A lake of flame—according well  
With all the red man knew of hell;  
A big fire stretched from wood to wood,  
Just large enough to hold the brood  
Of cursed white men, when they go  
Dark spirits to the shades below.

Another spring has changed the scene,  
And Flora waves anew her banner;  
And, phoenix-like, immortal green,  
Waked by the south's soft whisperings,  
In glory from its ashes springs,  
And beauty's chain  
Is linked again  
Unbroken round the bright savanna.

*Cincinnati, 1838.*

L. R.

## MR. VANDENHOFF.

I AM sure that it would be doing injustice to the Drama, as well as to himself, to allow this gentleman to pass silently from among us without some more particular notice of him as an actor, in the general meaning of the term, and of his style of personation in some of those parts, which he renders at once so striking and so instructive. Much has been said of Mr. Vandenhoff, I am aware—and more been thought of him, I am convinced, wherever he has presented himself. All this is as it should be,—so far as it may be deemed an expression of popular favor—and I have been gratified to observe it. But in no instance, which has fallen under my notice, has the case met with the consideration which it seemed to demand; in no instance of criticism, commendation, or eulogy, has the man or the dramatist met with his desert. Why this is so, it would be needless, as it certainly is no object of mine, in this place, to inquire. It is sufficient to know that the remarks upon his characters have generally been wanting in a distinctive tone, or thrown out, as such observations too often are, without much concentration, and with more regard to the peculiarities of the poet than to the performer.

My belief is, that warmly as this great actor was received upon our stage, and highly as he is esteemed by the sensible friends of the drama and understanders of poetry, he has not been, and is not, appreciated. By this I do not mean that he is not *universally* received with that respect which is the best accompaniment of welcome, or that enthusiasm which is the most cheering as well as the most unequivocal tribute to genius. But I mean something more; and something, too, that is not incompatible with all this. It is a meaning, which involves in that which truly defines it, much that allies itself with the pure, unqualified, deep spirit of man within us; and cannot therefore be supposed to be understood strictly by the mass of those who may witness its triumphant or its beautiful displays. There is a tribute, which is paid in a great applause, to him who "*acts well*" his part. There is another, which is rendered, in a still better praise, to him who "*lives and moves*" in that part, all that the intellect of the author would make his personage. And in these tributes there is a difference which is material, while they are both compatible with that loud glo-

rification which a startled and delighted audience is ever ready to give to the *points* of a powerful actor. But while they are both compatible with that strong applause, the latter tribute is the one which the man of golden genius must ever hold worthy his best efforts to earn, and which it must ever do the hearers the most honor and the best pleasure to render.

I am satisfied that Mr. Vandenhoff is justly entitled to the first rank in his profession. He may not only well claim it, but he holds it, I believe, in the opinion of all men who enter into the true power and poetry of the drama. He is one of those men who must be content with that better tribute to which I have referred. More than content, he may be proud of it, always and every where. He must make it his struggle to win it, with a fervor that holds all efforts at lesser praise, unworthy of himself, and of the cause which he so nobly and so beautifully sustains.

In his personation of Cato, this gentleman has given us a specimen of the tragedian, in look and language, that will not be soon forgotten. He has called that drama from the comparative oblivion in which it has lain for so long a time, as a drama, under the mistaken apathy of the day. He has given it an interest, while he has portrayed its lessons. He has proved that it is no mass of dull philosophy, which will not bear repetition, and may not be made to inculcate the best of Roman virtue, so its kingly part be filled with a proper Roman bearing. It is evidently a favorite character with him—this of the stern and unyielding patriot; and so long as he brings out, in such masterly presentation, the spirit of the writer, which he makes so totally his own,—and looks so bravely the high principles to which he holds as his support at once, and his glory; he need not fear, I think, that he will fail to maintain, in the minds of men and scholars, that place which he now fills with such distinguished gracefulness and power.

I could say much more upon the exhibition of this character by Vandenhoff, and much, too, upon his lively and vigorous pictures of the great master he has so well and warily studied. The sad and quiet philosophy of Hamlet—the concentrated passion of Macbeth—the mad ambition and struggling remorse of Wolsey—the dark and blasting metaphysics of Iago—would each afford a varied and extensive criticism, that might properly expend itself either upon the illustrious poet, or the finished personifier of his ardent and unsurpassed conceptions. But it was not my intention to dwell upon him in any particular character which he may attempt to embody, so much as to direct attention to Mr. Vandenhoff as a master in that great art—no matter under what guise it presents itself—which leads



captive all who witness its display, through the perfect amalgamation of the actor with the story he enacts—through his never-forgotten assimilation of himself with the *Spirit* and the *Truth*!

I feel satisfied that this gentleman places no peculiar reliance upon what are called "striking passages" in the drama, to which he is able to impart so much of life and precept. All this is proper, and ministers in the best way to a good reputation. Mr. Vandenhoff has too much good taste to concentrate himself upon a poor system that only makes the "judicious grieve," while it frequently does great injustice to the play; and he knows his strength too well to resort to a *mannerism*, which is the resource only of those who are conscious of the imperfection of their genius, and that they cannot do without it. He makes *one point* of his *whole performance*; and as far as that goes, it is a model. I think this must be held the better praise, and worthy the attainment of any one who makes the stage the area of his intellect.

Mr. Vandenhoff plays with the self-possession of an eminently skilful man and with the dignity of a scholar. He carries with him the philosophy of his character; and while he presents it in all the truth of which it is susceptible, he never forgets the lesson which it bears. He has a mind which detects and cherishes the loveliness and command of poetry; and he is, therefore, enabled to give its strength or its fervor all the added impressiveness of genius mingled with sincerity. He plays, also, with the ever-apparent consciousness that he is to teach as well as delight, and that it would be unbecoming his powers, as well as always painful to himself, to allow Nature ever to be forgotten in Art.

These few remarks may be considered, I hope, as rendering a portion of justice which is certainly due to a gentleman who has given so wide a satisfaction by his performances, and is now about to return to his own country. I have no fear that we can appreciate too highly such genius as he is able to bring forth, or that we need ever be ashamed of the loudest encouragement which we can extend to it. We want such genius—we want such acting; and the best discrimination which we can show, is in favor, at all times, of what is so beautifully depicted in the personations of Vandenhoff—the thrilling lessons of a high Moral Sense, united with the Man of mind and the Scholar.

G. M.

## THE VILLAGE GRAVE-YARD.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

SILENT and rapid is thy flight,  
Thou of the fabled scythe and glass !  
Night follows day, and morning night,  
Yet so unmarked they pass,  
That days to weeks, and months to years  
Grow, ere the vast amount appears  
In all its startling light.

This earthly ball around the sun,  
Through storm and sunshine, hope and fear,  
Hath twenty annual journeys run  
Since last I wandered here ;  
And O ! since then how changed the face  
Of this old, solemn burial-place,  
Telling what Time has done.

The old elm tree, in leafy pride  
That by the gateway reared its head,  
Throwing its shadow far and wide  
O'er many a sleeper's bed,  
Hath been uprooted from its stand,  
By tasteless hind, or greedy hand,  
Or age's ebbless tide.

The paling round the Johnston's tomb  
Was once with annual paint renewed,  
And flowers within of richest bloom  
With ceaseless care were strewed ;—  
Now, prostrate on the earth it lies ;  
And weeds of rankest growth arise  
Around Death's narrow room.

The gilded urn that used to crown  
The richly-carved and lettered stone,  
Beneath whose shade Zerubal Brown,  
Unwedded, rests alone ;  
Hath, spite of what its owner gave  
Its classic workmanship to save,  
Been rudely tumbled down.

I see the cause :—to Peter Cross,  
The sexton, was its care consigned—  
His from its face the tangling moss  
And cling-weed to unbind ;  
And *here* he sleeps,—his name alone  
Carved on the solitary stone  
By one who mourned his loss.

"Here lies a husband kind and true,  
 A faithful friend, a parent dear,—  
 William Tremayne,—age thirty-two—  
 Reader, he asks a tear."  
 And is it so? The blooming child,  
 Whose merry voice and laughter wild  
 So cheerful once I knew?

Friend—husband—parent—and now *here*  
 How change we with the change of days;  
 I could have fancied, mid the cheer  
 Yon joyous school-boys raise  
 Just from their tiresome tasks let out,  
 I could distinguish William's shout,  
 So heartfelt, rich, and clear.

Married? To whom?—Ah! here I tread  
 Upon the brief survivor's grave—  
 "Mary Tremayne here rests her head,  
 Daughter of Philip Cave"—  
 Strange! Like the Guelph and Ghibbeline,  
 There was a deadly feud between  
 The parents of the dead.

And she, a fair girl, mild, blue eyed,  
 With merry lip, but thoughtful brow,  
 His school, but not his play-mate, tried  
 An unfelt ire to show;  
 And now together, husband—wife—  
 Released from all the toils of life  
 They slumber side by side.

Farewell, green spot! I thought to roam  
 With pleasant memories mid your shade,  
 Such as are felt where ruined dome  
 And portico are spread;  
 Yet, though in grief the moments sped,  
 The pain was wholesome, for it said  
 "This world is not thy home."

And few can tread as I have trod  
 To-day some ancient grave-yard through,  
 And gaze on many a well-known sod  
 Mingled with many new,  
 Without some thought of better things  
 Than gayer scene to Memory brings,—  
 Thoughts of the Past and God.

*Dorchester, Mass.*

## THE ANALYST.

NO. III.

LA BRUYERE.

THE French are perfect masters of the philosophy of manners, or, as they term it, "science du monde;" whether they are equal proficient in the philosophy of morals or of mind, may admit of a question. To account for this is by no means difficult. It arises from their social disposition and natural readiness of apprehension. Commerce with the world sharpens their original acuteness, and renders them expert in detecting the nice shades of character, and the more visible peculiarities of manner. Though mannerists themselves, yet are they extremely skilful in analyzing and painting the manners of others. This national trait is observable in most of their celebrated writers. It shines brilliantly on the pages of Moliere and Lesage, and is the staple of their writings. In fact, their authors are perfect men of the world, and cannot be otherwise than shrewd and knowing. We know not how it is, but there seems to be something in the very atmosphere of France imparting vivacity and a full flow of animal spirits.

Such men cannot recognize a character like that of the old-fashioned scholar of whom we read. A man burying himself amidst his folios, and turning his library into a living tomb—who was willing, for the sake of conversing with the mighty dead, to surrender his right to the society of the living great—a monkish idolator at the shrine of books, who, striking off his name from the roll of the world's busy citizens, resigned his place to some more enterprising and bustling individual. This presents an anomaly no Frenchman can ever resolve. In literature, this spirit has not only pervaded their lighter writings, but it also mingles with their graver speculations. *Shrewdness* is the distinguishing feature of their ethical philosophy as delivered by Rochefoucauld and La Bruyère. With this shrewdness is mingled a scholastic formality derived from their avowed imitation of the ancients, giving their productions an air of great stiffness and rigor. They want the ease, the familiar tone, and the natural logic of the English writers in the same department. And here we may see the best proof of the axiom, that they, whether writers or speakers, who are the

lightest and most agreeable on gay topics, are on grave subjects the most stupid and tiresome. It has been said of such an one, that "his hawk's eye, which sparkled at a jest, looked blank at a speculation." Besides this, they are greatly deficient in fancy, and therefore are without that which gives life and spirit to philosophic writing,—the power of illustration. Figures, metaphors, and similes never appear in their writings; but every thing is delivered in an oracular manner, never relieved by the embellishments of composition.

But it is on the score of originality that they are mostly wanting. There is no boldness or freedom in their theorizing, no variety nor marked expression in their phraseology; all is correct, classic, and borrowed. Such a writer as Berkeley, for instance, would make the whole nation stare (maugre their politeness) by the poetry of his style and the brilliancy of his paradox. All this we think to be true of their attempts in moral writing. In the ranks of highly civilized society, as well as of common life, they reign supreme. Their best novels and comedies are full of just and striking pictures of life, and are the best specimens of their every-day philosophy. But of the French writers, who, not employing fiction for the purposes of instruction, have spoken out the truth plainly in works of sober reason, La Bruyere stands foremost. To estimate his writings and ability with justice, we should consider when he wrote, and his topics of discussion. In his time there had appeared no *Spectator*, no *Tatler*; there were no manuals of popular philosophy and criticism; nor any general observer and censor of the characters and manners of the age. For, having been the first of his nation to note down, discriminate, and reflect upon, the persons and occurrences passing before him, and the thoughts and observations of his own mind, he certainly deserves high consideration. It is true many opinions, then new and lately discovered, are mere truisms now; this, though it diminishes the value of his book, by no means lessens his own merit. The same might be asserted of all the old writers, yet would it be harsh in the extreme to deny their genuine originality. The title of his great work is, "The Characters; or the Manners of the Present Age." It has the great merit, which very many cannot claim, of declaring its aim and general scope. But, like all other great writings, there are many truths contained in it fit for all ages, and which, though they may grow old, can never die. "I borrowed," says he, very modestly, "the subject matter of this book from the Public." And richly has he repaid the debt. It is a general epitome of his observations and reflections on a variety of subjects, all deeply interesting to every man of sense and discernment. He ranges from polite learning to the pulpit,

and carefully traverses the intermediate grounds. Society, and the passions which exist there, the faculties to ensure success in it, and the manifold hues of those who mingle in it, is, however, his grand and favorite theme. He was, perhaps, a little too much of a courtier and gentleman moralist ; but is that wonderful in a man who breathed the parasitical air of a court, over which one of the most arbitrary and self-loving sovereigns that ever lived presided ? But there did arise a manifest disadvantage from this, since it presented to his view characters almost purely artificial. In painting these he is very happy ; but all his skill deserts him when he takes up one purely natural. In addition to this, all his portraits were contemporaries, giving a local character to his work, which must have made it, as indeed it was, highly popular at the time, though since much neglected. But though local and mostly artificial with but very few exceptions, he still touches off their traits in a masterly style. Perhaps no man ever lived of a finer and more delicate vein of observation. He gives the broad features and the subtler parts of a character with equal fidelity, force, and finish. Passing over his portraits of bishops and dukes, for whom nobody cares a rush, I will enumerate but four, each of which is perfect. The absent man, made famous by Addison's mention of him in the *Spectator*, is most admirable. As it may be readily turned to, I will not quote it, but give the three others, of Rabelais, Lafontaine, and Corneille—all Frenchmen in whom he took generous pride, and writers whom no subsequent critic has ever anatomized with one half of his skill. The translation is by Rowe, the dramatist.

"Rabelais is incomprehensible ; his book is an explicable enigma, a mere chimera ; a woman's face with the feet and tail of a serpent, or some beast more deformed ; a monstrous connection of fine and ingenious morality with a mixture of beastliness ; where 'tis bad, 'tis abominable, and fit for the diversion of the stable ; and where good, 'tis exquisite, and may entertain the most delicate."

The following is a portrait of Lafontaine, a fac simile of our delightful English poet, Gay :

"A person who appears dull, sottish, and stupid, knows neither how to speak or to relate what he has seen—if he sets to write, no man does it better ; he makes animals, stones, and trees talk, and every thing which cannot talk ; his works are full of nothing but elegance, easy, natural sense and delicacy."

Corneille concludes the noble triumvirate :

"Another is plain, timorous, and tiresome in conversation ; mistakes one word for another, and judges not of the goodness of his writings but by the money they bring him in ; knows not to recite

or read his own hand. Leave him to compose, and he is not inferior to Augustus, Pompey, Nicodemus, and Heraclius; he is a king, and a great king; a politician, a philosopher; he describes the Romans, and they are greater and more Romans in his verse than in their history."

It was seldom, however, he had such men to sit to him for their portraits; he passes short but pithy criticisms on Molière, Bossuet, and several other of his great contemporaries; but on none is a judgment passed more fastidiously correct, or a compliment more delicately as well as heartily expressed, than on those just quoted.

But his particular excellence lay not so much in portrait, as in general reflection. He had a thorough knowledge of the heart, and could trace with unerring skill the sinuous windings of the affections. He was also completely acquainted with all the mixed modes of artificial life. On all serious topics he is earnest and apparently sincere, nor did he fall into the slough of French philosophy, Atheism. On the contrary, he never alludes to the Supreme Being without respect and awe. His general cast of mind was that of one governed by the strictest rules of propriety, not one anxious to be distinguished as well by a glaring defect as any thing else. Judgment predominated over his other faculties, though he also possessed keen wit, the acutest penetration, fine sentiment, and finished taste. As an author, though far from voluminous, his only other works being a translation of Theophrastus' characters, and a few addresses to the French Academy, he is remarkably well versed in all the arts and niceties of composition. To substantiate this latter assertion, I will only produce three or four passages:

"'Tis as much a trade to make a book, as to make a watch; there's something more than wit requisite to make an author."

"We think of things differently, and express them in a term altogether as different: by a sentence, an argument, or some other figure, a parallel, a simple comparison, by a story at length or a single passage, by a description or a picture."

"To express truth, is to write naturally, forcibly, and delicately."

"The pleasure of criticizing takes away from us the pleasure of being sensibly touched with the finest things," &c.

I might multiply extracts, but must give others of a different kind. To determine his fine insight into the ways of the world, pages might be taken almost indiscriminately from the body of the work, but a few sentences must suffice. The following two sentences are worthy of the subtlest politician that ever "*schemed* his hour upon the stage."

"He is far gone in cunning, who makes other people believe he is but indifferently cunning."

"Amongst such as out of cunning hear all and talk little, do you talk less ; or if you will talk much, speak little to the purpose."

One would think the writer of this must have been a mere knave and an arrant dissembler, yet was he a man of almost feminine sensibility. This, at least, should prove it, (allowing his sincerity) :

"A fine face is the finest of all sights ; and the sweetest music, the sound of her voice whom we love."

Another remark displayed his knowledge of the inconstant fair :

"The women of the world look on a gardener as a gardener, and a mason as a mason. Your recluse ladies look on a mason as a man and a gardener as a man."

His idea of the pleasantest company is, after all, the true one :

"The best society and conversation is that in which the heart has a greater share than the head."

A thousand other admirable maxims are on the tip of my pen, but my space forbids going much further.

In fine, the mind of La Bruyere was not one of great capacity, nor of extreme loftiness, nor yet was it very profound. But it was as nice, delicate, acute, and of as fine a grain within its limits, as that of any man that ever lived.

There is but but one other French author with whom La Bruyere can be compared, and that is Rochefoucauld ; though the latter has published so little that he can hardly be called an author. Still, he is an original thinker, a character few authors can boast. They were both of them men who looked upon the world and its doings with the calm eyes of philosophers and men of the world. They had both the same solidity of judgment and quickness of observation. As writers, they both exhibited powers of great condensation, and employed the same brilliant axiomatic style.

The general character of his morality is not of a very lofty or unattainable nature, but suited to men of business and men of the world. He was in prose what Pope was in poetry, the author for the man of sense. He further possessed a great deal of true wit of the kind that grows out of shrewdness and caustic satire. Although he never (wisely) pretended to form a system, or pompously to usher in a new discovery, yet he has certainly said some new things on the most familiar topics. Where the matter of his remarks is old, the manner compensates for it. The latter is fresh and sparkling, and produces the same effect upon the reader as fine elocution does on an auditor.



## EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THE thirteenth Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design opened on the 24th ultimo. We have had opportunity only for a hasty survey of the pictures, and hardly have space even for a brief notice. But we cannot refrain from expressing our surprise and regret, that an Academy of so much pretension as this—one which calls itself National and is Metropolitan—and which makes such a handsome parade of professorships at the outset of its catalogues, should not have provided itself, ere now, with a suitable Exhibition Hall or Gallery. In the present rooms of the Academy, the light falls only on the lower part of the walls; the upper row of pictures is hidden in a miserable, dingy shadow. The gallery of the Boston Athenæum accommodates twice the number of pictures; and every one of them hangs in such a light that it can be seen and appreciated.

Since some of the pictures at Clinton Hall must hang in the shade, doubtless those of the least merit should be the sufferers. But if this was the intention of those who arranged the exhibition, we cannot admire their judgment in the selection. For instance, we noticed a number of Portraits by Mr. C. G. Thompson; painted, as any connoisseur will pronounce, in a spirited, correct, artist-like manner, without any attempt to catch the eye by affected coloring or humbug contrasts of light and shade. Pray, why do four of these five portraits occupy the worst positions in the saloon, while a large quantity of very indifferent things, by Agate, Swain, Whitehorne, and others, ill-drawn, void of expression, and in some instances ridiculously colored, are hung in the best lights? Is it because these latter gentlemen are members of the Academy? What cares the public for that? This is a public exhibition, and should be so arranged as to accommodate those who visit it. To them, trash is trash, though painted by an Academician.

Again, we have to complain, not only that the walls are very partially and unequally illuminated, but that the best light admitted to them is very poor; being strained, as it were, through a cotton cloth, which is stretched across the whole of

the ceiling-window. In working its way, first through the window, and then through the semi-opacity of this awning, we may say with Shakspeare "light thickens." It loses its liveliness, its warmth, its brilliancy,—in short, all its vital and skyey qualities. And not one of the pictures that languishes under its dull, cold incidence at Clinton Hall, but would be revived by being transferred to any parlor in the city that boasts a northern exposure.

The windows of a Picture Gallery should rise vertically from the roof, and should be screened on that side only where the sun shines directly upon them; on the east in the morning, on the south in the middle of the day, and on the west in the afternoon.

The evening illumination at Clinton Hall, by gas light, is quite insufficient; but satisfactory, we suppose, to evening visitors, for it surpasses the Museum. A Museum and a Picture Gallery are just about on a level in the evening, and visited by much the same sort of people. Surely no lover of art would attempt to judge of a picture, or to enjoy it, in a gas-lighted show-room. Wax images, stuffed monsters, and Mons. Dubuffé's "Grand Moral Paintings," from Genesis and Don Juan, are the proper subjects for such a mode of exhibition.

We must confess, however, that a considerable portion of the works, especially of the portraits, at present suspended in the Academic saloon, have good cause to exclaim, "Hide me from day's garish eye!" A dim light becomes them; and, in our opinion, one that should barely "make darkness visible," would suit some of their complexions best. We have in our mind's eye the carrot-colored young Florist, (218) by Mr. J. H. Shegogue, and his Boys with Birds, (96); the Portrait of a Girl, (227) by Mr. Rossiter—colours, black and pink; Portrait, (21) by Mr. F. Fink; a vast full length, by Mr. Fowler, (66) of an unhappy looking Lady and Child, with a furious salmagundi back-ground, representing a complete assortment of bad weather; Portraits 8 and 284, by Mr. Marchant; 274 and 283, of a dirty, gray complexion, by Mr. Whitehorne; the pair of rhubarb-colored portraits, (255 and 262) by Mr. Swain; and the Portrait of a Young Lady, with arms like sugar-candy, (306) by Mr. Agate. The last three or four gentlemen are Academicians.

A few other extraordinary works of art, which deserve to keep company with the above-mentioned, we forbear designating, being advised by the catalogue that they are the productions of ladies.

Portrait 246 is painted in Mr. C. C. Ingham's best style, with exquisite delicacy and transparency of tint, and finished like

a miniature. But certainly this is not a first-rate style—it is not the style of a master. It requires close inspection, and loses something of its effect at a few yards' distance. No. 219, by the same artist, represents wax rather than flesh; and is very uncomfortably drawn; but the figured dress is prettily worked up.

The heads of Professor Ingraham, by Mr. C. G. Thompson, and of Dr. Foresti by Mr. Gambardella, are well painted, with a deep tone of coloring and chiaroscuro not un-Rembrandt-like.

Inman's Forrest, and his Portrait of a Lady, (258) are painted in a fine, bold, free style; the action of both heads is very spirited and lifelike. The same is true of 298, a Child, by this artist. But why will he begrime people's complexions so sadly? One would think that a quantity of coal-dust had lighted on the face of the Lady in 201; besides, the head is much too large in this figure, and the foot too small. A painter of Mr. Inman's reputation ought not to draw so carelessly.

We are afraid that Master Powell, who, we learn, has become a pupil of Mr. Inman, is copying some of his master's faults or mannerisms. 'Tis as disagreeable to encounter an unwashed-looking face on the canvass as any where else. To our thinking, such "a counterfeit presentment" of a tidy, genteel person, is "most tolerable and not to be endured."

In 99 by Frothingham, and 91 by Thompson, you meet two charmingly clean looking faces, painted with much sweetness and sobriety. The former is beautifully stippled, and the half-tint, in the latter, so far as it can be descried on its lofty perch, evinces a very gentle and happy touch.

Mr. W. Page is undoubtedly a young man of genius. His portrait of a Lady (315) is not the best in the rooms, but perhaps indicates the most originality. It is a bold and successful experiment; for, without any deep colors, and almost without shadows, it is a beautiful picture, although, of course, not calculated for distant effect. The heads in 27, by the same artist, are well conceived and well executed. There is nothing common-place in them. They are evidently the product of a thoughtful imagination. The figures are faulty, but the painter is young.

We regret that this exhibition has been so little enriched by contributions from the artists of Philadelphia and Boston. Our eyes were refreshed, however, by encountering in one corner of the smaller saloon two portraits, one of Mrs. Wood, and one of a painter, with pallet in hand, in which we instantly recognized the flesh-like tints, the easy touch, and fine natural effects of Neagle's pencil. This gentleman may be considered the most eminent pupil of Sully's; and his superb picture of

Patrick Lyon does honor to himself and to American art. In the larger saloon hangs a Portrait, by Alexander of Boston, painted in that rich, sober, accurate style which characterises him, and which has resulted from the studies pursued by him, with a truly artist-like devotion, in the galleries of Rome.

Mr. Mount represents a clear white skin, or a clear white cambric, very prettily.

His pictures, 95 and 231, have much that we like in them. The feminine head in the former is wonderfully *naïve* and engaging.

Many other pictures, at this exhibition, which deserve notice, especially landscapes, we will endeavor to find space for in our next number. Among them are two splendid large landscapes, by Cole, in his usual gorgeous style; and two others, by Livingston, marked for sale. In these, there is a good deal that is definite, vigorous and masterly. It is in extent and clearness of view that these, like nearly all modern landscapes, are most remarkably inferior to those of the old masters. To occupy the foreground with two or three trees or other objects, painted elaborately handsome, and pile up the back-ground with ruins, and mountains, and clouds, is an easy task compared with spreading out on the canvass a great extent of country, under an open sky, allowing the eye to travel away, over a whole region of land and water, to a distant horizon. This Domenichino used to do, and Claude, and so did Poussin, and Vernet; and our own Allston, in some of his earlier pieces, has nobly rivalled them.

### SONNET,

AFTER READING WORDSWORTH.

I too would be a poet—Oh! how oft,  
 When pouring o'er some bright-inspired page,  
 Where Genius revels in his noblest rage,  
 And bids the drooping spirit look aloft—  
 How often then have gushed the burning tears  
 Of eager wishfulness, of trembling hope,  
 That I might also thus the fountains ope  
 Of grief and joy, of sympathy, of fears!  
 Why may I not? why this intense desire?  
 Why pants my mind to body forth its thought  
 And give its airy nothings place and name?  
 Why melts my heart, with soft emotions fraught?  
 Why glows my bosom with indignant fire?  
 Why yearn I ever for the wreath of fame? R. M. W.

## REVIEWS.

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*History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholic.* By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. In 3 volumes. Boston: American Stationers' Company.

CONSIDERING the number of English writers who have taken their themes from the checkered annals of the Spanish Peninsula, it seems a little remarkable that the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella—the most interesting period of its whole history—should not have been treated of before this time. This reign furnishes the most copious and varied materials for the philosophical historian, not only in the brilliant military achievements of the Great Captain and others, which give to the page of the narrative all the glow and warmth of chivalrous adventure; but also in the wise and statesman-like policy which consolidated the various kingdoms of Spain into one empire, and enacted such judicious regulations for their government. The character of the sovereigns, too, is such as inspires the historian's pen. Ferdinand was wise, cautious, brave, and politic; and though not without defects, was, in character and capacity, very much above the average level of crowned heads; while in Isabella we see the highest qualities of the sovereign combined with the loveliest traits of the woman in such a manner that we almost distrust the record of history, and imagine that she could not have been any thing else than a creation of the fancy,—an ideal queen, and not one who actually lived and ruled.

This admirable subject has fallen into hands amply qualified to do it full justice. Mr. Prescott brings to his task that which is among the highest, if not the very highest, qualification of a historian,—patient and unwearied industry in the investigation of facts. The extent and depth of his researches would be admirable under any circumstances; but when we view them in connexion with the disadvantages under which he labored, owing to the partial blindness with which he was afflicted (and which are related with singular gracefulness and modesty in the preface) they become truly astonishing. Any future treatise on the "Pursuit of Knowledge under difficulties" would be imperfect without a reference to this work. He has been able to avail himself, not only of the assistance of every printed work, even the most rare and curious, but of a great many manu-

scripts, some of which had not been disturbed from their sleep of centuries till they were transcribed for his use ; and has consequently been able to verify every fact, even the most minute, by such a reference to original authorities as admits of no discussion.

The fruits of his long and assiduous toils Mr. Prescott has presented to us, not with the minute and uninteresting prolixity of a dull chronicler, but with that luminous method and orderly disposition of parts which characterize the philosophical historian. Every thing has its due weight and prominence ; nothing is neglected, and nothing is invested with unreasonable or unwarrantable importance. In narrating the events of war, and giving the biography of the leading personages who played their parts upon the stage, he does not forget to give us glimpses of the actual state of society, and of the mass of the people, of their rights, privileges, the laws by which they were governed and protected, and of the progress made by them in liberty, intelligence, and comfort. Especially is he copious and ample in his details of literary history, and shows every where the respect of a true scholar for men of letters and men of genius.

The general tone and pervading sentiment of the work greatly enhance its literary merit. The author's sympathies are always on the right side. He is a lover of his race, and has a generous trust in their capacity for progress and improvement. Severe studies have not chilled the genial current of the soul. He praises warmly where praise is due, and censures without bitterness or asperity where truth requires him to do so. We perceive none of that cold, sneering skepticism which chills us in the elaborate pages of Gibbon. Characters of exalted merit—such as Isabella, Cardinal Ximenes, and Columbus—he delights to dwell upon ; and he paints them with a vividness of coloring and breadth of design which remind one of the pencil of Clarendon.

His style is easy and graceful, without having any very marked peculiarities. It easily accommodates itself to the nature of the subject ; and is dignified without being stiff, and simple without being careless. Less stately than that of Gibbon, and less elaborate than that of Robertson, we think it a style which will wear better than either of them.

We are sensible how imperfect a notice we have given of this admirable work ; but without going into an elaborate analysis of its contents, it would have been very difficult to do otherwise. It deserves "large draughts of unqualified praise" and we know of none of the qualifications of a great history, in which it is deficient. It will elevate the literary character of our own country abroad, and take a permanent rank among the classics of the language. The author has entirely exhausted the subject, and left little or nothing to be gleaned by any one who may come after him.

We cannot dismiss these volumes without commending the beautiful style in which they are printed. They are published by the American Stationers' Company in Boston, and are very creditable to the taste and skill of all persons engaged in getting them up.

*The Wonders of the Heavens ; being a popular view of Astronomy.* By DUNCAN BRADFORD.

WE are told, in the preface of this excellent work, that the main purpose kept constantly in view in its preparation was to make the subject plain and interesting to the people ; and that it had been kept too much out of their sight heretofore, by mingling with it mathematics to such a degree as to alarm the tyro in astronomy, even at his setting out. This last observation is true—very true ; and the first is founded on good sense and a proper view of the whole matter. Where is there, we would like to know, the people that will acknowledge, or can be expected to acknowledge, interest in a science, whose great secrets, and principles, and beauties, are set forth in a manner which has all the coldness and mere percision of a set of mathematical problems, and in a style which is as distant from the minds of “the majority” as are the stars and “signs” in these heavens above us from the little earth over which they gleam ! Where, we should be happy to know, can the men and women be found, at this time of day, who would rest content with a few astronomical truths or general observations upon some of the most interesting subjects which can stir them, when they are satisfied that the age has done and is doing so much towards an arrival at *particulars* in reference to those subjects—which particulars so rationally excite us all, as a sort of household knowledge, to a common participation and a common pursuit of it !

We like the religious as well as sensible view taken of the whole theme of the “Wonders of the Heavens,” by this writer. There is a praiseworthy feeling which leads him to a continual reference ; from the great miracles of the endless creation which is about and over us all, to their still greater Creator. He sees the earth, in the wonder of its motion—in the regularity of its seasons—in the ordering of its colors—and in the thousand beauties which it presents under its thousand aspects ; and his pleasure seems to be, because he feels it a duty, to direct the minds of *all* men to it, and to those numberless particulars, through a firm belief that the intellects of the whole people can be made to understand and appreciate the great truths which he teaches.

This unity and simplicity of purpose in preparing a work of this character ought to be approved and encouraged. The whole mass of men are ready enough to look upon the sky with wonder—so their attention get once directed to it ; but the difficulty has been, for ages, to create a healthy and natural spirit of inquiry, or to satisfy it by a healthy and natural interpretation. Astonishment and a fearful superstition have ever been uppermost in the minds of those who were inclined to question of the stars and their courses, and a sort of magician’s pride has been more apt than knowledge to mark the minds of those whom men have been for centuries

ready to regard and point to as masters in this great lore of the heavens and the earth.

Men are now seeking for instruction in every thing ; and of all simplifying, the simplifying of science is most essential, and in the end has a tendency to do the most good. It brings home *great* truths with all the force of every-day and *small* ones, and with their super-added and intrinsic value. It increases the inclination of the mind to examine, and in this way to enlarge, the boundaries of all that knowledge which it should be the object of a good spirit of inquiry to extend, because of the general truth that additional happiness comes with additional information.

There is yet enough for unnumbered years of labor, and the unceasing exertion of busy and benevolent spirits, in the wonders of the heavens that are not yet revealed. They are still behind the veil. But the determination of man is, more and more, to lift that veil, and scatter the light which beams behind it. It is much to boast of, that such advance has been made, and is making in the cause of science, in so many directions—that the mind of Newton is brought down so much nearer than it once was, to the minds of all—and that the disposition to make knowledge *popular*, is so much stronger than to make it *only a matter of wonder*.

*The Deserted Bride, and other Poems.* By GEORGE P. MORRIS. New-York: Adlard & Saunders, 1838.

No inconsiderable degree of credit must attach to the author who has written songs and ballads which we believe are sung throughout the world—at least wherever there is taste and cultivation enough for a piano or a musical voice. Mr. Morris's song of *THE OAK* is a universal favorite, that has been sung and admired any night this past winter among innumerable assemblies of ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Russell has carried it with him through the United States ; it is set to music, we believe, in London, and is or ought to be popular at Constantinople and in China. This is preserved in the volume before us,—printed on satin paper in the choicest luxury of the art—among other pieces of verse, like a rich oak leaf laid among the exotics in an herbarium.

The poetry of Mr. Morris is elegant and graceful ; he does not write with the ancient iron stylus, graving hard-featured characters on stiff rolls of parchment, but handles a delicate crow quill. His light, flowing, melodious verse humors the amenities of life. He writes always in a happy mood of good-nature and cheerfulness. We will warrant he pens his musical lines either in the country of a sunny summer's morning, or in the city after a cheerful evening tea-table. Mr. Morris's lighter effusions are his best ; these he writes with a skill peculiarly his own. In the composition of an



epilogue or a prologue, he is always at home. These are devoted to benevolence as well as taste. In running our mind over the recollections of the last few years, we know no happier instances of effect than the display of wealth and beauty assembled on one of the benefit nights at the Park Theatre; while the audience is listening to one of these prologues trippingly recited by Mrs. Richardson in a satin dress before the foot lights. In the arrangement of these Benefits, Mr. Morris was an active manager. We remember once there was inextricable confusion in the house of Saturn; or, in other words, the theatrical Stars for a while were in a state of rebellion; at length, however, they settled themselves into a lucky horoscope for Cooper or Knowles, and shed their selectest golden influence from the boards. Major Noah wrote one of his piquant paragraphs in the Star, pitied Mr. Morris, who, like Phaeton of old, was sadly thrown out and perplexed among the stars (in the difficulties and jealousies of rival actors), and concluded by good-humoredly advising him after Paul Pry never to do a good-natured thing again as long as he lived. Mr. Morris immediately replied in best terms possible, that, so far from following his advice, he would go on and do as many of them as he could. He has kept his word often since then, and has done one of the most benevolent things possible just at this moment in giving the present chaste and elegant volume to the world in the midst of these hard times.

Had we room we might select many sparkling gems from this tasteful casket. We do not discover a false quantity in any stanza. The metre floats as easily, and the thoughts rise as gracefully as wreaths of smoke in the void of a breezeless sky. Besides their great popularity when wedded to music, these poems have enjoyed a widely extended reputation in the various journals of the country. In their collective state they have been already highly extolled; and, what is very remarkable for a book of poetry in this century, the first edition is, we learn, nearly disposed of. We hope that the author will give us a second—to which many brilliants may be added from the same fanciful mine.

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*The Motley Book; a Series of Tales and Sketches, with illustrations; by the late BEN SMITH. Numbers III. IV. New-York: James Turney, Jr. 55 Gold Street, 1838.*

THESE have greater variety and more diversified humor than former numbers. The author seems to discover new veins of ore the deeper he enters into his subject. There is a freshness and originality about this work which we look for in vain among other contemporary productions of the same class. The third number contains the Vision of Dr. Nicholas Grim, a most ingenious dabbler in the science of physic, whose study looked directly upon the graveyard, a position not a little singular, as he was thereby reminded

that not a few of his patients lay slumbering there. This worthy was the great discoverer of the Pioneer Pill, whose wonderful performances are related at length, and with great gusto. The 'Vision' contains a picture of perfect quiet in the description of a twilight scene in the Doctor's studio. The re-appearance of the Doctor's old patients is narrated with the precision and solemnity befitting so grave and ghostly a subject. The Quaker's letter is irresistibly humorous and faithful to the life. The Melancholy Vagabond, the subject of the next sketch, is a very sad and gentlemanlike personage, who brings his career to an immature conclusion. The Merry-maker's Exploit, No. 1, follows, a token of good things to come. The best sketch of all, however, is "The Great Charter Contest;" it is minute and true to the life, and, though published previously, might be preserved as an historical portrait of the various picturesque scenes of the late election.

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*Collections of the Rhode Island Historical Society.* Vol. IV.  
Providence. 1838. Svo. pp. 272.

THE Rhode Island Historical Society is making itself favorably known by its valuable contributions to American History. The present volume, which is just issued from the press, furnishes another proof of the active and efficient zeal that characterizes its proceedings. We have seldom met with a better specimen of what appears to us the right kind of labor for such associations,—the collection, judicious arrangement, and illustration of materials for State history. The volume consists of a re-publication of Callender's *Century Discourse*, published originally in 1739, on the civil and religious affairs of the Colony of Rhode Island, from the settlement in 1633 to the end of the first century. "This," says the editor, "is the only history of the Colony or State of Rhode Island which has been written; and, though small, it is a noble and enduring monument to the talent and piety of its author. It is written with great fidelity, is distinguished by solid and profound philosophical views, and by an ardent attachment to the principles of civil and religious freedom."

This reprint is preceded by a Memoir of the author, the Rev. John Callender, a distinguished clergyman of Newport, R. I.; to which are appended several biographical notices of eminent individuals, and among others, of the celebrated Bishop Berkeley, who, as is well known, passed several years at Newport in the early part of the last century. The appendix to the volume is composed of similar pieces of biography, together with various valuable documents, some of which possess great interest and importance, all tending to throw light on the early condition of the Colony of Roger Williams. It appears from the Preface, that the editorship of the volume devolved

on Professor Elton of Brown University, the other members of the Publishing Committee of the Society having committed the task to this gentleman, who appears to have performed it with singular fidelity.

The following notice of Bishop Berkeley, from the pen of Professor Elton, is a favorable specimen of the work. The last stanza of the short poem written by the Bishop during his residence at Newport, with which the article closes, is often quoted for its prophetic character. The *Italicised* line in the poem seems to have been appropriated by Lord Byron :—

"Dr. GEORGE BERKELEY was born at Kilkrin, in Ireland, in 1684. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he distinguished himself by his literary attainments and the superior powers of his mind. He became a Fellow of Trinity College in 1707; and was created D. D. in 1717. By the recommendation of Swift, he accompanied, as chaplain and secretary, the celebrated Earl of Peterborough, who was appointed ambassador to Sicily; and afterwards, when disappointed in his expectations of preferment, he spent four years on the Continent as travelling tutor to the son of Dr. Ashe, Bishop of Clogher. Shortly after his return to London in 1721, he was appointed chaplain to the lord lieutenant of Ireland, the Duke of Grafton. By a legacy of Miss Vanhomrigh, the Vanessa of Swift, his fortune was considerably increased. In 1724, on being promoted to the Deanry of Derry, he resigned his Fellowship. He now published his proposals for the conversion of the American savages to Christianity, by the establishment of a College in the Bermuda Islands. The plan was favorably received; and he obtained a charter for a College, in which he was named the first President. He received, also, from Sir Robert Walpole, a promise of a grant of twenty thousand pounds to carry it into effect. Having resigned his living, worth eleven thousand pounds per annum, and all his hopes of preferment, he set sail for the field of his distant labors, with his family, and three Fellows of Trinity College, and several literary and scientific gentlemen. He landed at Newport, after a tedious passage of five months, January 23, 1729. His arrival is thus announced in the New-England Weekly Journal:

"NEWPORT, January 24, 1729.

"Yesterday arrived here, Dean Berkeley, of Londonderry, in a pretty large ship. He is a gentleman of middle stature, of an agreeable, pleasant, and erect aspect. He was ushered into the town with a great number of gentlemen, to whom he behaved after a very complaisant manner. 'Tis said he purposes to tarry here with his family about three months.'

"The following extract of a letter was written by Dean Berkeley to Thomas Prior, Esq., of Dublin, soon after his arrival at Newport:

"NEWPORT, in Rhode Island, April 24, 1729.

"I can by this time say something to you, from my own experience, of this place and people. The inhabitants are of a mixed kind, consisting of many sects and subdivisions of sects. Here are four sorts of Anabaptists, besides Presbyterians, Quakers, Independents, and many of no profession at all. Notwithstanding so many differences, here are fewer quarrels about religion than elsewhere, the people living peaceably with their neighbors of whatsoever persuasion. They all agree in one point, that the church of England is the second best. The climate is like that of Italy, and not colder in the winter than I have known it everywhere north of Rome. The spring is late; but to make amends, they assure me the autumns are the finest and longest in the world; and the summers are much pleasanter than those of Italy by all accounts, forasmuch the grass continues green, which it doth not there. This island is pleasantly laid out in hills, and vales and rising grounds, hath plenty of excellent springs and fine rivulets, and many delightful landscapes of rocks and promontories, and adjacent lands. The provisions are very good, so are the fruits, which are quite neglected, though

vines sprout up of themselves to an extraordinary size, and seem as natural to this soil as to any I ever saw. The town of Newport contains about six thousand souls, and is the most thriving place in all America for bigness. It is very pretty, and pleasantly situated. I was never more agreeably surprised than at the first sight of the town and harbor.'

"Soon after his arrival, the Dean purchased a country seat and farm about three miles from Newport, and there erected a house which he named Whitehall. He was admitted a freeman of the Colony, at the General Assembly, in May, 1729. He resided at Newport about two years and a half, and often preached at Trinity Church. Though he was obliged to return to Europe without effecting his original design, yet his visit was of great utility in imparting an impulse to the literature of our country, particularly in Rhode-Island, and Connecticut. During his residence on the Island of Rhode-Island, he meditated and composed his *Alciphron*, or Minute Philosopher, and tradition says, principally at a place about half a mile southerly from Whitehall. There, in the most elevated part of the Hanging Rocks, (so called,) he found a natural alcove, roofed and open to the south, commanding at once a beautiful view of the ocean and the circumjacent islands. This place is said to have been his favorite retreat. His Minute Philosopher was published in London, in 1732, shortly after his return. This acute and ingenious defence of the Christian religion, is written in a series of dialogues after the model of Plato. It contains many allusions to the scenery about his residence on Rhode-Island. In the introduction, he alludes, with the resignation of a Christian philosopher, to the miscarriage of his plan, in founding a College. He says:

"I flattered myself, Theages, that before this time I might have been able to have sent you an agreeable account of the success of the affair that brought me into this remote corner of the country. But instead of this, I should now give the detail of the miscarriage, if I did not choose to entertain you with some incidents which have helped to make me easy under the circumstance which I could never obviate nor foresee. Events are not always in our power, but it always is to make a good use of the very worst. And I must needs own, the course and event of this affair gave me opportunity for reflections that make me some amends for a great loss of time, pains and expense. For several months past, I enjoyed much liberty and leisure in this distant retreat.'

"To Bishop Berkeley, the literary institutions of New-England are much indebted. He visited Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1731, and during his residence at Newport, augmented the library of Harvard College by valuable donations of the Latin and Greek classics. To Yale College he presented eight hundred and eighty volumes, and, on his departure from Newport, he gave the Whitehall estate, consisting of his mansion and one hundred acres of land, for three scholarships in Latin and Greek. After his return to England, in 1733, he sent a magnificent organ, as a donation to Trinity Church, in Newport, which is still in constant use, and bears an inscription, which perpetuates the generosity of the donor.

"Parliament having failed to afford him that assistance for the establishment of a College, which had been promised, his project miscarried. After he had spent more than seven years of the prime of his life, and a large part of his private fortune, in endeavors to accomplish it, he returned to England.

"In 1734, he was raised to the See of Cloyne, and, twelve years after, he refused the offer from lord Chesterfield of a translation to the Bishopric of Clogher. In the discharge of his high office, his generosity was conspicuous in the sacrifices he made, as well as in the tokens of his beneficence which he scattered around him. When, in consequence of the infirmities of age, he was unable to attend to his episcopal duties, he was unwilling to receive the emoluments of his Bishopric, and generously signed over the demesne lands to be renewed at a yearly rent of two hundred pounds sterling, which sum, by his orders, was distributed among the poor. In 1752 he retired to Oxford, that he might pass the remainder of his days in learned leisure, and for the purpose of superintending the education of his son.

"This excellent man died suddenly and calmly at Oxford, January 14, 1753, in the seventy-third year of his age.

"Berkeley was endued with great powers of mind, and possessed of vast stores of erudition. His intellectual and moral qualities conspired to form in him a character of high and attractive excellence. The learned Bishop Atterbury said of him: 'So much of understanding, so much knowledge, so much innocence, and such humility, I did not think had been the portion of any but angels, until I saw this gentleman.' Pope, who, as a friend knew him well, described him as possessed of 'every virtue under heaven.'

"The following verses were written by Bishop Berkeley during his residence in Newport:

"*'On the prospect of planting Arts and Learning in America.'*

"The muse, disgusted at an age and clime,  
Barren of every glorious theme,  
In distant lands now waits a better time,  
Producing subjects worthy fame:'

"In happy climes, where from the genial sun  
And virgin earth fresh scenes ensue,  
The force of art by nature seems outdone,  
And fancied beauties by the true:

"In happy climes, the seat of innocence,  
Where nature guides and virtue rules,  
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense  
The pedantry of courts and schools:

"There shall be sung another golden age,  
The rise of empire and of arts,  
The good and great inspiring epic rage,  
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.'

"*Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;*  
Such as she bred when fresh and young,  
When heavenly flame did animate the clay  
By future ages shall be sung.'

"Westward the course of empire take its way;  
The four first acts already past,  
A fifth shall close the drama of the day;  
Time's noblest offspring is the last.'"

"The following extract is from the letter sent by the First Baptist Church in Boston to the Congregational Church in Cambridge, when Mr. Condy was to be ordained:

"*'To the Church of Christ in Cambridge, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Appleton.*

"*Honoured and beloved in the Lord:*

"This is to request you to send your Reverend Elders and Messengers to assist in the ordination of our elected Pastor, on the second Wednesday in February next. A request of the like tenor with this we have made to the churches in Boston, under the care of the Rev. Messrs. Webster and Gray, and Mr. William Hooper.

"Honored and beloved, we heartily wish you all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus, the glorious head of the Church. We are, in behalf and by order of the Church, your affectionate brethren in the Gospel,

"SHEM BROWN, Deacon.

"JOHN CALLENDER.

"JAMES BOUND.

"BENJ. LANDON.

"JOHN PROCTOR.'"

*The Life of Grimaldi.* Edited by Charles Dickens—(Boz.)  
Philadelphia: Carey, Lea and Blanchard.

No two things could well be more at variance than the expectation awakened by the title of these volumes and their real character. The life of the best and drollest clown, probably, that ever lived, by the most successful comic writer of the day—not excepting even "*Boy Hood*"—is of course taken up by every reader with a broad grin upon his countenance in anticipation, and a full assurance of being treated to "lots of fun;" and instead thereof, he finds it a quiet, simple narrative, tracing the personal history of a very quiet, kind-hearted person, whom every body respected off the stage, and whose characteristics in private life were the very antipodes of those which made him the idol for so many years of a fun-loving public. The Grimaldi of Mr. Dickens is a totally different personage from the "Old Joe Grimaldi" of Sadler's Wells and pantomimes; and this very circumstance gives to the book most of its pleasantness. It shows, too, that Mr. Dickens is a man of taste. Nine out of ten editors would have crammed the book full of jokes—not standing much upon authenticity—and labored with all their might to show up the man as always wearing the party-colored habiliments of the professional jester. Mr. Dickens has managed the matter more justly and more skilfully. Poor old Grimaldi—he was but some forty-five when his infirmities compelled him to abandon the stage—was an honest, upright, simple-hearted creature as ever breathed; modest but gentlemanly in deportment, kind, generous and affectionate; and so totally devoid of the shrewdness that enters chiefly into the comic rascality of the clown of the English stage, that he was perpetually a sufferer in pocket by the artifices of rascals in real life. He had also many trials to undergo; in the early death of his first wife, whom he had loved almost from childhood, in the terrible and mysterious fate of his brother; in the profligacy and miserable death of his only son, and finally in the cruel bodily afflictions which racked his frame with agony, even at the very moments when he was provoking crowded houses to uproarious and continued bursts of laughter, and which compelled him at last to retire from his profession a premature old man, a helpless cripple; and but for the kindness of friends, a victim to the horrors of poverty and want. It is in this contrast of his real and his professional existence that the life of the famous clown is truly interesting; and in presenting this, Mr. Dickens has at once done justice to his subject and himself. He has produced a book not to be laughed over; on the contrary, there is much in it that partakes largely of the pathetic; but it is a book of which we would not have missed the reading for a little. Poor old Joe Grimaldi! Little did we imagine when we sat in the pit of Covent Garden, some dozen and odd years ago, and guffawed at his drolleries, that there was so much in him deserving of respect and

sympathy. Little did we know how true and kind a heart was beating under that most whimsical of visages, or what anguish of body and of mind was resisted and overcome that we might sit there and shake our sides at ease, with two or three thousand other laughing spectators. Poor old Joe Grimaldi !

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*Passages in Foreign Travel.* By ISAAC APPLETON JEWETT.  
In 2 vols. Boston : Charles C. Little & James Brown, 1838.

OF making books of travels, there is no end—nor any, indeed, of reading them. They are the most pleasant species of mental indulgence ; a cushion, as it were, on which to repose the mind, after it has been tasked by business, vexed by intricate problems or wrangling political argument. In this day they form a more refined gazette, a polished Venitian mirror that reflects the manners and aspects of society, purely and transparently in its surface. Mr. Jewett's sketches of Parisian life are quite worth a file of all the French journals and magazines published during his stay abroad. They would seem to have been written on the spot, and then thrown loosely into the travelling bag ; so evident a transcript are they of the first fresh emotions of the writer. Mr. Jewett writes as a gentleman, and man of the world and society ; one who leaves his country to observe and speculate on the world, and get a larger view of mankind than he could see at home. He does not travel as a misanthrope, or a geologist, or a botanist, or a lion-hunter, or a dyspeptic, or a book-maker, or for the name of the thing. He writes like a man of education, given to observe and reflect. Without the attempt to bend facts or opinions to any favorite theory, his occasional thoughts on manners, morals, and government, are in a philosophical vein. Among the noble creations of the fine arts in Europe, he speculates on the condition of art at home ; not disparaging his country for the absence of these forced fruits of wealth and monarchy, but commending it for laying the broad foundation for future eminence in the common, homely industry of the present :

" I rejoice that at this opening era of our national existence, the character of the American people is a practical one. I see in that character the elements of our coming glory as a literary, a scientific, an intellectual people. Through the mighty agency of that character, I see our forests levelled, our fields cultivated, our mines laid open, manufactories every where springing up, our territory intersected by railroads, our lakes and streams covered with steamboats, and our ships thronging all the ports of the world. Attendant upon this physical advancement, is wealth, national and individual. With wealth comes the fostering of science, and art, and literature. The beautiful forms of architecture may then arise amongst us. The triumphs of the chisel and the pencil may then be ours. Schools and colleges may more generally abound ; and those noble institutions of charity, which bless both giver and receiver, may every where more thickly adorn our land. This, we flatter ourselves, will be the progress of our country, and in such progress, the voice of after-ages will, we trust, be heard speaking some praise for those who consented to the stigma of being characterized as a practical, material, mechanical people."—Vol. i. p. 7.

As several of the papers in these volumes have already appeared in this magazine under the title of "Sketches of Paris," we cannot speak as we would of their merits; but of this there is the less necessity, as the reader has already had opportunity to admire their singular felicity. Mr. Jewett is happy in sketching a character—as in the elegant *habitué* of the Italian opera and the frequenters of the Rocher du Cancale. In the several chapters devoted to the cafés and eating-houses, we have a graphic, luminous presentment of certainly not an unimportant phase of Paris life. In the description of a dinner Au grand Vatel, we rise from the course philosophically impressed with a reverence for the science of gastronomy. We look upon man as a compound being, composed of soul and body, which have a mutual, harmonious relation. In order to his well-being the sensations of the body are to be pleasantly encouraged which favor an exuberance and liveliness in the powers of the mind. In fine, to think well and act well, one must dine upon French dinners. In our author's happy illustration, we see mankind bearing forward in its course under the semblance of a stout well-rigged ship, at the helm of which stands not a meagre skipper, shivering in a fear-nought and tarpaulin, but a goodly rotund cook, endued with a French cap and snow-white apron, and wielding a silver ladle, more powerful in soothing the agitated billows of life than even Neptune's trident. We commend this chapter to the eyes of Mr. Graham; perhaps, however, it would not be generally safe for gentlemen, who have pledged themselves with the recklessness of Dr. Faustus to Total Abstinence Societies, to look into it, or they might be tempted to sigh after the savory flesh-pots of Egypt.

There are a few sketches of England and Scotland, and a large part of the second volume is occupied with Italy. Mr. Jewett has adopted a classic form of writing; indeed, his work resembles a series of essays, commenting on men and things in a philosophical spirit rather than a mere traveller's journal of observation. As such, "The Passages in Foreign Travel" will have a permanent value in our literature, and the American who gives such a work to his country, has discharged his debt to society.

A word should be said for the mechanical execution of the work, which is in the most perfect style of the art. The Boston press has attained an enviable celebrity, and bids fair to rival the English editions of Pickering, *Aldi discipulus Anglus*.



## MISCELLANIES.

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**THE NEW-YORK LEGISLATURE.** The late session of this honorable body, which terminated on the 18th ultimo, has exhibited more of the spirit of independent, popular legislation, than any that has preceded it for many years. The narrow dictates of a selfish party policy were made to yield to the wider demands of the public interests. This will not be considered surprising, when we reflect upon that almost revolutionary and overwhelming expression of public sentiment, by which a large proportion, indeed almost the whole, of the members were returned. For years past the *People* have had little to do with the management of public matters. A self-instituted junto, yclept the *Albany Regency*, intent on schemes of personal aggrandizement, having seized upon the reins of power, succeeded in controlling the elections, and were enabled to give such a direction to the public councils as best accorded with their own sordid purposes. At length, however, in the course of human events, the people of the Empire State became restive under the too apparent effects of a wretched misrule, and, rising in their strength, drove the Vandals from Rome.

The popular branch of the Legislature was filled with men who owed no allegiance, except to their legitimate constituents; and coming directly from the people, espoused at once, in an open and manly spirit, such measures as would redound most to the public good, without regard to the manœuverings of party leaders. Some restraint was experienced from the remains of the old influence in the upper house, which was, to a certain extent, beyond the reach of the popular will, whose members took every occasion to defeat, when it could be done without drawing down upon them an overflowing amount of public indignation, those wise and salutary measures devised by the immediate representatives of the people for the furtherance of the public weal. And this handful of men, thus presuming to arrest the course of popular legislation, have the brazen effrontery to style themselves the *democracy* of the State.

The most important acts of the session are those providing for a further prosecution of the great system of internal improvement, by which the resources of the State will be more fully developed, and its prosperity greatly increased. On this subject one of the ablest reports ever submitted to the Legislature was produced by

Mr. Ruggles, (of the New-York City delegation) as chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means.

We hope that a copy of this admirable Report will reach every intelligent reflecting citizen, in all parts of the State. It presents a mass of facts, and a train of practical argument, that cannot fail to show, in the most impressive manner, what course of policy is demanded by the true interests of this vast community, to ensure a continuance, or rather a revival, of the general prosperity.

Among the appropriations for these great and important objects are the following: \$4,000,000 for the more speedy enlargement of the Erie canal; 3,000,000 in aid of the construction of the New-York and Erie rail-road; \$300,000 to aid in the construction of the Catskill and Canajoharie rail-road; about \$275,000 to the Owego and Ithaca rail-road; and \$200,000 to the Auburn and Syracuse rail-road.

The following extracts from the report of Mr. Ruggles will be read with interest :

" The torrent of abuse and obloquy which the canals encountered, during the first few years of their progress, as well as the more solemn doubts of some of our ablest statesmen, will long be remembered. Without adverting to names less distinguished, it needs but to state the memorable fact that Mr. Jefferson pronounced it to be utterly visionary and chimerical, and that it was 'at least a century in advance of the age.' Nor did the more decided friends of the canals appreciate, in any just degree, their pecuniary value. In the year 1821, four years after the canals had been commenced, the Comptroller of the State, in obedience to a resolution of the Legislature, prepared an estimate of their prospective revenues, in which he stated, that for the ten years next succeeding their completion, the tolls would amount annually, to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars ! The amount which was actually received during that period of ten years, exceeded ten millions of dollars. Among the names truly illustrious in the history of our canals, few are more exalted than that of Gouverneur Morris. His comprehensive intellect and ardent temperament enabled him to look far beyond most of his contemporaries into the rapidly expanding future, and yet even he fell short of the realities which the Erie canal has brought within our view. In the singularly eloquent and animated memorial by which his fame is forever connected with that great work, and in which he endeavored to enforce upon the Legislature the importance in all future time, of connecting the Hudson with the western waters, after depicting the wide-spread region around our inland seas, and its capacity to supply the means of a great and profitable commerce, he asked whether it would be deemed extravagant to predict that the canal, within twenty years, would annually bring down 250,000 tons ? The actual amount which reached the tide in 1836, was 696,347 tons, or nearly three-fold the quantity estimated by Mr. Morris ; and the total tonnage of that year, ascending and descending, exceeded thirteen thousand tons.

" The tolls of the canals in 1824, one year before their completion, were \$340,000. In the next year they reached \$566,000, and rose in 1826 to \$762,000. With the rapid progression thus strikingly exhibited, few of our citizens were inclined to believe that the canals had impoverished the treasury, or that they would prove in any way injurious to the pecuniary interests of the State. The subject was, however, presented to the public in the year 1827, in a new and unexpected light. In that year, the canal committee of the Senate, of which Mr. *Silas Wright, Jr.*\* was chairman, introduced into that body a report, made avowedly for the purpose of drawing the attention of the public to the effect which the construction of the canals had produced upon the finances of the State, and of generally diffusing among our citizens a knowledge of the real situation of the public funds. It an-

\* Principal author of the Sub-Treasury Scheme.

nounced that 'an alarming change had taken place in the public funds'—that the school fund was annually 'charging the State with a debt of \$15,000'—that the literature fund was "no longer able to answer the calls which the interests of education required should be made upon it"—that the actual income of the canals was 'highly exaggerated in the public opinion'—that their gross receipts for the year 1826, without any deduction for expenses, were but \$752,000, and paid an interest of only 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on their total cost—that the debt of the State for the canals then made or making 'would more probably be enlarged than lessened at the end of the year'—that 'so long as it thus continued to increase, its final payment was not even approaching'—that 'unless assisted by auxiliary funds, the canals would not pay their expenses, and redeem their debt within any reasonable time, if they would ever do it'—that 'the debt, with the whole aid of those funds, could not be paid off in a great number of years yet to come'—and finally, that any appropriations by the State for the purpose of constructing other works, unless they should be more productive than the Erie and Champlain canals, would 'hasten the period when direct taxation must be resorted to.'

"The feeling of despondency which this celebrated document produced among the friends of internal improvement, not only in this State, but throughout the Union, is well recollected: and yet it is somewhat surprising, that an intelligent and sagacious people should have permitted themselves for a moment to be misled by the financial view which the report professed to take. Its fallacy was obvious, consisting in the total omission to take into the account the prospective, but certain and inevitable, increase in the growth of the country and the trade of the canals, and in assuming the receipts of the year 1826 as an immutable basis. It is needless to add, that the friends of internal improvement made a resolute, though ineffectual, struggle against the doctrines and tendencies of this report. The late Governor Clinton, on the assembling of the Legislature in the year 1828, labored earnestly in his annual message to disabuse the public mind. He declared that 'the real condition of the finances had been greatly discolored and misunderstood by inaccurate views and partial examinations'—that 'fallacious statements had been mingled with the subject'—that the 'constant and progressive increase of the canal revenue, and the corresponding diminution of the debt would in a few years produce its total extinguishment'—that 'the elaborate and systematic attempts to depreciate the utility and arrest the progress of internal improvements, were equally astonishing and mortifying'—that 'the means of the State were ample, her resources great, and her credit equal to any emergency,' and he renewed, 'in the most earnest manner, his recommendations in favor of the leading objects which he had presented in his former communications.'

"The death of this great man in February of that year, withdrew from the cause of internal improvement its ablest champion, and the loss has been severely felt by the people of this State.

"The predictions of his last message as to the progressive increase of the tolls, and the extinguishment of the debt, have been fully realized. The canal tolls, which in 1826 were \$762,167, (or according to the statement of Mr. Wright, about \$752,000) amounted, in 1833, to \$1,422,695, although the rates had previously been reduced nearly 20 per cent.; and in the year 1835 to \$1,485,775, although again reduced about 15 per cent.

"On the 1st day of July, 1836, the tolls had accumulated in the hands of the Commissioners to an amount sufficient (with the aid of the auxiliary funds previously realized from the salt and auction duties) to extinguish the whole of the outstanding debt. Previously to that time, upwards of four millions had been paid in cash directly to the public creditors; and the residue, amounting to between three and four millions, was then invested in temporary loans by the Commissioners, as trustees for the holders of the balance of the debt.

"This final consummation may justly be regarded as the crowning event in the canal policy of the State, and fixes an important epoch in its fiscal history."

Another important measure, was the enactment of a General Banking Law, allowing of the organization of private banking companies on certain terms, consistent with the entire security of the public, which will enable the capitalist to use his money for the ac-

commodation of the business community, without going to the Legislature for a charter. Heretofore bank charters were favors, denied to all but the faithful adherents of *the party*, among whom, too, the stock was usually divided at the outset, that each might have an opportunity to share in the profits accruing from its rise when thrown into the market. With such small crumbs of comfort was the mass of the faithful fed from the bounty of their political leaders! Professing to be the enemies of monopoly and the friends of equal rights, they at the same time demanded the exclusive benefit of all State legislation, as well as of official appointments.

Another source of party patronage was broken up by this Legislature, in throwing open the business of selling by auction to the public generally. Hitherto auctioneers were duly appointed to office before they could exercise their calling, and none but the faithful were allowed to enjoy this humble distinction. Many of those who pursued this business, were only the agents of appointees, to whom they paid a large proportion of their fees for the privilege of selling. Thus the real incumbent, without raising the hammer, pocketed the earnings of those who performed all the work. This odious monopoly has been effectually broken up by the late assembly.

But it is not our wish to usurp the office of the political journals by going into a greater detail on these subjects, deeply as they enter into the practical concerns of the community. It sufficiently answers our purpose to glance at some of the great measures of reform carried through both houses by the persevering efforts of the practical men who have taken the places of mere politicians, and the tools of power in our halls of legislation. Let honor be given to whom honor is due, and let the people understand who are their real friends. The corrupt cabal that has so long controlled the destinies of the state, and, under the pretence of a love for the people, directed all its efforts to purposes of self-aggrandizement, in which its members have been but too successful, is at length humbled in the dust. A new and glorious era has commenced in the annals of the commonwealth; a fresh and animating spirit has been infused into its councils; and our popular form of government, instead of continuing to be a scourge, is beginning to dispense once more the blessings of general prosperity amongst us. Too much thankfulness cannot be felt for the healing balm that is thus thrown into the waters. As one state after another comes out of the cloud, and ranges itself conspicuously on the side of the great principles of constitutional freedom and Whig reform, the genius of our country cannot fail to be aroused from its long slumber, shake off like a strong man the feeble meshes with which it has been bound, and once more assume a proud position in the community of nations. The light has begun to dawn, and the period of our political degradation is drawing to a close.

**MR. WILLIS'S NEW COMEDY.**—The New-York Mirror has presented to its readers certain extracts from a comedy, which is in preparation by the author of "Bianca Visconti." It will be remembered that Bianca Visconti was a tragedy written by Mr. Willis for Miss Clifton. It was successful, and sufficiently evidenced the author's ability to accomplish himself as a dramatist of the first grade. He afterwards wrote a comedy, entitled "The Kentucky Heiress," which failed, owing partly to its intrinsic defects as an acting play, and partly to the insufficient manner in which it was represented. With the advantages of the experiences of a good and a bad play, Mr. Willis has set about writing a third; which, judging from the scenes published, promises exceedingly well. How beautiful are certain touches in the following, and how affecting it must be if well acted! It is necessary to premise that Isabella is the daughter of a poor Florentine noble, betrothed to Tortesa, a rich old hunk, but of vulgar parentage. Angelo is a young artist, who comes, by his father's direction, to paint Isabella. He is discovered at the Falcone Palace, waiting for Isabella.

*Angelo:* Did I hear footsteps? (*He listens.*) Fancy plays me tricks  
In my impatience for this lovely wonder!  
That window's to the north! The light falls cool.  
I'll set my easel here, and sketch her—Stay!  
How shall I do that? Is she proud or sweet?  
Will she sit silent, or converse and smile?  
Will she be vexed or pleased to have a stranger  
Pry through her beauty for the soul that's in it?  
Nay, then, I heard a footstep—She is here?

(*Enter ISABELLA, reading her father's missive.*)

*Isabella.* "The duke would have your picture for the duchess  
Done by this rude man, Angelo. Receive him  
With modest privacy, and let your kindness  
Be measured by his merit, not his garb."

*Angelo.* Fair lady!

*Isabella.* Who speaks?

*Angelo.* Angelo!

*Isabella.* You've come, sir,

To paint a dull face, trust me!

*Angelo. (Aside.)* (Beautiful,

Beyond all dreaming!)

*Isabella.* I've no smiles to show you,

Not ev'n a mock one! Shall I sit?

*Angelo.* No, lady!

I'll steal your beauty while you move, as well!

So you but breathe, the air stills brings to me

That which outdoes all pencilling.

*Isabella. (Walking apart.)* His voice

Is not a rude one. What a fate is mine,  
When ev'n the chance words on a poor youth's tongue,  
Contrasted with the voice which I should love,  
Seems rich and musical!

*Angelo. (To himself, as he draws.)* How like a swan,  
Drooping his small head to a lily-cup,  
She curves that neck of pliant ivory!  
I'll paint her thus!

*Isabella. (Aside.)* Forgetful where he is,  
He thinks aloud. This is, perhaps, the rudeness  
My father fear'd might ruffle me.

*Angelo.* What colour  
Can match the clear red of those glorious lips?  
Say it were possible to trace the arches,  
Shaped like the drawn bow of the god of love—  
How tint them, after?

*Isabella.* Still he thinks not of me,  
But murmurs to his picture. 'Twere sweet praise,  
Were it a lover whispering it. I'll listen,  
As I walk, still.

*Angelo.* They say, a cloudy veil  
Hangs ever at the crystal-gate of heaven,  
To bar the issue of its blinding glory,  
So droop those silken lashes to an eye  
Mortal could never paint!

*Isabella.* There's flattery,  
Would draw down angels!

*Angelo.* Now, what alchymy  
Can mock the rose and lily of her cheek!  
I must look closer on't! (*Advancing.*) Fair lady, please you,  
I'll venture to your side.

*Isabella.* Sir!  
*Angelo. (Examining her cheek.)* There's a mixture  
Of white and red here, that defeats my skill.  
If you'll forgive me, I'll observe an instant,  
How the bright blood and the transparent pearl  
Melt to each other!

*Isabella. (Receding from him.)* You're too free, sir!

*Angelo. (With surprise.)* Madam!

*Isabella. (Aside.)* And yet, I think not so. He must look on it,  
To paint it well.

*Angelo.* Lady! the daylight's precious!  
Pray you, turn to me! In my study, here,  
I've tried to fancy how that ivory shoulder  
Leads the white light off from your arching neck,  
But cannot, for the envious sleeve that hides it.  
Please you, displace it! (*Raises his hand to the sleeve.*)

*Isabella.* Sir, you are too bold!

*Angelo.* Pardon me, lady! Nature's masterpiece  
Should be beyond your hiding or my praise!  
Were you less marvellous, I were too bold;  
But there's a pure divinity in beauty,  
Which the true eye of art looks on with reverence,  
Though, like the angels, it were all unclad!  
You have no right to hide it!

*Isabella.* How! No right?

*Angelo.* 'Tis the religion of our art, fair madam!  
That, by oft looking on the type divine  
In which we first were moulded, men remember  
The heav'n they're born to! You've an errand here,  
To show how look the angels. But, as Vestals  
Cherish the sacred fire, yet let the priest  
Light his lamp at it for a thousand altars,  
So is your beauty unassailed, though I  
Ravish a copy for the shut-out world!

*Isabella. (Aside.)* Here is the wooing that should win a maid!  
Bold, yet respectable! Free, yet full of honour!  
I never saw a youth with gentler eyes;  
I never heard a voice that pleased me more;  
Let me look on him.

(Enter TORTESA, unperceived.)

Angelo. In a form like yours,  
All parts are perfect, madam! yet, unseen,  
Impossible to fancy. With your leave,  
I'll see your hand unglov'd.

Isabella. (Removing her glove.) I have no heart  
To keep it from you, signor! There it is!

Angelo. (Taking it in his own.) Oh God! how beautiful thy works may be  
Inimitably perfect! Let me look  
Close on the tracery of these azure veins!  
With what a delicate and fragile thread  
They weave their subtle mesh beneath the skin,  
And meet, all blushing, in these rosy nails!  
How soft the texture of these tapering fingers!  
How exquisite the wrist! How perfect all!

(TORTESA rushes forward.)

Tortesa. Now have I heard enough! Why, what are you,  
To palm the hand of my betrothed bride  
With this licentious freedom?

(ANGELO turns composedly to his work.)

And you, madam!  
With a first troth scarce cold upon your lips—  
Is this your chastity!

Isabella. My father's roof  
Is over me! I'm not your wife!

Tortesa. Bought! paid for!  
The wedding toward! Have I no right in you!  
Your father, at my wish, bade you be private;  
Is this obedience?

Isabella. Count Falcone's will  
Has, to his daughter, ever been a law;  
This in prosperity—and now, when chance  
Frowns on his broken fortunes, I were dead  
To love and pity, were not soul and body  
Spent for his smallest need! I did consent  
To wed his ruthless creditor for this!  
I would have sprung into the sea, the grave,  
As questionless and soon! My troth is yours!  
But I'm not wedded yet, and, till I am,  
The hallowed honor that protects a maid  
Is round me, like a circle of bright fire!  
A savage would not cross it—nor shall you!  
I'm mistress of my presence. Leave me, Sir!

Tortesa. There's a possession of some lordly acres  
Sold to Falcone for that lily hand!  
The deed's delivered, and the hand's my own!  
I'll see that no man looks on't.

Isabella. Shall a lady  
Bid you begone twice?

Tortesa. Twenty times, if't please you!

(She looks at ANGELO, who continues tranquilly painting.)

Isabella. Does he not wear a sword? Is he a coward,  
That he can hear this man heap insult on me,  
And ne'er fall on him?

Tortesa. Lady! to your chamber!  
I have a touch to give this picture, here,  
But want no model for't. Come, come. (Offers to take her by the arm.)

Isabella. Stand back!  
Now, will he see this wretch lay hands on me,  
And never speak? He cannot be a coward!

No, no! some other reason—not a coward!  
I could not love a coward!

*Tortesa.* If you will,  
Stay where you're better miss'd—'tis at your pleasure;  
I'll hew your kisses from the saucy lips  
Of this bold painter—look on't, if you will!  
And first, to mar his picture!

(*He strikes at the canvass, when ANGELO suddenly draws, attacks and disarms him.*)

*Angelo.* Hold! What wouldst thou?  
Fool! madman! dog! What wouldst thou with my picture?  
Speak!—But thy life would not bring back a ray  
Of precious daylight, and I cannot waste it!

Begone! begone! (*Throws Tortesa's sword from the window, and returns to his picture.*)

I'll back to paradise!

'Twas this touch that he marr'd! So! fair again!

*Tortesa, (Going out.)* I'll find you, sir, when I'm in cooler blood!

And, madam, you! or Count Falcone for you,  
Shall rue this scorn!

(*Exit.*)

*Isabella. (Looking at Angelo.)* Lost in his work once more!

I shall be jealous of my very picture!

Yet one who can forget his passions so—

Peril his life, and, losing scarce a breath

Turn to his high ambitious toil again—

Must have a heart for whose belated waking

Queens might keep vigil!

*Angelo.* Twilight falls, fair lady!

I must give o'er! Pray heaven, the downy wing

Of its most loving angel guard your beauty!

Good night!

(*Goes out with a low reverence.*)

*Isabella.*

Good night!

(*She looks after him a moment, and then walks thoughtfully off the stage.*)

Before leaving this subject, we may as well take the opportunity to allude to certain erroneous impressions which have prevailed with regard to the course pursued by this Journal and its Editor in relation to Mr. Willis and his writings. The only criticism we ever made upon that gentleman or his works, was published in this Magazine under the title of "Mr. Willis's Poems." Besides that, we never penned article, paragraph, line or word, in any Review, Magazine, weekly or daily Newspaper, or any Journal whatever, in relation to Mr. N. P. Willis or his writings, except when we alluded to him on two occasions in about as many lines, in terms of commendation in this Magazine. We have been lustily abused and most liberally spattered with the mud of defamation in consequence of our supposed hostility to Mr. Willis. We disavow any such sentiment. We consider that Mr. Willis has great faults as a writer, but that he also has great merits. We should like to see the former eradicated, and the latter so brought forward as to make him an honor to his country's literature—which he can never be so long as his style shall continue to be disfigured by foppish mannerisms and affected conceits. This new comedy promises better than any thing we have ever seen from his pen. If the scenes throughout are as well sustained as that we have quoted, it must succeed; and we shall hope



to see it published entire, so that we may have even a better opportunity to praise than we had to censure upon the occasion, and that the **ONLY ONE**, in which we ever felt ourselves called upon to express a critical opinion of Mr. Willis's productions. Of his personal affairs, we never wrote one word, nor ever shall,—holding it to be wrong in an Editor to take advantage of his easy access to the public ear to exalt a friend or debase an enemy.

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**A NEW ERA IN CIVILIZATION.**—The arrival in our waters of the steamboats *Sirius* and *Great Western* has produced an unusual excitement, not only in our own city, but in all parts of the country where it has been known. The success of these vessels in crossing the Atlantic is hailed as a new triumph of civilization,—not indeed with the same astonishment and wonder which characterized the success of *Fulton*; for it was not doubt alone which hung over his first experiments, but positive disbelief and ridicule accompanied every step of his progress, and men were convinced almost against their own will.

It has for a long period been a mooted question whether the ocean could be successfully navigated by steam. Even the most sagacious have waited to see the fact fully established before giving in their adhesion to its practicability, and stood ready to hail its triumph, or join the great body of doubters, whose shadows are ever thrown upon every attempt at improvement in the arts or sciences. Although steam vessels from England have reached the East Indies by the way of the Cape, and more than one has before crossed the Atlantic, the fact has been looked upon more as a matter of curiosity than as fully confirming the possibility of steam navigation in crossing the ocean.

The arrival of the *Sirius* and *Great Western* have put at rest all doubts in this matter, and we do not wonder that it is every where hailed with acclamations. When we look upon what steam navigation has done for the coasts and rivers of our country, with what facility communication is exchanged with its most distant points, how much of passion and prejudice has been dissipated by the personal intercourse of those who live in its widely distant parts; the facility it has given to commerce, agriculture, manufactures, and the arts; and the great aid it has afforded to civilization every where, we can hardly picture to ourselves its effect upon the world at large, now that it may expand itself upon the ocean. It will, as it were, throw the inhabitants of the whole earth into one human family. Allied by the strong ties of civilization, and mutual interest, hatred and wars among nations shall give place to mutual concessions and peace; for we doubt not the time is near at hand when steam will carry our ships to the uttermost parts of the earth, and when all nations shall know and become known to each other.

And we shall be harpooned ; and oil will flow  
In streams from Carolina even to Japan ;  
And white men's faces will shine out, you know,  
Like the black favorites of A—— T——.”  
He ceased—the whale that spoke ; and then the shark  
Rose on his tail to order, and replied—  
That, not to keep them longer in the dark,  
Or hide a fact that couldn't be denied ;

He'd heard one passenger say to another,  
That “ Captain Hosken had assured the owner  
He'd soon cross over in less time and pother  
Than the accommodation-whale, that carried Jonah ;  
And that was three days and three nights,—half week !”  
On hearing this the monsters were so frightened,  
That each off-darted, like a lightning streak,  
And left the billows beautifully brightened !

The shark—he was a wag, likewise sarcastic ;  
He gave a grin and scudded towards the steamer,  
And oped and shut his ponderous jaws so plastic,  
In hopes that he should catch some blown-up schemer—  
Toppling down headlong, like a Roman hero,  
Into the ambush of the greedy spoiler ;  
But not a toe fell to the ocean Nero,  
For the GREAT WESTERN didn't burst her boiler !

P. B.

THE  
AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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JUNE, 1838.

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THE RECENT ELECTIONS.

THE recent elections have settled the question as to which party constitutes the democracy of numbers. From Maine to Mississippi, the people have risen in overwhelming majorities to express their abhorrence of the men and the measures of this administration. The indications are unquestionable and unquestioned. Throughout New England the power of Mr. Van Buren and his party is completely paralysed. New Hampshire alone held out at the last election in his favor, and the Whigs look forward securely to a victory in that state at the next contest. Throughout the empire state, the "democratic reactions," as the *Argus* calls them, have all resulted in favor of the democracy of numbers; and, in all our local elections, the unexpected accessions of strength to our ranks have crowned and confirmed the encouraging promises, which our previous victory held out. The gross and insulting sneer which the President, in his message, dared to level at the people of this state, telling them in effect that a result unfavorable to him was brought about through their own venality and the bribery and corruption of the bank—that most extraordinary and indecent accusation has recoiled upon the head of the traducer—and the people will never forget or forgive the presumptuous and ridiculous slander, coming from a source, officially so high, individually so despicable.

Ever since the 4th of March, 1837, the progress of Whig triumphs has been constant and unswerving; while the Whig majority in every regenerated state has been of a character to give us full assurance that the change was radical and entire.

North Carolina with her 5,000 majority, Indiana with her 27,000, Kentucky with her 20,000, Tennessee with her 22,000, little Rhode Island with her 2,000, Maine, New-York, Connecticut, Maryland, Virginia, Mississippi—all presenting ample indications of the predominance of Whig principles, and of the constantly increasing desertions from the ranks of the administration, have sent battalions on battalions to swell the overwhelming majority arrayed in opposition to the Tories and destructives. The people have spoken in a voice of thunder against the sub-treasury humbug of the President and his advisers. They have spurned it and trampled it under foot, with reiterated scorn, every time it has been presented to them. But the political charlatans and speculators, by whom we are now ridden, seem resolved to cram the nauseous compound down the throats of the "dear people," notwithstanding their disgust and indignation.

"The will of the people," says Mr. Jefferson, "properly expressed, should give law." But who is to decide upon the "proper expression" of that will? Ay, "there's the rub." There is the reservation by which Mr. Van Buren would palliate his atrocious defiance of the popular will. For what could be more unequivocal and decided than its expression in this instance? What more distinct, more unhesitating, more peremptory? And yet this pink of democracy—this political *petit-maitre*, who, by intrigue and management, has smuggled himself into a situation for which he is abjectly unfit, has the impudence and fraud to give the lie to his professions, and evade the responsibility of acting up to them, on pretence that the expression of the popular will has been swayed and determined by the agency of the banks. The plea of a tyrant! the mean and dastardly refuge of an impostor and a trickster!

We have no doubt, that could the President have receded from his position with regard to the currency with safety, he would have done so with readiness. But he knew that to go back was as fatal to his interests as to proceed. A blunder was, in his estimation, worse than a crime. And to avoid the humiliation of confessing that he had made a blunder, he persisted in his vile policy, till it assumed the flagrancy of a crime. He has persisted in a policy, which has swept, like a simoom of destruction over this once prosperous and happy land—a policy, which has produced more distress, despondency, and despair, more heart-breakings and suicides, more domestic affliction and individual suffering, than could have been engendered by war, pestilence, or famine. Let the reader pause and consider, before he says that the picture is over-wrought. There is now, thank heaven, a prospect of better times. *Le bon*

*temps reviendra.* We pray that it may be so. But can we forget the scenes of desolation, embarrassment, dismay and uncertainty, through which we have passed? Because the horizon is beginning to clear, can we forget that the lightning has scathed, and the hurricane has marked its path with ruin? And who, that has scanned the course of events for the last two years with a vigilant and intelligent observation, can doubt that the despotic deeds of Jackson and Van Buren's administrations have produced, prolonged, and aggravated the evils under which we have groaned?

The condemnation of the policy of the administration, presented in the recent elections, is full and explicit. Since Mr. Van Buren's inauguration as President on the 4th March, 1837, there have been general elections in twenty-one of the twenty-six states which compose the federal Union. Maryland, Mississippi, Michigan, New Hampshire, and Connecticut have held two elections each; Rhode Island, three. The following table, which we copy from the *New-Yorker*, presents the votes of the states which have held elections since 1836, the right hand columns giving the vote at the last state elections, the left that of the Presidential contests, November, 1836:

States.	1836.		1837—8.	
	Administ'n.	Opposition.	Administ'n.	Opposition.
Maine, - - -	22,900	15,238	23,879	34,358
New-Hampshire, -	18,722	6,228	27,678	25,221
Vermont, - - -	14,039	20,990	17,730	22,260
Massachusetts, -	33,237	41,099	32,987	50,595
Rhode Island, - -	2,964	2,710 about	3,600	4,000
Connecticut, - -	19,284	19,719	21,482	27,096
New-York, - - -	166,815	128,543	140,460	155,883
New-Jersey, - - -	25,592	26,137	25,859	27,368
Pennsylvania, - -	91,475	87,111	91,132	85,890
Maryland, - - -	22,166	25,852 about	23,000	25,000
North Carolina, -	26,910	53,368	30,000	35,000
Georgia, - - -	22,104	24,786	33,417	34,179
Kentucky, - - -	33,435	36,955	23,955	47,415
Indiana, - - -	32,478	41,281	28,125	53,867
Tennessee, - - -	26,120	35,952	33,606	53,479
Alabama, - - -	20,506	15,612	21,500	17,753
Mississippi, - - -	9,979	9,688	12,823	13,651
Arkansas, - - -	2,400	1,238	2,745	1,788
Total in 16 states,	591,128	571,518	604,325	714,813
Van Buren maj. Nov. 36,	19,610	Whig maj. last elections,	110,438.	

It will be seen by comparing these returns, that with three or four exceptions, we have conquered, not by diminishing the force of our opponents, but by increasing our own. This would seem to indicate that the Pretorian cohorts of the President are still as strong and numerous as ever. There have, no doubt, been great changes in the party, which originally elevated General Jackson to power. Nearly all the intelligent, honest,

and independent adherents have long since deserted it. But it still remains strong in its original and distinguishing elements. The hundred thousand office-holders with their dependents, with the five hundred thousand expectants, who are stimulated to action by the promise of reward, still constitute a compact, formidable, and well-organized army, possessing all the advantages of drilled and disciplined troops over a raw and scattered militia.

The question now occurs, will the Whigs retain the power they have acquired? This, the friends of the administration pretend to consider a matter of much doubt. They tell us, that no sooner will the prosperity of the country be restored, then our Whig triumphs will melt into thin air, and those persons, who have been added to our ranks, will subside into indifference or return to their old friends. We have no fears of any such result if the Whigs do but their duty. Constant vigilance must be the price of our enfranchisement. We must not pause or falter in our efforts until the present desperate clique, who pollute the high places of the nation, are ignominiously driven by an indignant people from the stations they disgrace. Let us neither rely too much upon our own strength, nor form too low an idea of that of our enemy. For the coming three years, the country must be one great camp, and the people must vie with the office-holders in drilling and preparing for the next presidential campaign. We must sleep on our arms, and be continually on the alert against surprises from a foe expert in stratagem and unscrupulous as to the means to be employed.

With regard to our prospects in the city of New-York, we need only say that it was conclusively shown at the last election that a large and decided majority of the legal voters of the place are whigs. Desperate efforts will doubtless be made by the loco-focos at the next canvass, to retrieve their losses, and, if possible, wipe away their disgraces. Of all the severe blows which Mr. Van Buren has experienced during the last year, the loss of the city of New-York was the severest. It has always been a paramount object with him to carry the city—to be able to point to the great commercial metropolis of the country, and say, "it is mine." No means were too outrageous and illegal for him and his friends to adopt in order to compass this end. But we have reason to believe that all the profligate measures, which have been heretofore resorted to by the loco-focos to carry the city, will be as nothing compared to what will be attempted at the next election. Their frantic and clamorous opposition to every movement in favor of a registry law, by which the rights of American freemen may be constitutionally

protected, shows conclusively what policy they are determined to pursue. "A few more ragged regiments," said one of the faithful, "from the water works and we should have carried the day. We will be better provided the next time." This is the game of the loco-focos. To the whigs we say unhesitatingly, that if such be the determination of the opponents of the registry law, you are justified, by the law of self-defence, *in fighting them with their own weapons.*

We regard the late movement of the friends of Mr. Clay in this city as expedient, well-timed, and calculated to have an auspicious influence upon the great interests of the whig party. In this opinion, we are sorry to differ from many respected and patriotic individuals, who are as anxious as ourselves to drive the present infamous dynasty out of power. They have regarded the movement as premature and dangerous, and likely to split and distract the party by bringing in collision various preferences and predilections for other candidates. We have no such fears. The great interests of the party—the great objects for which we are contending, are the same, and outweigh immeasurably all merely personal considerations. We want to put an end to a policy which has brought ruin and disaster upon the people. We want to thrust out of power an administration, which has shown itself alike incompetent and unprincipled, and has done its best to prostrate and disgrace us. We care but little comparatively under whose auspices these great ends are effected. We select the man, who can unquestionably command the greatest strength, and we go for him, not for the gratification of seeing him a President, but for the purpose of seeing the principles we cling to, triumph in his success. There is no man so humble, for whom we would not give our vote, did we believe that through his agency a consummation so devoutly to be wished could be achieved. We have no fear but that the whigs of the Union, whether friendly to Mr. Clay or to Mr. Webster, to Mr. Harrison or Mr. White, will waive all personal preferences, and give their vote to the man most likely to receive the suffrages of a majority of their party. What is the mere elevation of one man to the Presidency, compared to the triumph of constitutional principles—the restoration of prosperity to the country, and honor and integrity to the government—the defeat and discomfiture of the humbuggers, quacks, and scoundrels, the Bentons, Van Burens, and Kendalls, who have cursed the country with their vile nostrums, and bled a plethoric treasury till it was bankrupt, and harassed, fretted, injured, and, in many instances, ruined, an industrious and frugal people for the last five or six years?

We do not apprehend any backsliding into Van Burenism

on the part of the people of this country. Confiding and credulous they may have been ; but now that they have become aware of the treachery and incompetence of their leaders, we do not fear a relapse. The mass of the people are at heart honest. Cajoled and deceived they may be for a time, but the greatest good of the greatest number is their object. We have faith in their constancy, their patriotism, and their intelligence ; and for this reason we have no fear that the progress of whig triumphs will be checked, but that those triumphs will be crowned by the prostration of our oppressors and the election of the candidate, who is the representative of the great principles for which we contend.

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IDA.

WHERE Hudson's waves, o'er silvery sands,  
 Winds through the hills afar,  
 Old Cro'nest like a monarch stands,  
 Crowned with a single star :  
 And there, amid the billowy swells  
 Of rock-ribbed, cloud-capt earth,  
 My fair and gentle Ida dwells,  
 A nymph of mountain birth.

The snow-curl that the cliff receives,  
 The diamonds of the showers,  
 Spring's tender blossoms, buds and leaves,  
 The sisterhood of flowers—  
 Morn's early beam, eve's balmy breeze,  
 Her purity define ;  
 But Ida's dearer far than these  
 To this fond breast of mine.

My heart is on the hills. The shades  
 Of night are on my brow :  
 Ye pleasant haunts and silent glades,  
 My soul is with you now !  
 I bless the star-crown'd highlands, where  
 My Ida's footsteps roam :  
 Oh for a falcon's wing to bear  
 Me onward to my home !

G. P. M.



## NATIONAL COSTUME.\*

MR. BREWSTER's pamphlet has been for a considerable time before us, and would have been earlier noticed, had we not considered the subject of which it treats, too important to be discussed within the limits of an ordinary review. The writer has treated of the changes of fashion in a serious and very sensible manner; considering them with regard to the population of this country. The general object of the discourse is to show that it is unworthy of the citizens of an independent republic to follow blindly the fashions of courts; that by so doing, we are led into great and needless expenses; that the extravagance, to which this propensity leads us, is entirely opposed to the spirit of our institutions; and that we ought to make a bold effort to emancipate ourselves from the despotism of foreign fashion.

We agree with the writer in most, if not in all, his positions. But it seems to us that he has not entirely exhausted the subject; and we propose to offer a few remarks upon the peculiarly bad effects which the power of fashion produces in this country, as well as upon the practicability and importance of adopting some expedient for checking the enormous expense into which we are led by it.

In the first place then, it is worthy of note, that we citizens of the United States are more entirely the slaves of fashion than any other people. In Europe, there are limits to the empire of this despot. The greatest extravagance is found among those who are admitted to the court. This forms a distinct province in the empire. There are rivalries, jealousies, and bickerings, which do not extend beyond this enchanted circle, and which are almost unknown to those who have not gained admittance into this hierarchy of fashion. As we have had an opportunity to witness something of the feelings which exist in this high class, we hope it may not be unedifying to let our readers know how matters are managed by those who dress for the court. In the first place, the great rule is established for ladies, that the same dress is not to be worn twice at court. This rule is attended with many important consequences. It becomes a sort of test of gentility; a lady who wears the same dress at two or three

\* National Standard of costume. A lecture on the changes of fashion, delivered before the Portsmouth Lyceum. By Charles W. Brewster. Portsmouth. 1837.

parties at the palace is very ungenteel, an object of pity, but pity not unmingled with contempt. So that any unfortunate person, who has not money enough to buy more than one new dress appropriate to be worn in the presence of royalty, had much better appear at court only once in a season, than go twice in the same garb. Then the necessity of always wearing something new gives occasion to a wonderful exertion of imagination and invention in devising new things; dress makers thrive, and the art of dressing well is carried to the highest perfection. But this eager pursuit of something new to wear, is also attended with some unpleasant consequences. The worst, undoubtedly is, the jealous rivalry to which it gives rise. Endless are the expedients by which one lady tries to discover what another is to wear at the next court ball. Mantua makers are cross-questioned, teased, and bribed; visits of diplomatic gossiping are made, where the much-desired secret is hunted for, with all the eagerness and dexterity of a foreign ambassador, who is making advances in a knotty question to a prime minister. Expedients to effect the discovery are sometimes resorted to, which would hardly be thought consistent with true gentility, and which, in fact, nothing but the immense importance of the object in view could justify. Never shall we forget the air of secrecy and importance with which a fair Parisienne once announced to us the fact, that she had a new dress of an entirely new fashion, ready for the approaching court-ball. Conducting us into the next room, she unlocked, with an air that would have done credit to Mustafa as he fearfully pronounced the "open sesame" to his treasure, the door of an armoire in which the prize was kept. We trust that we duly appreciated the favor, as probably there was not a being in the wide world that wore petticoats, who would have been allowed, at that time, the same privilege. Occasionally disappointment and defeated rivalry betray the fair ones into little acts, which might almost be termed malicious.

"My dear, your dress is a little deranged," said a fair aspirant to royal attention, to a young lady in the ante-chamber of the Tuileries; "allow me to put it right for you;" and, suiting the action to the words, she entirely twisted away a part of the dress, which had been arranged at home with great care, and was looking uncommonly well.

We do not object to the reign of fashion in the high class of society who frequent the courts of Europe. Without pretending to discuss the expediency of there being any such class acknowledged, we only assume that, as it is so, it is well for fashion to reign in it. A portion of the population of those countries is in possession of great wealth, which it is positively

their duty to spend ; they must contribute to the support of the poorer classes, and one form, in which they can do it, is by dressing richly. Their fortunes enable them to do so, and many laborers call upon them for contributions in this form. At the same time that they are giving occupation to a great amount of industry, they are supporting and giving a material form to an art which, in sober earnest we believe, approaches next to the fine arts ; we mean the art of dressing well. It seems hardly necessary to attempt to prove that there is a deeper sentiment at the foundation of the propensity to dress well than the mere conventional demands of fashion ; it is a principle as deeply fixed in our nature as the love of music or painting. All nations, barbarous as well as civilized, love to dress. The North American Indian spends as much time, perhaps more, at the toilet than the most refined lady of Europe ; and the Sandwich chief wears a cloak which rivals the imperial purple and ermine in magnificence. It is in human nature to love dress, just as we love beauty of any kind ; the wise Solomon confessed this taste ; the Patriarch arrayed his favorite child in a coat of many colors ; and we have little doubt that mother Eve herself came at some period of her life to be shaping her simple fig leaf into some form of more attractive coquetry. There certainly is beauty in dress—abstract, positive beauty ; the coat that shows the whole symmetry of the form ; the silken hose fitting like another skin, and revealing the beauty they hide ; the flowing and graceful mantle, the waving plume ; the indescribable brilliance of the diamond, the delicious hues of the sapphire, the emerald, the opal, and the various gems ; all these have an actual positive beauty, independent of separate considerations. We can see no good reason for ridiculing the love of dress ; it is the love of beauty—a passion founded in nature, and as universal as the human race.

Now the greatest encouragement to this art, the poetry of dress, the romance of fashion, is found in the wealthier class of European society. And this is right ; there is no use in saying that it is an unprofitable and useless art ; it is the invention and embodying of beauty, and this is useful. No one, we believe, is so behind the age at present as to inquire what is the use of the fine arts. Such stupid questions have been sufficiently answered. There is great use in them if men have souls ; there is the same use in a less degree perhaps, but still of precisely the same nature, in the art of dressing.

In Europe, however, this highest and weathiest class is kept distinct from others beneath it. Those who are born in a lower station never have occasion to come into any sort of rivalry with those whom they have been taught from their birth

to regard as their superiors ; they never think of being their rivals in any thing. They have their own circle, within which their views are restrained ; and they have no feeling of shame or unwillingness at being surpassed by those above them in splendor of dress or any other artificial distinction. Hence they are entirely free from the effects of extravagant example, for they do not pretend to follow the example of those in a higher sphere.

The same distinction holds throughout society in Europe. Classes do not vie with each other, rivalry is confined to members of the same circle ; and although there may be much in each, still the entire amount is much less than if society were all comprehended within one class in which all wished to vie with each other.

This last state of things exists in America, nominally at least ; and really too, as far as rivalry in fashion is concerned. The great principle which forms the corner-stone of our institutions, that all men are born free and equal, is attended with many unfortunate consequences in practice. One of these, and by no means the least, is, that the poorest wish and attempt to rival the wealthiest. A bitterer indignity could hardly be offered to a poor laborer, a journeyman mechanic, or a retail shop-boy, than to assert that his condition made it right and proper for him to dress more humbly, economically, or in any way less extravagantly than the wealthiest individual in the land. Rivalry in fashion, therefore, extends through the whole gamut of society in America ; and sad are the consequences. The wealthy dress as well as they can, and vie, as far as possible, with the fashion of Europe. Alas for the heads that have been turned, the hearts that have been made to sigh, and the purses to groan, by that periodical, (shall we call it the most efficient in the world ?) "*le Petit Courier des Dames*." The wealthy dress as nearly like the fashionable classes in Europe as they can, and the poor dress as nearly as possible like the wealthiest. The obvious absurdity of a rivalry in dress between a man who earns two hundred dollars a year, and one whose income is ten thousand, does nothing to prevent the effort in the poor man.

Unfortunately, this rivalry is not entirely impossible. In Europe, the costliness of dress worn by the highest classes would set at defiance all attempts to equal them on the part of the poor. The inherited jewels, amounting in value to large fortunes, are alone sufficient to make an essential and perpetual distinction between the different ranks ; and in addition to this there are badges and insignia of different sorts, which by law are only to be worn by a limited class.

In this country, jewels are much less worn than in Europe, and are, generally speaking, of little or no cost compared with

the sets owned by the nobility abroad : and our most fashionable people, however extravagantly dressed, are still unable to go far enough in expense to make all efforts to vie with them hopeless. They dress just richly enough to lure on their poorer neighbors without ever giving them the feeling of despair in the competition.

In addition to this, it should be remembered that clothing of all sorts costs more money in America than in Europe. A dress which would figure well at any fashionable party in our cities, may be purchased in London for little more than half its cost in America. Cloth and stuffs of every kind are dearer, and labor is higher, here than in Europe ; hence the unhappy aspirant has a double tax to pay on his independent principles.

The great misfortune in this country is, that a great portion of the population, merely by assuming a false principle, dress themselves in a manner unsuited to their condition in life ; and the expense thus incurred is enormous. Mr. Brewster states in his lecture, that the amount, spent annually in the United States, for such articles of dress as are subject to variations by the fluctuation of fashion, is not far from five hundred millions of dollars ! Of this sum it is computed that sixteen millions are spent for hats, and probably about twenty millions for caps and bonnets.

We have referred to the principle of our constitution that all men are born free and equal. An essay on costumes may seem a very strange place to discuss the meaning of such a principle ; and yet, having pointed out the effect which a misconstruction of it produces upon the expenditures for dress in this country, we cannot forbear making a few remarks upon the false interpretation so generally given to this axiom in our charter.

What is really meant by the assertion that all men are born free and equal ? It is very obvious that all men are not born free. No one would say that the children of slaves, for instance, are born free. Christian principles, undoubtedly, would claim freedom for them ; but it is very plain they are not free ; they are subject from their birth to the will of a master. Nor are any children born free ; they come into the world subject to the will of parents, and to the dominion of laws. The meaning of the expression that all men are born free, simply is, that naturally, by the ordination of Providence, and the original disposition of things, one man has no rights over another ; no one is born to natural supremacy ; all are free as far as nature is concerned.

The same reasoning applies to equality of birth. Any one can see that all men are not born equal. One is born healthy, strong, and well shaped ; another is feeble, sickly, and deformed ; one is born rich, another poor ; one is born with fine powers of

mind, another comes into the world an idiot ; no two persons are alike. It must be obvious then, that the constitution, in asserting that all men are born equal, can have no such meaning ; all that it intends is, that the natural rights of all men are equal. It was the intention of Providence that the political, moral, social rights of all should be equal ; and this is all. Such is the construction, undoubtedly, which we must put upon this first postulate in the declaration of independence. There is another sense in which the principle is more widely true. Men, as born for eternity, are free and equal ; the most precious privileges, the riches which are to be carried into a future existence, the birthright of infinite beings, the moral freedom, the prospect of eternal happiness, the inheritance which can never fade away, are alike for all. But, as far as this world, and the condition of society in it, are concerned, men are very far from being born free and equal in any wide or extended sense of the expression. And those, who think that the principle is intended to apply to all the relations of life, are led into many unfortunate mistakes, which make trouble both for themselves and others.

We need not refer to the many forms under which the feeling of equality displays itself in this country. Our servants, who must needs be called " help," and who sometimes cannot consent to eat at a different table from those who hire them—our swaggering shop-boys, our dashing cooks and fashionable chambermaids, all these have been sufficiently celebrated already. The principle that all are born free and equal, is translated into the American language to signify, " All people are born ladies and gentlemen." A stranger might well be puzzled to know how the wheels of the social machine are kept in motion here. He would find gentlemen on the coach-box and behind the counter ; and ladies bending over the kitchen fire or making the beds ; hirelings assuming the tone of masters ; and humble wealth requesting its directions from (not giving them to) those whose living it provides for. He would soon discover that pride and haughtiness belong to poverty ; meekness and humility, to wealth and high standing. He would undoubtedly be at a loss to understand all this till it should be explained to him that all in America are born ladies and gentlemen ; that gentility, elegance, refinement, and accomplishments, have nothing to do with making the distinction between those who are ladies and gentlemen, and those who are not so, in this country. All white people are ladies and gentlemen, all black people the contrary. What a simple and beautiful distinction ! A short time ago we were walking with a young lady, whose talents, beauty, and accomplishments would render her an ornament to the most refined circles of Europe, when she had occasion to stop at a certain

house to leave some directions for the owner, a person in her employ. The door was opened by a dirty-looking Abigail, who appeared with a hood over her head and the scouring cloth in her hand. "Is Mr. G—— at home," asked the young lady. "He is not." "Can I see Mrs. G—— then?" "I am the *lady*," was the answer, pronounced with an air and accent which rendered it infinitely ludicrous. No apologies could appease her offended *ladyship*, and we departed, deeply impressed with the feeling that all the women in America at least, are born ladies.

It heightens the effect of this anomaly, that no people in Christendom seem to be more fond of artificial distinctions than ourselves; titles of all sorts are greatly regarded and tenaciously asserted. But none are more prevalent than military titles, in consequence of the militia system. The result is, that the whole country is filled with captains, majors, colonels, and generals; for when the title has been once gained, it is not laid down with the office, but lasts through life. This, however, makes some confusion; as we often see a most ludicrous contrast between the title and the employment and condition of an individual. "Colonel, cut me off a beef-steak," we have heard addressed to a ruddy butcher figuring at the tail of his cart, who had in his leisure acted as a militia officer.

In no way, however, does the principle of equality operate more unfavorably on the lower classes than by stimulating them to vie with the rich in dress. How to remedy this, is a most embarrassing question. With the feelings, so universally entertained in this country on the part of the poor, of rivalry with the wealthier classes—it is not to be expected that they can be induced by any persuasion to adopt a style of dress which shall make a distinction between them and their wealthier neighbors. We would not undertake to warrant a man against being mobbed in our cities who should preach up the doctrine of a costume for the poorer classes. Abolitionism would be nothing to it; and the least that could be expected, would be a sturdy and scornful refusal to listen to such a proposition.

But the expense might be borne, perhaps, but for the changes in fashion, which, according to Mr. Brewster, occasion an expenditure of nearly five hundred millions annually. If the wealthy would consent then to dress in some fixed and unchanging fashion, they would do much to put an end to the extravagance. Yet it seems rather hard to bind them to this, to cut them off from the gratification of their taste in a matter where taste is so greatly concerned. It would seem almost as unjust to interdict a wealthy person from the fashions of Europe, as to forbid his importing fine statues and paintings. The principle is the same. If our born ladies and gentlemen of the kitchen

and the workshop, take it into their wise heads that they must have statues and paintings because all men are born free and equal, and so ruin themselves in order to vie with the rich ; ought those who can afford it, to restrain from buying works of the fine arts for fear of doing mischief by the rivalry they may occasion ? This would seem to be carrying benevolence to an extreme. Yet it is equally unjust to bind the rich not to dress in foreign fashion.

Mr. Brewster objects to our following the fashions of Europe from a principle which we consider false, viz. that it is a kind of bondage which the citizens of a free republic should do away ; that the citizens are *the highest power in the nation*, and lack only freedom from the influence of fashion to make them truly independent. This is very poor logic ; the same reasoning will apply to every thing which we borrow from Europe ; and we might go on to say, that the citizens of a republic, being the highest power, ought to originate every thing in use among them ; that for America there should be a new school of painting, sculpture, and architecture, entirely unlike those of the old world ; that all the productions of the arts should be peculiar to this country, and so on ; in a word, that it is servile to borrow any thing from Europe.

It would be much more independent, we think, to borrow and use whatever we find convenient, appropriate, or tasteful in the old world, just as suits our convenience without regard to the opinion of any one.

Still we think that much good might be done as the state of society is at present, if the wealthy class of citizens would consent to adopt some costume which should be fixed, and not depend upon the fluctuations of fashion ; and allow themselves to be rivalled, or even excelled, in splendor of dress, by their poorer neighbors at a moderate expense.

The first great objection to such a measure is, that it forms a marked distinction between the members of American and those of European society. Whether we ever expect to make our appearance in the circles of the old world or not, there seems to be a strong wish to appear like them ; we follow their fashions, and adopt their etiquette minutely. For instance, a few years ago it was considered requisite for gentlemen in America to appear at evening parties in white cravats. But upon a certain occasion it was said, no matter whether truly or not, that the King of England wore a black cravat at a soirée, and immediately gentlemen began to appear in black cravats at American parties. A change which we certainly approve, though we think the motive a very foolish one.

Now, the sooner we can emancipate ourselves from this bon-



dage, the better for us. We have no objection to adopting whatever in European fashion is convenient or tasteful ; but it is a very weak argument if we think a fashion is to be assumed merely because it is European. It is true that a perfect gentleman or lady should avoid being so dressed as to excite particular notice in society for oddity of dress ; and on this account an objection may be made to the adoption of a costume, as it would subject the wearer to disagreeable notoriety abroad. It may be answered to this, however, that if the dress is national, or belongs to a class, this very circumstance renders it proper and genteel to appear in it. And nothing is more common in European society than to meet with persons who wear the distinguishing garb of their department, order, profession, or employment. Let Americans once fix upon a national costume, and it would soon be known, and, if they are true to themselves, respected abroad ; or, if this step seems too formidable, the costume might be laid aside in foreign countries, as the object of it would be accomplished by wearing it at home.

We are therefore decidedly in favor of adopting a costume. Nor do we apprehend any great difficulty in the manner of conducting the business. Associations for various purposes are so common in this country, and the proper steps so well understood, for forming, organizing, and conducting them, that there will be little or no embarrassment with regard to this matter. A society must be formed very much on the same plan as the temperance and other societies, extending itself as wide as possible, and having branches in all the cities. The members of this society should be under some regulation, which may be decided upon, with regard to the fashions of dress ; and the greater number it embraces as members, the better. This plan is hinted at in Mr. Brewster's lecture ; he says,

"Is there no power to withstand this mighty force of fashion ? By simple, individual strength, it is useless to make resistance. But cannot a combination maintain their post with honor—defy the insidious enemy—and, with regard to themselves, say, 'Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther—here shall thy proud course be stayed.' " He also mentions in a note several resolutions passed by the Associated Mechanics and Manufacturers of New Hampshire, with regard to the wearing of mourning, in which the members bind themselves not to indulge in this expense in case of death in their families.

In the formation of such a society as we propose, an appeal must be made from vanity to moral sense ; it must be urged upon the wealthy that their example is doing harm ; that by relinquishing a little of their love for dress, millions and hundreds of millions will be saved annually ; that there is a heavier tax

on dress in this country than in any other ; and that this tax is levied by the rich, and falls heaviest on the poor. To the poor it should be suggested that the rivalry they are carrying on is profitless and ruinous ; that happiness is not attained nor respectability secured, even supposing them to exceed the wealthiest in the splendor of their apparel ; that neatness and good taste are essential elements in elegance, and that these cost nothing.

The appeal must be made to the better feelings and principles of the community, and people must be brought to join such a society from the same motives that induce them to belong to other societies for effecting reform of any kind.

A greater difficulty occurs after the society is formed, in deciding upon the regulations to be adopted with regard to dress. The best thing, on the whole, to be done, is to adopt a costume which shall fix the fashion and perhaps the colors of dress, leaving every thing else, such as the quality of the material, the kind of stuff to be worn, &c., to the fancy of the individual. On this point, however, we will not attempt to give advice ; committees might be chosen from the different societies to adjust these matters ; we only wish here to recommend the subject to the attention of the public.

In proposing the adoption of a costume, or any regulation with regard to dress, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we only regard it as a choice of evils. It is unfair upon the wealthy and fortunate, and must be regarded, if done, as an act of voluntary benevolence on their part. It is, however, in accordance with the spirit of democracy ; and we must be content to put up with the inconveniencies which our institutions bring with them, for the sake of their real and permanent advantages.

Far better for our country would it be, if all classes could be taught the true meaning of that freedom and equality which are assumed as the basis of our constitution ; if it could be demonstrated to this people that true independence does not consist in constantly comparing and measuring ourselves with others, especially in the exterior and unimportant circumstances of life, but must be found in the mind, or not at all.

Upon this topic we will not enlarge at present. At some future time we may make it the subject of a separate essay, as it has been too little discussed, and seems to be little understood among us.

## AN OCTOGENARY, .

FIFTY YEARS SINCE

### CHAPTER V.

THE next morning, after breakfast, Colonel Wyborne proposed to me a drive to the parsonage, to pay a visit to Mr. Armsby. I gladly closed with this proposition, as my experiences of the day before had excited a strong curiosity on my part to know more of that true original—in the best sense of the word. The coach having been ordered, my excellent host, at my request, commenced a short account of his reverend friend, which he concluded as we drove towards his local habitation. His history was not very different from that of hosts of other ornaments of the New England church and state. His father was a painstaking farmer, who extracted by the alchemy of intelligent labor from the rocky and ungenial soil of one of the least propitious portions of Massachusetts Bay, a plentiful and comfortable subsistence for a family of some twelve children. The early education of his son Richard had been in the school of agricultural labor. The plough and the spade were the earliest teachers his rugged intellect had known. During the leisure hours of "workless winter," indeed, he had picked up the rudiments of knowledge, and secured those branches of learning, which, according to high authority, "come by nature." Having acquired the key to knowledge, he soon employed it to unlock all the stores which were within his reach. His father's literary collections were not of a very extensive or a very various description. A few books of puritan divinity and many printed sermons of New England divines, in loose pamphlets, formed the staple of his library. These works, however, for want of matter more attractive, were eagerly devoured. Among his father's books, however, was Cotton Mather's *Magnalia*, which soon became his favorite author. His admiration was excited by the display of learning which so liberally garnishes those curious pages; and his wonder was none the less, because he could not detect the pedantry and bad taste of the load of quotations, with which the author's original matter is overlaid, and of the conceits in which he delights to indulge. To a boy in an inland town, brought up in puritan habits, this book was truly fascinating. The histories of the worthies

who had founded or embellished the infant empire ; the descriptions of the persecutions which they endured in England, and of the hardships which they encountered when they snatched their civil and religious rights to these bleak and inhospitable shores ; the stirring descriptions of the Indian wars, which so often threatened destruction to the whole province, and of which there were many survivors in his neighborhood, full of traditionary lore ; and especially the solemn recital of the mysterious phenomena of witchcraft, of the wiles of Satan for the extirpation of God's people, some of which, it must be confessed, did but little credit to the sagacity of the arch-enemy—all these topics formed fertile themes for winter evening study and for summer noon-tide dreams.

I do not wonder that the belief in witchcraft took such strong hold of our ancestors' imaginations, living as they did in a country but half explored—overshadowed with primeval forests, filled with heathen foes and with savage beasts—from the depths of which strange sounds came at midnight upon their ear, and whose varying shadows and lights assumed to the superstitious eye of the way-farer the grotesque or ghastly forms of demons or spectres. There was an infinite deal more romance in the primitive days of our ancestors, planted as they were on a narrow belt between the ocean and the wilderness, than we can dream of in these prosaic days of steam and railroads.

Richard Armsby's love of books early aroused in his father's breast the ambition, which in those days lingered in every parent's heart, of seeing his son one of the clergy, one of the religious aristocracy of the land. His narrow circumstances, however, made the prospect almost a hopeless one ; until one day the pastor of the parish, in one of his parochial rounds, discovered the young enthusiast busily employed with his favorite volume. It so happened, that "the fantastic old great man" was a favorite with the good man, and his heart warmed towards the lad, when he found how thoroughly he was acquainted with all that he could learn from that not too authentic source of the history of his country. His father's wishes and his own tastes were soon made known to their several advisers, and he undertook the task of preparing the young man for College. This was speedily accomplished by the vigorous intellect and earnestness of purpose of young Armsby. The work of preparation being finished, he was despatched to Cambridge, with but a small stock of money, but with an ample supply of faith and hope. His struggles in the cause of good learning were severe, and his heart at times almost died within him, and he was more than once on the point of abandoning his studies. In a happy hour, however, he went, one winter's

vacation, to keep the village school of Sanfield, where he soon attracted the kind notice of Colonel Wyborne. The sagacity and knowledge of character, which were almost instinctive with that excellent gentleman, soon discerned that the rough diamond he had lighted upon was a gem of the first water. From that moment all his difficulties were at an end. His kind patron's liberality removed all obstacles from his way, and made the remainder of his literary path one of pleasantness. Soon after his College career was finished, the minister of Sanfield died, and Mr. Armsby was very soon inducted into his place, chiefly through Colonel Wyborne's influence. For the many years that had elapsed since that day, they had lived on terms of the most cordial intimacy—their esteem for each other increasing with their years. Mr. Armsby having never been married, their friendly intercourse had never encountered the interruption which the intervention of Hymen but too often works in the best-grounded friendships; and I doubt not that the minister's congenial society greatly contributed to cheer and prolong his aged friend's existence.

The substance of this narrative was just imparted as the carriage drove up to the parsonage door. It was a very old building, unpainted, situated just on the edge of the village. It stood on a high bank, at some distance from the road, with two or three trees of aboriginal growth waving their twisted arms above its roof. The master of the house received us at the door with much formal politeness. On entering the front door, we descended one step, which had nearly been a step too much for me, having never before been greeted with such a reception at any threshold I had ever passed. In front of us was a wooden seat, which opened on hinges, and displayed a sort of chest. The stairs ascended abruptly almost from the very door. Turning to our left we were ushered into the Study, which was almost the only apartment, which the solitary minister used of his whole house. It was a room of good size, but with a low ceiling and a bare beam, rough shaped with the axe, passing through its length. The walls were well covered with dingy-looking books—most of them formidable folios of controversial divinity, but relieved by excellent editions of the Greek and Latin classics, (for Mr. Armsby was a ripe scholar and a good one,) and by some of the sterling English authors. There was the folio edition of Shakspeare, and the little shabby quarto first edition of *Paradise Lost* in ten books, and there was the first edition of Burton's *Anatomy* which I had never seen. A wooden arm-chair, with a leaf to it, was the throne of the sovereign of the domain. A few wooden chairs, of various shapes, and apparently of different epochs in the Colonial history, but none of

which would have excited the envy of a Sybarite, were scattered about the room in a somewhat dusty confusion. A deal table or so, and a wood-box, completed the furniture of the apartment. The floor was unconscious of a carpet, and to all appearance had been long innocent of the knowledge of the virtues of soap and fair water. The hearth was of red brick, on which was built a wood fire of exemplary brightness. The bricks of the chimney back, to be sure, had yielded to the hand of Time ("What will not Time subdue!") but then one of them afforded a timely aid to one of the andirons, which in the course of many years' service had lost a leg. The neatness of the whole establishment did not certainly afford much room for commendation, but then, as no commendations were expected or desired, it was of the less consequence.

Our reverend host, having resigned his chair of state to his honored guest, and provided himself and me with humbler stools, we all drew up cheerfully to the fire, and talked merrily over the day before. Though the manner of Mr. Armsby towards me was not distinguished by the convivial freedom of the day before, still it was entirely free from the austerity and coldness which marked it at our first acquaintance. It was now just what the demeanor of a gentleman of his time of life and standing in society should be towards a lad of eighteen—kind, affable, without being familiar or free, which made me feel perfectly at my ease in his company, and yet which made it perfectly impossible for me to forget the distance which separated us.

After we had discussed a variety of topics, which he treated in a manner to show that wine and wassail had nothing to do with his powers of entertainment, he inquired about my plans for returning to Cambridge. I informed him that I must set forth early the next morning in order to reach the arms of my Alma Mater before night. As, in the course of the conversation which ensued on the subject, I expressed no great satisfaction in the prospect before me of a twenty miles' ride upon a sorry hack, Colonel Wyborne seemed to be suddenly struck with a new idea, which he uttered to this effect:—"It never occurred to me before, but I think that I can save you that tedious ride, if you have no objection to an expedition in a row-boat."

I assured him that boating was one of my choicest amusements, and awaited with some curiosity to know the nature of his proposition.

"If that be the case," said he, "I think that, as the weather is so fine, we can manage it in this way. I will take my boat and accompany you to my farm on Vincents Island this afternoon, where we will spend the night; and to-morrow

you shall continue your row up to Boston, while I await the return of my boat."

"But my horse?"

"O, John can take him home on Monday, on his way to town; it will be but a few miles out of his way."

The only difficulty in the way being thus obviated, I most heartily concurred in the plan, which promised to substitute a cheerful ride over the waves for a dreary one over the high road, and besides, to give me nearly a whole day to myself in Boston. These preliminaries being adjusted, Mr. Armsby was invited to make one of our water party,—with which proposition he readily closed to our general satisfaction.

The conversation turning upon the early colonial times, Mr. Armsby displayed, in that most curious portion of history, a minuteness of erudition which I had never before seen exhibited. It was evidently his hobby, and he caracoled and curvetted upon it in a manner which excited my wonder and delight. He displayed many curious manuscripts of the Fathers illustrative of their history, and several of the old Indian deeds and treaties. In his library, too, were many books, which the Pilgrims had made the chosen companions of their wanderings and exile, rendered more precious by copious marginal notes, which it would have puzzled the younger Champollion himself to decypher. In a walk which we took together round his house, he pointed out the scene of a bloody fight with the Indians, and showed many perforations in the walls of his house made by the bullets of the savage foe. Then there was the pear tree which Elder Brewster planted with his own hands, and the very oak under which Captain Miles Standish and his little company bivouacked on the night of their return from the discomfiture of Morton and his rabble rout at Merry Mount. The interest which I took in these relics of the last age, and the attention which I gave to his commentaries upon them, evidently raised me many degrees in his estimation, and laid the foundation of a friendship which only ended with his life.

After a visit of nearly two hours, we took our leave, having first arranged that Mr. Armsby should join me at dinner, so as to be ready for our excursion. We then returned home, and were duly joined at an early hour by our reverend friend. The airy prologue of the punch, the grave drama of the dinner and the cheerful epilogue of the madeira being over, it was announced that the tide served and the boat was in readiness. We accordingly proceeded on foot to the shore—John and Peter following us with our cloaks and luggage. We took a little different route from the one which Colonel Wyborne and I had followed on the first day of our visit, and bent our steps

towards the mouth of the little stream which washed his estate, on the banks of which the boat-house was built. On arriving at the place of embarkation, we found the boat launched, and the four boatmen, two black and two white, resting on their oars, awaiting our arrival. Our places were soon taken; Peter with our luggage and a stupendous hamper of provisions and wine for the voyage, was seated in a grinning delight; and the "trim built wherry" was speedily dancing over the crests of the wave.

The afternoon was more like one in May than one on the very brink of winter. The sun shone brightly, the sea was placid as a land-locked bay or inland lake, the sea-fowl hovered above or about us, or dived beneath the billows; while in the distance the white sails glided like happy spirits among the islands of the blessed. The scene was one full of quiet and of tranquillizing beauty, which rather provoked reverie than conversation. A favorable breeze soon springing up, the mast was fixed in its place; and the sail, given to the gale, soon made us leap forward on our course with a new alacrity. Our voyage was pursued in silence, only broken by occasional exclamations at the beautiful effects of light and shade caused by the floating clouds, and at the varying hues of the distant ocean. The sun set before we had reached our port, and wrapping ourselves in our cloaks, we sat watching the stars emerging from their ocean bed, and beginning the solemn procession which nightly moves in sublime order around "this dim spot, called Earth."

Colonel Wyborne seemed to be buried in deepest reverie, sad yet not melancholy, as if the magic of the scene had conjured up to his half-dreaming eye—

"The spectres which no exorcism can bind  
The cold, the changed, perchance the dead, to view  
The mourned, the loved, the lost, too many, yet how few!"

We respected the meditative mood of our venerable friend, and sat in silence till the boat reached her destined haven, when the oarsmen unshipped the mast, and pulled stoutly for the little mole which was projected into the sea.

We were soon disembarked, and on our way to the farmhouse of Colonel Wyborne, which was occupied by an excellent man and his wife, now just beginning to feel the hand of time, who had lived in the sea-girdled home for the chief of their days. They received us with many demonstrations of kindness and respect, and seemed in nowise disconcerted by our unexpected arrival. Indeed, the ample supplies of provisions



which our commissary Peter brought along with him, removed all hospitable apprehensions as to our due alimentation. We were received in the ample kitchen of the farm-house, which was illuminated by a blazing pile of logs, roaring up a volcano of a chimney, and diffusing a ruddy light and cheerful warmth throughout the apartment. We were soon comfortably established by the genial fireside, while the good wife was busily employed in preparing our evening meal. When our repast was ready and we had taken our places at the table, Colonel Wyborne still seemed absorbed in his dreaming mood, and was evidently in spirit far away from the wave-washed islet where he was present in the body. His silence imposed an unavoidable restraint upon Mr. Armsby and myself. At last, however, he seemed to rouse from his reverie, and looking up at us said,

"I know that you will think dotage has come rapidly upon me when I tell you of the resolution which I have been forming. But my mind is made up;—I go to Boston to-night!"

"To Bosten to-night!" exclaimed in one breath both his companions; both, no doubt, a little suspicious that something was out of joint in the good old gentleman's intellects.

"Even so," replied he in his blandest but most determined manner; "it is now fifty years since I saw my native city, and I once thought that nothing could induce me to visit it again; but a strange impulse, which I have often felt before, urges me, with an almost irresistible force, to see once more, before I die, the scene of my early days and of the short-lived happiness of my prime of manhood."

"But why to-night?" inquired Mr. Armsby.

"Because," he replied, "it may be my last night. This strange possession often comes over me, sometimes in my solitary walks or lonely musings in my library, but most frequently in those wakeful hours of nights which form a heavy share of the burden of Old Age. I feel that to-night the craving may be satisfied, and that if I neglect to use this night, another opportunity may never come to me."

"But I do not exactly comprehend your plan, my dear sir," observed his reverend companion.

"It is this," he replied; "the moon will rise in an hour; in three hours we may reach the town. I propose to land after all the inhabitants have deserted the streets, and to re-visit my old familiar haunts by moonlight, and then return before the earliest stirrer is abroad."

Mr. Armsby in vain represented to him the fatigue, the sleepless night, the night air, the mental excitement, which the execution of his scheme would bring upon himself. His heart seemed to beset upon the plan, and he expressed his determination

to accomplish the adventure by himself if we declined accompanying him. This, of course, was not to be thought of; and his resolution being taken, we prepared to accompany him on his singular expedition. Mr. Armsby very evidently did not much relish the idea of exchanging his snug corner of the chimney in possession, and his comfortable bed in prospect, for a damp, chilly row of three or four hours by moonlight. I, on the other hand, was just of an age to enjoy anything which had the appearance of novelty and the air of romance.

Our trusty boatmen were speedily roused from their lair, and ordered upon this new and unexpected service. They were soon in readiness, and we all re-embarked, as well protected against the night-air as broad-cloth could make us. As soon as we had pushed off and cleared the shadow of the island, we saw the moon "rising in clouded majesty" just above the waves, and shedding a long and tremulous line of light upon the dancing waters. The scene was truly enchanting. The slight murmur of the waves, the measured dip of the flashing oars, and the distant bark of the watch-dog of the island we were leaving behind us, were all the sounds which broke the stillness of the midnight sea. The light fleecy clouds which accompanied the appearance of heaven's "apparent Queen" were soon dispersed, and she shone forth in matchless lustre. The magic air, which her silver light gave to the whole world of waters, was the more charming to us who had just seen the orb of day sink in a sea of molten gold. The stars stood out from the firmament with all the sharpness and distinctness of a winter's night; while the glimmering lights twinkled at unequal intervals from the line of coast along which we skirted, and the numerous islands amidst which we threaded our devious way.

Thus we sped along, for the chief of the way in silence, till at length we shot under the guns of the castle, and the town lay before us, seen dimly in the uncertain moonlight. As we glided along to the measured music of the oars, Colonel Wyborne's eyes were fixed, with an earnestness almost painful, upon the shadowy mass of buildings in the distance. His thoughts were, doubtless, transported to the day, half a century before, when he last approached his native town by sea. How different the circumstances under which he approached it then and now! Then in the pride of manhood, he walked over the waters in a gallant ship, in the clear light of an autumnal day. The wife of his love was by his side, troops of welcoming friends stretched out their arms from the shore to hail the wanderer's return. Though he had spent many years amidst the superb cities and magnificent ruins of Europe, and had dwelt as a familiar friend in the bosom of the most gorgeous

scenery and time-hallowed relics of a classic world, still it seemed to his true heart as if he had never gazed upon a scene so lovely or so beloved as was present to his filial eyes as he drew near his native land. Now in the spectral light of the moon, he glided like a ghost to haunt the scenes of his former happiness. The wife of his bosom, whose gentle hand was clasped in his when he last moved over those waves, had been for fifty years the latest tenant of his ancestral vault. The numerous friends, whose cordial grasp welcomed him home, were, with scarcely an exception, long since gone from earth ; and the few survivors were like him transformed from men of the prime to faint old men just tottering on the brink of the grave. A thousand recollections of buried love, of vanished youth, of half-forgotten friends, of well-remembered griefs, of blighted hopes, of transitory joys, crowded upon his musing soul.

At last the prow of our boat struck the stairs of the Long Wharf, and our voyage was ended. Just at that moment the clock of the Old South Church struck twelve, and was answered from the towers of all the churches in long-drawn-out, but sweet and solemn tones. Mr. Armsby and I assisted Colonel Wyborne to disembark ; who, then, leaning upon our arms on either side, commenced his strange and melancholy pilgrimage. The fifty years which had elapsed since his departure from Boston had wrought none of those changes in the appearance of the town which the spells of modern speculation have in these latter days often worked in a single lustre. The aspect of the place was almost unchanged. The population had scarcely increased during that period, and the small addition had been contented to fix their habitations upon the large extent of unoccupied ground within the peninsula, without laying their parricidal hands upon the roofs which had sheltered their fathers. As we slowly proceeded up King (now State) street, there were to be seen on either side the same dwellings which our aged friend had left when he took his last leave of the metropolis. How different was that scene from the one which the same ground now presents ! Now it is metamorphosed into one great granite temple to Mammon, whose pavements are worn by the frequent feet of his busy worshippers. The household gods have fled from its precincts, the fire is quenched on the domestic altar, the voice of woman and the laugh of childhood are there heard no more. But on that night, more than half a century since, the moon, which looked down upon the sleeping city, bathed in her silver beams a multitude of happy homes. The houses, substantial yet elegant, stood betwixt ample court-yards in front and trim gardens behind. Old

trees overshadowed them, shrubs and flowers in their season adorned them. Hospitality and Religion sanctified them. Now how changed !

As we gained the end of the wharf and entered the inhabited street, Colonel Wyborne seemed scarcely to notice the familiar habitations of his friends on either side, but with a hurried step pressed forward toward the house in which he was born, and which was his home during his brief abode in Boston. It was situated on the right hand side of the street. It stood on the highest of three terraces of moderate height, and was approached by as many flights of stone steps, guarded on either side by iron balustrades of the fashion of the beginning of the century. The grounds on either side were planted with evergreens, and numerous trees of ornament and shade. A heavy iron gate admitted you within the court-yard. The house itself was of brick painted of a cream color, Corinthian pilasters reaching from the ground to the eaves, and with grotesque faces looking from the tops of the windows.

When we had reached the house, our venerable companion paused in manifest emotion. For a moment he laid hold of the iron bars of the gate for support, but his spirits soon rallied, and he regarded the happy home of his childhood and of his married life with sad composure. Strangers now inhabited those apartments, which were associated with his earliest memories. Other children played in the grounds which were his childish empire. Other hearts, which he knew not, and which knew not him, were happy in the charities of domestic life within those walls that had witnessed his happiest days. Long he stood gazing upon that beloved home. He seemed to forget our presence, and to be in the midst of another age and a former generation. I have witnessed many strange scenes in the course of my pilgrimage, but none that I have seen returns upon my memory so often, or seems so extraordinary, as that moonlight walk. The attenuated form and pallid features of our friend might well have befitted an inhabitant of another world, returned to revisit, by the glimpses of the moon, the spot on earth he loved the best. The superstition which believes that the spirits of the departed hover over those places loved while on earth, is one which even enlightened natures have loved to indulge. But it is a chimera born of Ignorance and Fear. The blessed spirit which has put off "the vesture of decay," and broken the fleshy chain that linked it to earth, yearns not for the little point of space around which its mortal affections clustered. If it ever returns to this visible sphere, it is the chambers of the human heart that it haunts—it is the beloved souls yet in prison that it visits and strengthens for the

struggles of earth which are to fit them for the crowns of heaven.

As we stood gazing at the old mansion, a female form, with a light in her hand, passed across one of the windows, thus giving us assurance that the house was yet tenanted by more material forms than those of memory and fancy. The circumstance seemed to strike palpably upon Colonel Wyborne's heart, and to give vitality, as it were, to his dream of the past. It seemed for a moment as if he had only to open the door, and to walk into the midst of his long-buried household joys. But the mood soon passed away and he slowly turned his fixed regard from his former home, and resuming his hold upon his companions, proceeded up the street. He now observed, on either hand, the former residences of his early friends, every one of which had passed into other hands through the lapse of time or the chances and changes of the Revolution. He paused to contemplate the old Town House—then the State House—which was and is full of the memory of old colonial quarrels between the Royal Governors and their legislatures—and of the machinery which set the ball of the Revolution in motion. This historic edifice still stands, as little changed as could be expected when we know that it is at the mercy of a Civic Board.

We then stopped for a moment before the Old Brick Church almost opposite the Town House, and surveyed with reverence the oldest building erected by our fathers for the worship of God. We then passed along Cornhill to the Province-House, then degraded from being the residence of the representatives of Royalty to some plebeian use, but still standing, unshorn of any of its externals of rank. The trees still waved in the court-yard; and the iron fence which had surrounded it for more than a century, still seemed to tell the vulgar to keep their distance. Many a festive image was called up before the mind's eye of our companion by the sight of this scene of provincial grandeur.

We then continued our walk until we came to the house of my good aunt Champion, which had received him and his bride under its hospitable roof on his first arrival from Europe. This was almost the only one of all the habitations of his many kindred and friends which had not passed into strange hands. The sight of its well-remembered walls seemed for a moment to shake his resolution of returning to his retirement without revealing his presence to any of his friends. But the settled habit of seclusion was stronger than his wish to see his dear old friend. The thought, too, of the twenty years which had elapsed since they had met, perhaps brought to his mind the changes which years had worked in both of them, which would make their last interview on the shore of time one of melanco-

ly emotions as well as of sad recollections. We then proceeded across the Common to the foot of Beacon Hill, a natural monument, which in an evil hour was torn from its firm base and buried in the sea, to glut the insane cravings of the monster Speculation, which threatens to swallow up our land.

At this distance of time I cannot recall all the particulars of our midnight ramble. I remember pausing to see the princely mansions of the Bowdoins, Faneuils, the Vassals, sleeping in the moonlight. Opposite the Faneuil House was the King's Chapel churchyard, in a distant corner of which slumbered whatever remained of Maria Wyborne. The gate was locked, so that we could not enter the gloomy precinct; but Colonel Wyborne pointed out to us the spot with an almost cheerful air, as he added,

"But a few days, and the gates of the resting-place of my fathers will close forever on the last of their race!"

We visited, too, the North End, then as now the most populous portion of the town; and as we threaded its narrow streets, many well-known thresholds greeted the eyes of the time-worn pilgrim, which he had often passed in gay or in serious mood. Passing hastily by them, however, and stopping but a moment before the former residence of Cotton Mather, his early pastor, we hastened back to the wharf through some of the devious lanes which Colonel Wyborne seemed to remember as distinctly as if he had passed through them but yesterday. He seemed exhausted by the fatigue of the unusual walk, and by the conflicting emotions which agitated his soul. We emerged into King street from an alley about opposite his house. He stood earnestly looking his last at the place he loved so well, and then turned sadly away to return to the home of his declining years. His heart seemed too full for words; but as he slowly walked down the wharf, he pressed my arm, and said, almost inarticulately,

"Tell my dear friend, Mrs. Champion, what I have done and seen to-night, and tell her that I shall spend the remainder of my few days in more content and satisfaction for this night's ramble. The earnest longing of my heart to see once more these beloved scenes is satisfied, and I shall die content."

When we had reached the spot where our boat was in waiting, my revered friend tenderly embraced me in his aged arms, and giving me a tremulous "God bless you!" sunk into his place, and supported himself on the shoulder of his faithful servant. Mr. Armsby took his leave with a cordial grasp of the hand, and hastened to assume his seat. The oars fell with a sudden splash into the water, and the boat was soon gliding over the waves far from the shore. I stood and watch-

ed its departing course as long as the flashing of the oars in the moon-beams indicated its pathway. At length nothing was to be seen but the gleaming of the moonlight on the waves, and I turned away in an inexplicable frame of mind, in which it seemed to me as if I were but just awaking from a strange mysterious dream.

I returned up the street, with my portmanteau in my hand, and after some difficulty procured admission at the Bunch of Grapes, a hostelry of no mean fame in its day. The next day I spent with my good aunt Champion, whose faith was hardly sufficient to make her credit my story of her old friend having actually but a few hours before been looking up at her windows. Before night I returned to my chambers at Cambridge, with a fund of cheerful and of sadder images, over which to brood at leisure; and which, at the end of half a century, still return in clearest vision upon my memory whenever I call to mind my visit to AN OCTOGENARY, FIFTY YEARS SINCE.

Y. D.

## OSCEOLA.

SAY it in whispers, that the sons of those  
 Who fought beside our Fabius, Washington—  
 Inheriting a glory which was won  
 By honorable port to friends and foes,  
 Have flung away their birth-right, to enclose  
 In a vile ambush, that Undaunted One  
 Who yielded to their plighted faith alone  
 The arm their valor did not dare oppose!  
 Hush!—for the Dead at Lexington who sleep,  
 The Forlorn Hope of Freedom, must not hear  
 That our degenerate hands, to which they gave  
 Truth's spotless banner all unstained to keep,  
 And in her mighty Van-guard to uprear,  
 Have left it buried in a half-breed's grave.

THETA.

## BRADY'S LEAP.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

THE following incident occurred in the year 1780. The individual referred to was Captain Samuel Brady, a noted hunter and Indian fighter in the region about the Ohio river.

A STRIPE of sky its sunshine threw  
Upon a sylvan glade,  
On which the circling forest drew  
Its pictur'd shapes of shade ;  
'Twas spotted with low thickets, where  
Throbb'd the faint pulses of the air,  
Beatings of Nature's sleep :  
Beside, no motion of a thing  
Nor chirp, nor flutter of a wing,  
Came o'er the stillness deep.

But now, far shouts and steps were heard  
Within the forest's breast,  
Approaching nearer, till the bird  
Flew frighten'd from its nest ;  
Till bough, and moss, and grass were rife  
With myriad throngs of tiny life  
Circling and murmuring round,  
And the whole scene, so lately still,  
In leaping forms and voices shrill,  
Woke startled at the sound.

With laugh, and yell, of joy, and hate,  
A savage group burst in,  
Like demons met to celebrate  
A festival of sin.  
Some stripp'd a neighboring sapling bare  
And pil'd its leafy branches there,  
Whilst a wild circle stood  
With gleaming eyes, fix'd fierce on one  
Whose brow, though bronzed by toil and sun,  
Proclaim'd the white man's blood.

Through the pil'd boughs red streaks of flame,  
Like darting serpents ran,  
But not a tremor shook the frame  
Of that lone, helpless man.



He view'd, with calm and equal breath,  
 The instrument of torturing death,  
 The same in soul as though  
 His deadly rifle still he bore,  
 A dauntless hunter warrior,  
 With bosom to his foe.

Eager for their wild revelry  
 Around him press'd the throng,  
 Then burst in horrid mocking glee  
 Loud whoop, and boisterous song.  
 Woman's shrill tones and Manhood's shout  
 And childish shrieks rung, echoing out  
 Upon the sunny air,  
 Wreaking their hatred's fiercest storm  
 On that unarm'd, defenceless form,  
 Unbow'd, though in despair.

Now to the chant, in circling dance  
 Writh'd every bounding limb,  
 And every fiend-like countenance  
 Grew still more black and grim ;  
 Some whirl'd their hatchets round his head,  
 With starting eye-balls burning red,  
 And teeth with rage that gnash'd ;  
 Some scorched his shrinking skin, with brands,  
 Or, blood-drops spirting o'er their hands,  
 With knives his bosom gash'd.

At length a mother, at whose breast  
 A trembling infant clung,  
 Close to the suffering victim press'd  
 With loud and scornful tongue.  
 A hope flash'd o'er him, quick as thought,  
 With giant grasp the child he caught  
 And hurl'd it in the blaze ;  
 Then, as all rush'd with wild dismay  
 To where the trembler, shrieking, lay,  
 He vanish'd from their gaze.

Now, hunter, urge thy fleet career !  
 Let not a muscle fail,  
 Like wolves that scent the flying deer,  
 Swift feet are on thy trail ;  
 Dash through the thicket—leap the mound—  
 Thy foemen's shouting nearer sound,  
 On, on, pause not for breath,  
 A shot has graz'd that sheltering tree ;  
 Rush down this steep declivity !  
 For close behind is death.

Within the clustering swamp he springs  
To seek some darken'd nook,  
Now by the pendent hemlock swings  
Across the laurell'd brook.  
The bear from covert, snorting, wakes,  
The snake his warning rattle shakes,  
But on the hunter flies ;  
Breathless he climbs the broken hill,  
Below, the foemen follow still,  
And still their war-whoops rise.

But now, upon the burthen'd air,  
Creeps a low steady roar ;  
The Cuyahoga tumbles there,  
Hope lights his breast once more.  
He knows the spot ;—through narrow rocks  
The torrent beats with billowy shocks,  
A war-horse cloth'd with foam,  
Thundering along its curbless way  
Flinging its mane-like showers of spray  
Athwart the yawning gloom.

One glance ;—above the hill's steep edge  
Ascending war-plumes float ;  
He bounds to where a dizzy ledge  
Juts o'er the torrent's throat,  
Nerving his strength one instant there,  
His leaping figure cuts the air,  
The dread ravine is pass'd ;  
And, as the baffl'd foemen shrink  
From the black chasm's terrific brink,  
His heart beats free at last.

Thick, screening branches, as they fly,  
Turn off the whizzing balls ;  
And now along the western sky  
The gold-fringed sunset falls.  
And soon he saw Night's mantle black,  
Folded around his forest track,  
With friendly stars to guide,  
And when Morn wove her dappled woof,  
He sat beneath his cabin roof  
With glad ones at his side.

## A CHAPTER ON NIAGARA.

"JUDITH, we'll drink wine on Goat Island—we'll waltz with the gayest in their gayest hall ; but we'll taste the sparkling Champagne alone, where the mist falls." "Harry," said a spare gentleman in a large green-cushioned chair, as he laid a volume of Wordsworth on the centre-table, "do you talk of wine and waltzing in the same breath with Niagara? do you take a turn of a thousand miles for a flirtation simply—a giddy whirl in the dance of fashion? and that, too, in the roar of the cataract?" And here the mild eye of the spare gentleman, like Coleridge's, lost for a moment its liveliness, only to flash out with startling brilliancy when he entered on a favorite theme. "Tuesday, you go, then," he continued—"Tuesday, with your cousin Judith. I would I were your cicerone ; I know it by heart—I have it in my eye like a picture, from Ontario to Chippewa ; and could show it, as would Hazlitt a painting of Correggio or Rembrandt. The master-scenes of nature, like the chef d'œuvres of immortal artists, ask for the unpractised, yet earnest visitant, an interpreter ; to the careless they are ever positively incomprehensible. Their essential beauties shrink, as it were, and become dimness under the profanity of a casual glance ; they only unveil themselves to the contemplative, and pour the light of their splendid mysteries into the fixed eye of him who looks at them and loves them for their own sake. To catch at first the full expression of harmony and beauty ever resting on the varied forms of the visible world, is the prerogative of genius : it is only by long familiarity and solemn study that the mere man can rise to

"See into the life of things."

If the wild poetry of the lakes had the mastery of my youthful heart—moulding all passions into a romantic love for a life within their woods and upon their waves, it was not that every thing bright to the eye or musical to the ear was intelligible as a painting or a song : years of intimate communion alone brought that power—to see, in the picturesque confusion, order ; to blend the sweet discord into melody ; and pierce the mists shrouding the pavilion where sat the genius that made it.

I am back to Niagara for the hundredth time: I hear the din of the rapids—see the flashing breakers in their frightful race for the last leap.

I have studied many a fair page in the broad book of nature, if not with the head of a philosopher, at least with the eye and heart of a lover; and in no chapter of the mystic volume have I turned such a leaf. It is poetry with the voice and the instrument—a revelation divinely illuminated, to which the book opens of itself, and lies before the gaze of imagination, until spirit is lost in contemplation of the glorious author. Byron, the legitimate child of romance, was a play-fellow of the elements, and laid his hand

“upon the ocean’s mane”—

Wordsworth linked his soul in spiritual wedlock to the beauty of the material world, and, as high-priest in the temple of nature, eat the shew-bread from her most sacred altar; and I, even I dared, as the young warrior cleft with his arrow the bow on its uprolling mist, to sport with the majesty of Niagara. I have gazed with a familiar look on the awful magnificence of its height and depth, and, aside from the fashionable throng, held free communion with its invisible wonders. Its image has flashed and foamed in my eye till it has become a living reflection to light it in the darkness of sleep; my ear has drunk the thunder of its wild anthem, till it has a music of its own, singing of deeps and water-falls. I could wish to wander with the Switzer on his native Alps—to grow romantic on the Rhine; but let the evening walks of my old days lead me where the departing waters of our own broad lakes break on the cliffs of Niagara.

It is characteristic of a class of minds glowing with the idea of the beautiful, to rest with an almost idolatrous love on that object, whether in the spiritual or material sphere, which, of its kind, comes nearest the ideal of beauty in themselves. They adopt it as the child of fancy and reflection, shaping to exquisite excellence its very blemishes, and working up to a likeness of the inward standard the parts, in unity, till it live the full and perfect creature of the imagination. In reference to it are all comparison and estimation made of forms of its own specific class, till it come at last to supersede the bright shadow of which it is the essential reality. This, to the mind of Hazlitt, was the *idea* of mental power and beauty *realized* in Napoleon; for him who has, in the language of his own philosophic verse, “the vision and the faculty divine,” there

dwells, in the vale of Grassmere and round the brows of Helvellyn,

"A presence that disturbs him with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts."

So my own feeble vision, the passage of northern waters to lake Ontario eminently embodies the expression of the loftiest features of American scenery. The green isle, looking back to the sky-bounded sea—the solemn pomp and force of gathering currents—the boisterous rapid—the cataract—the wild abyss and overhanging cliff—the calm yet irresistible river, sweeping majestically by forest and champagne—all are lulled in the music of one murmur. But the genius of this climax of beauty and sublimity has its throne on the mist of the *cataract*. Amid the grand objects of nature, *that* stands out alone with a splendor to captivate and a power to enliven the imagination peculiar to itself. Even of its kind it is unlike any thing in the whole range of water curiosities. To an imaginative mind it has in its being an element of humanity—a something in the economy of its existence analogous to the mighty among men. It hath a labor to perform—a change to work out, for the finish and perfecting of the earth. It had its birth, and may perish far within the bounds of time. Virtuosos and poets of after-ages, as they muse by the gentle river in the green vallies of Erie, may go down *in fancy* to the falls of Niagara, as we may to-day to those which fell without a name from the heights of Queenston. And in this possibility—that there was a time, in the reach of history, when the cliffs which frown off upon Ontario were "*not silent as a picture*"—in the forethought that men may say of this grand drama of waters, "*it is finished*," lies, perhaps the mystery of its unique greatness. The voyager, in view of Teneriffe, gazes upon it as part and parcel of the firm earth: it is only Teneriffe—what it *was* and ever *will be*—holding, by right of primogeniture, as its own unalienable domain, the sky and ocean. It is *there!* one with the globe; and the mind comes back from it as from the continuous coast. But Niagara is something *marching across*, rather than *of* and *fixed upon* the earth—taking to itself, in virtue of its energy and motions, individuality. To the imaginative eye it is an ever-departing presence, gone down the cold blue halls of its soundless depths, yet ever, in bright parade, retrograding at its own solemn music to its own destruction. The idea that the stupendous scene can ever cease to be a scene, startles the poetic beholder; conception labors to compass the silence of the abyss that shall know it no more, while yet the rills are tinkling on the hill-sides. In imagina-

tion, it should roll down for ever, and mingle its thunder with the last trump.

Why so many amateurs of fine scenery are disappointed at their first view of the Falls, is wholly to be laid to their own imprudence. From false, high-wrought descriptions, they come with a vague conception of an overwhelming spectacle. The very breakers of Lake Erie happily topple from a cloud-like height into an under-sky of billowy mists, bright with ever-spanning rainbows. Held with this one old notion, they rush, in the spur of the moment, to the edge of the appalling chasm to annihilate a monstrous fancy, and grieve over the tameness of a sight really too great to find a place in the narrow confines of their startled senses. Fancy had moulded for itself a phantom without the bounds of the created universe; and found itself powerless to combine the parts of a living scene, whose manifold splendors can no more be taken in at a glance than the truths of the whole Bible from a morning's perusal.

To see Niagara aright—to feel in the view what one may and ought to feel, and go away with its name for ever a talisman to wake perception to lofty views of beauty in the outward world—to many a prospect unvisited,

“Hanging in the shadowy air,  
Like a picture rich and rare,”

one must be careful how he approaches, and how he demeans himself in its presence. If, with the thoughtless hunter of a kill-time, he make it the mere pander to a whirl of fashionable pleasures; or, with the busy, taking it on his way, is satisfied with a passing look; he will leave it as a thing whose power to enchant lay only in the “*mighty magic of a name*.” To rise to a mastery of the whole grand prospect, he must come, not only with his soul alive to all that is poured upon the ear and eye, but linger until he catch the full expression of each distinctive feature; and then, by an intercommunion with the spirit that pervades *all*, awake with the power of re-producing it as *one*. With whatever interest a traveller might stand in the vestibule of a magnificent temple, he could never be aroused to a sense of its perfection, as a whole, unless he penetrated its inmost adytum. If he would see it in all its beautiful proportions, with emotions akin to those of its builder, he must wander in its solemn halls and cloisters—thrid its aisles, and linger round its altar with the thoughtful leisure of a pilgrim. Thus, with Niagara. If you would have other impressions than those of awe and wonder at its mere vastness, you must take time for a quiet inspection of the whole. There are in-

trinsic beauties—curious things, far down and within, which require the intellectual eye to scrutinize; a soft, small singing beneath its awful base, whose tones are only audible to the inmost ear.

Niagara, in itself, is an endless diorama of ever-varying wonders :—a grand combination of the sublime, the deep, and the swift, mingled with the brilliant and terrible, and crowded with the beautiful; demanding, for its complete development, the beholder to take advantage of all possible positions at all hours of the day and evening. The first condition to a mastery of the wonders of the cataract is to come with the soul alive to all that is poured upon the ear and eye. To do this effectually, let the tourist first yield himself a willing captive to the romantic influences of all that is picturesque above or below. Make your first solemn pause, I would say to the poet or painter, either on the banks at Chippewa or beneath the heights at Queenston. From either of these points, rising through the wild and novel, he will ascend with easy step to the full power of grappling with the sublime.

In the prospect of the river at Chippewa, there is something indescribably imposing. Did you ever listen to the eloquent Hobart, when his sweet solemn voice rolled upon the still audience his pathetic periods, and you *felt* what his soul swelled to make you feel—that the fashion of this world passeth away? If you are a thoughtful man, you will feel it again at the calm noon-tide or a star-light evening along the green banks of Chippewa. The idea that all the glassy expanse—that glistering multitude of lingering waters, will soon be breaking in foam on the rapids, and bending in the mingled green and white of the cataract, shapes the soft yet far-reaching water-whispers into an eloquent utterance of nature's old aphorism, that "all of the bright and beautiful under the stars must perish." But when, by some turn of a breeze, the ear catches, like the sound of a coming tornado in the woods, the full roar of the Falls, then, as if by the might of enchantment, a new view spreads itself to the beholder. The slow solemn movement of the mingling currents seems that of a host marshalling for battle. Busily, yet still the liquid squadrons roll in, narrowing and deepening to a visible line, where for a moment the whole broad deep river rests; when, all as one, with the fearful concentration of a forlorn hope, moving without a murmur, it sinks, with a pulse that trembles through from bank to bank, on the first step of the terrible descent, and—is gone. At Queenston, the scenery is a very antithesis of that above the rapids. There the eye plays off upon no expanse—all is aloft and beneath. As you look from below into the dark gulf, out of which the pent

river is hastening, the first impulse is back ; the very air seems weighty with a sleeping presence not to be awaked ; and you recoil insensibly until you feel yourself positively growing little. And herein lies the witchery of the scene—its power to hold the gazer fast until the poetry of the sight can address itself to the imagination. The chill shadowy atmosphere gathering heavily upon the spirit and the senses, is the mystic network dropped around you by the Genius Loci, for a moment, to loose you presently with fancy double-winged. Who has seen an eagle float smoothly from the calm air about some mountain ledge into the rapid breeze of a defile ? How it bore him off in its first dalliance with his lazy wing :—he wheels—falls—struggles a breath with the invisible current ; and the next, on strong pinions, shoots, with it full in his eye, the haze of the very summit. Thus will an ardent beholder yield, and then soar to a mastery of the picturesque at Queenston. After all, to those who love with a glimpse of some objective beauty, to turn the inward eye to the glories of an ideal, the secret of the romantic here lies rather in what is *wanting* than in that which *really exists* ; it lies, I divine, in the absence of some grand primitive feature, and not in any one or all that are present. It is one of Nature's great picture *frames* ; from which, with her own magic hand, she has moved back the painting, and left nothing but vacancy to tell of its fullness—a silent and lifeless grandeur, to hint what once within and around it “lived, moved, and had a being.” But ah !—to a poet, a painter, here is the ground of the charm ; this vacancy, this still, dead splendor, is the enchanter's wand in the grasp of imagination, which it waves, and again, broad and unbroken, the glistening cataract bends in primitive sublimity from its ancient cliffs, as on that morning, when, like a scroll, written with a new lesson of truth and beauty, it first unrolled itself to earth and heaven—catching as it fell, in the foam streaming down the vivid sheet, the greenness of the one and the brightness of the other ; once more the thirsty cedars drip in the ascending mist as they reach from their crags for the ever-shifting rainbows ; and thunders, pealing over the “sea of silent oaks,” far and wide below, die away into

“The strange deep harmonics that haunt its breast.”

In crossing from the American, as we say, to the Canadian side, the eye unfaillingly drops *upon the river*. You are rising and sinking on the cold fresh waters of Superior and Huron ; you are whirling on the eddying currents of the Falls ; that thought throws upon their entire movement a novelty and greatness wholly unique. As the sight wanders through the dark gate-



way up into the lonesome chasm, it hangs with a keen interest upon the blue haze haunting its shadowy caverns:—where does the river come from?—it looks like Lethe! and to sail round the first turn into the rocks would be to forget and be forgotten. But it *comes*, strong and green like the sea, crowding down the cramped passage with a low muffled murmur—then bursts from its prison doors with the seeming gladness of freedom to roll on in light and liberty. As the loosened volumes whirl among themselves, they seem dwelling with stifled voices, and within a breath of shouting out, “Niagara is itself again.” Having gained the heights, a tourist of the genuine spirit will hardly ask a better guide than his own curiosity. If he follow that, like a true pedestrian—cane in hand, he will leave the broad way with its garish sunshine, and take to the wild foot-paths, thridding the bits of wood-land along the bank. They seldom lead amiss, but are ever coming out to bold projections, from which one might spring, to all appearance, to the very middle of the stream. It is a striking trait in these loop-hole prospects, that the river, from its distance and narrowness, looks less like *the river* than a purple strip of quietly-working cloud. From Queenston to the presence-rock of the cataract, the chief point of interest is the whirlpool. At this remarkable turn the eager footman will pause, nothing loth; it is the very antichamber to the last grand view. The river, after a fearful descent of a full half mile, is compelled to double suddenly upon itself in order to take its appointed direction. In this terrific operation, just where the current meets the opposing ledges, it has swept out an immense elliptical abyss. Into this huge basin the whole volume plunges and revolves. From the cliff that commands both the approaching and departing streams, the prospect is tremendous. As the eye glances up the wild misty pass, the idea of *waters* is most perfectly realized. From the moment the walled-in flood gushes into sight to your very feet, it is one rabble-rout of billows; down they come, roaring and rolling like liquid thunder-heads until within half-bowshot of the frightful gulf, when all sink into the smoothness of descending oil, and slide, with a very scream-in-a-whisper, into the torture dungeon of the whirlpool. To a sensitive beholder the sight becomes for a moment absolutely painful. He can scarcely rid himself of the notion of suffering as he gazes down on the agony of that “Hell of waters,” and listens to their far-off hissing as they twist themselves into their fathomless labyrinths. A peep beneath the shelf, that holds him to this appalling spectacle, gives its antithesis. As if in mockery of the magnificence of its own entrance, the departing current, rising calmly from the skirt of the vortex, slips quietly away like a slim serpent in the sunshine.

## SKIOMACHIA.

WHOEVER has looked into Carlyle on the French Revolution, must have been struck with his reiterations and applications of a word which is the motto, maxim, key, and principle of the changes which are going on in the world we live in. That word is Reality, the basis and substratum of every thing, to which time and trial are wearing us down, and by which, as *it* is beautiful or fearful, and not by tradition and prejudice, must every thing be judged.

Reality is a skeleton sometimes masked as a fair or awful form of life—vice in high places, pomp, and domination. Sometimes it is a crystal nucleus, but hid in a shapeless mass—the general mind, for example, gross in ignorance, but taking shape and beauty from instruction. Sometimes it is the imprisoned Sampson whose bonds shall be burst like smoking flax; sometimes the green earth, from which the invading sands are driven back, that the place where the desert was may blossom like the rose. Reality is the object of our search on earth, the thing towards which, consciously or unconsciously, we are all toiling, but happiest those who know best what they desire and live to realize some part of it. These are the benefactors of their race; but contrariwise, what shall be said of the perpetrators of falsehood? Some of them may be classed at once; they are the enemies of man, in direct alliance with Satan, doing evil for evil's sake, or so recklessly, with such indifference to consequences as perhaps to be less excusable than the fiend who hates all goodness, and is thus at least prompted by a passion. But there are others, the slaves of prejudice and tradition, the dupes of plausibility and the preachers of expediency, who would perpetuate the evils their fathers upheld, or would do mischief instead of good that good may come by and bye. All these people in various degrees are to be condemned; falsehood is always mischievous, and is usually foul; it is always without hesitation or compromise, without fear or favor, or exception, to be warred upon, decried and repudiated.

Here, then, is a creed to which even the realms of fancy should be subject; for it is of them principally that we are treating just now, as it is in them chiefly that the present age sins against the truth avowedly. Fiction, it is thought, may be beautiful, and nature may even be beautified, and barrenness may be cultivated

to advantage, for the sake of strengthening the arms. Romance accordingly stuffs young brains with impossibilities, and deranges their ideas of the relation of cause and effect. Poetry frightens language from its propriety, and distorts it when its strength is most wanted from its use; and metaphysics, like another Ulysses, ploughs the sea-shore, the sands by the ocean of Truth, but, unlike Newton, never picked up a pebble. They may tell us that the mind should be employed, and so it should; but its employment should have a course, a beginning and a tendency, if not a middle and an end. There is no limit to experiment; try all things, but hold fast that which is good. If your mind is an unoccupied plain, let any fancy march her armies in, let them parade, manœuvre, contend, and march off again, but not unquestioned. Ask them at least, though none should answer why do ye so? Every unoccupied plain is a public highway—the water, the blue ocean, where none can fix his dwelling, is free to all. The wild-fowl dips his wing in it, the shark disports himself on its surface, and the whale plunges in its depths, for it hath depths, and some are inaccessible. The wind blows over it to his home when he is called, and where that home is, there let thy thoughts follow, if they can, but let them desist if they cannot. The ocean is not such a mystery as the mind; the greater mystery may span and comprehend the less, but who shall comprehend the greater? Look not too much into the mind, for that way madness lies, or at best folly and exhaustion; the eye cannot see itself, and the mental sight turned inwards may end in dazzling blindness. Have you seen the catalogue of men who have treated of the mind, and have you seen the result of their labors? You might write it on a pin's head, if there be enough of it to write at all; you might make a pin's head comprehend it as easily as a rational man's; it is simply nothing.

Look then abroad into the former ages,  
 And call to count what is of them become;  
 Where be those learned wights and antique sages  
 Who of all knowledge knew the perfect sum?

Aye, where be they? They are gone to their several tombs, and their theories are gone after them; and the king of the metaphysicians of this day begins his labors by inquiring whether metaphysics are possible; for as yet he says they have not struck out the right path to arrive at the dignity of a science. The great difference between men and brutes, says Jouffroy, is that man improves, while brutes are the same in all ages; but almost immediately upon this dictum follows the declaration that Phi-

losophy is stationary too. Not that the learned man wished to assimilate Philosophy to the brutes, far from it; but unconsciously he does so. A certain number of problems, he says, susceptible of a certain number of solutions always the same, is presented in every age; the philosophers divide upon the solutions, and the battle is fought over and over. Vain battle, brutish repetition; but all do not fight in the *mêlée*. Some stand apart cosmogonizing, or setting up theocracies, or fighting shadows. The world is real, cries Heraclitus, (of Ephesus,) it is a living, ever-changing fire, and full of spirits which are akin to it. It is not real, says the sophist Gorgias; and if it were, it could not be comprehended; and were it comprehended, it could not be expressed. Air, says Diogenes the Cretan, is the intelligent principle. The soul, says Xenocrates of Chalcedon, is a self-acting number. These are the dreams which have made dreamers famous, wherefore wise men, cry aloud and spare not, there is none to contradict or comprehend you. Whatever your doctrines may be in you, in your proselytes it is something else; it acts like yeast on their brains, and produces new fermentations. Zimmerman had happily a wife, unhappily he lost her; and sadly on her death-bed she thought of the dark days that were to come for the philosopher. "My poor Zimmerman, who now shall understand thee?" Fichte fought with death because his thought was yet unrevealed; quartos he had written and folios, full of words and sentences, parings of thought but no kernel, the cast-off raiment of the spirit stripping itself to do something not yet done. "One man alone," he said, almost with his last breath, "one man alone has understood me"—he paused, and added, "and HE did not understand me either." Darkness closed over him, kindred darkness, the brother of his doctrine; such darkness as the world might have come to if some men had not groped and felt their way while philosophers were trying to divine it. The blind that would have led the blind, began and ended with describing the way that lay before them such as they would have it, and crying to each other, advance. Bacon took a step, there were stairs before him and bannisters, and light above him; he stretched out his hands and advanced, and rose, and called a world up after him. Philosophy, in the old sense, is nothing; poetry is a folly held up by prejudice, a half civilized remnant of savage picture-writing and chanted laws, the go-carts and crutches of memory before records were perfected. It is perpetuated in these times by custom, the inconceivable force of habit, and the fear men have of condemning what some admire lest it should be said that the fault is in them. But better days are coming, the popular cry about poetry is dying away, and

men find in very truth that practice, experience, demonstration and application, have their attractions and their beauties ; that reality is all in all. If you cannot make reality poetical nor poetry real, choose *you* for your portion, if you will, that one of these two essences which vanishes at the approach of the other ; but your labors will be in vain, and your end, not sublime, but ridiculous. Have poets taught us anything ? Have they even shadowed out darkly something that Time brought about and showed to be true ? No thanks to them if they have, for they professed falsehood ; and who could have looked to them for truth ? Seneca foresaw America, he dreamed of such a thing, but did he inspire Columbus ? On the contrary, Columbus might have doubted his own conclusions when he found the fancy-monger had had them before him. Poetry is essentially false, the dealers in true rhymes find little audience ; the gift of the craft is to embellish false gems, for to set true ones it is little needed. Poetry is like a kaleidoscope ; you put nonsense and frivolity into it, and, like the worthless bits of colored glass in that pretty toy, they are reflected in specious arrangement. Verse is a thing essentially artificial. Nature knows it not, nor knows any use of it, nor does she prompt it in any of her workings, nor anything that resembles it. The passions brought to their extremest verge do *not* dash into poetry, though Byron says they do ; an enraged or desperate man is no more likely to roar poetry than a lion. If you would try this fairly, you may find the occasion, or remember the occasions you have seen. Are not men speechless or inarticulate in the rage of battle ; are they not earnest, subdued, and solemn in the presence of death ? Is not the lover mute, or does he not speak with stammering lips, when he feels most what he would say ? Or when the powers of a man's mind are tasked for the preservation of his life, when he stands before justice in sight of the scaffold, when damp perspiration stands upon his brows and cold tremor runs through his limbs, the thought labors in the utterance, it chokes in the full throat, and when at last the trembling lip delivers it, it comes forth PROSE.

Shakspeare, they say, is the Poet of Nature, if Nature had a poet ; but she hath none. Shakspeare knew nature, but in expressing her he mingled much that was his own. He rarely put three words together so but that you might know them to be Shakspeare's. If he named a man even, in a serious mood, he would set his name to new music, which would remain with it. "Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster." What a resonance that has ! How it abides in one's ear and thought, and with it the thought of Shakspeare. But that Lear in his madness, Othello in his despair, Richard the

Second in his abasement, or the Third in his fury, should speak in lines of ten syllables, fit to count off on one's fingers; this is purely conventional. It is a mode adopted to hide a difficulty, a defect, an impossibility, and you make allowance for it as you do for the scenery, for the artificial thunder and lightning, or the ocean when it is brought upon the stage. That a man in such circumstances as some of these would not talk like every-day people, seems probable, and so far your stage hero is true to Nature, for he does not deliver like a man of this world. Satisfied with this, you omit to observe that here the resemblance stops, and that while it is perfectly true that a man under deep and strong excitement would not talk in his usual manner, it is equally true that he would not talk poetry—that he would not say any thing theatrical or fit to produce dramatic effect, and indeed, in many cases, it is most probable he would hardly speak at all. What would a real Macbeth have said in a real murder scene?—what answers would his wife have made him? Something deep and monosyllabic, tremulous, guilty, and half-expressed; no audience could catch it, no short-hand writer put it down, still less could any dramatist imagine it. Guilt is awful, recoiling, quelling; the first great crime must always be so; it is the showman's art to stir it up and make it talkative, but he invests its language with the unnaturalness of poetry, and the greater fault passes before you unproved.

There is no poetry in Nature. Percival says the earth is full of it, the air, the stars, and I know not what besides. The earth is *not*, though the world is; any body can make it, and make it good, who will persevere in the practice. The earth and the air may be full of beautiful things, and when you have assumed that beauty is poetry, you will have no difficulty in proving that poetry is all you could desire; but this is not the matter in discussion. We talk of the poetry that poets make, that garb of words for thought which men usually designate as poetry, consisting of metre, rhythm, and sometimes of rhyme; and we say it has no parallel in Nature, nor any place, nor could it have any without displacing something better. Does the wind blow in dactyls and spondees? do the waves dash by fourteens together to make sonnets? do the rivers run parallel and terminate alike? do the jagged mountain-tops present the iterations of rhythm? Where is the type of rhyme in the works of Nature? Art has plenty of it; if you look at a piece of landscape gardening you are sure to find it;

“Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,  
And half the platform just reflects the other.”

But in the natural landscape, and in the natural dialect, this contrivance and correspondence is not to be found.

But the great objection to Poetry, the great accusation against it, is that it delights in falsehood and can make nothing of reality. It is for shedding false glare everywhere, and will rather have lamp-light of its own manufacture and coloring than the genial beams of the sun. Its essence is exaggeration and distortion, and is it to be wondered at that souls well steeped in it are unfitted for every thing else? What says Dean Swift?—do you remember his categories of wretches, none of whom

“Is so disqualified by Fate,  
To rise in Church, or Law, or State,  
As he whom Phœbus, in his ire,  
Has blasted with poetic fire?”

Or what says Ben Johnson, who let the truth out once, although to a certain extent himself a poet, which Swift was not? He tells you of idle poesy,

“That useless and unprofitable art,  
Good unto none, and least to the professors.”

And Shakspeare, too, bears testimony, through Hotspur, to the feelings of an efficient, practical, and right-minded man, who

“Would rather hear a brazen canstick turned,  
Or a dry wheel grate in the axletree,  
And that would nothing set his teeth on edge—  
Nothing so much as mincing poetry.”

The truth and the end is, that men's minds are limited, their lives are limited, and the false that supersedes the true and takes its place, turns so much energy to waste that might have profited. Ploughing the sea-shore may be pardoned to a real madman, but not to a pretended one; and letting weeds grow in a soil that will bear nothing else, or even cultivating them with energies fit for nothing else, might be very innocent provided you call on no man to admire your labor or its fruits to the disparagement of something better. Ideas and suggestions of beauty are lavishly diffused in this great universe, delighting the eye, the ear, and the heart of whosoever walks in it with fitting heedfulness; but to separate these ideas from the objects that suggest them, to disembody them and give their essence in a book, is a vain attempt, and one that merits failure. But if it does sometimes succeed so far as to convey certain

faint conceptions of some of Nature's doings to some minds which would not otherwise obtain them, it can by no means be admitted, therefore, that the poet is a sort of second creator, a master-spirit to be boasted of among the luminaries of the age. He should seek his place rather among secondary artists and handicrafts-men ; he should be classed, according to the goodness or badness of his works, with good or bad distillers or apothecaries, and the works themselves might perhaps be assigned to the category of essential oils, or dried fruits, or West India sweetmeats.

M.

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THE PASTOR'S ALPINE ABODE.

(From Lamartine's *Jocelyn*.)

ON the green ramparts of the towering Alps,  
 Retreats shut out by rocks from human view—  
 Where man sees not, beneath his trembling gaze,  
 Aught save the abyss—and o'er him the abyss—  
 Some narrow plains hath Nature spread—where cling  
 The rocks within the granite cliff's embrace,  
 Scarce leaving space for the wild tree to grow,  
 And man to plough and sow the meagre earth.  
 There chestnut-trees, with broad and tossing boughs,  
 Crowd in their roots between the rocks, and hang  
 Their clustering foliage o'er the gloomy gulf,  
 Like wreaths o'er ancient walls. A thousand feet  
 Below the verge, the broad blue plain is seen  
 Streaked with its paths of white ; with golden harvests,  
 And forests dark, and lakes like burnished mirrors,  
 Flashing the sunlight back. The span of turf  
 By cooling shade refreshed, where browsed the kid,  
 Spreads 'neath the boughs its lawn of downy green,  
 And, sparkling through its veil of watery net-work,  
 While Spring bestows her smile, inebriates  
 The breeze that fans it with its wealth of flowers.  
 Peaks, white with snow, here bound, like crystal walls,  
 My lofty prison ; when their crests serene  
 Rise o'er the storm, a spot of deep blue heaven  
 Still shines above our heads. Here comes no sound  
 Save some child's voice, or bleat of wandering goat  
 In the ravine—or far-off tinkling sheep-bell ;  
 Or peal of convent bells for evening prayer,  
 Which hear the shepherds with uncovered brow ;  
 Or the hoarse moaning of the waterfall,  
*So constant that the ear forgets to hear ;*  
 That strongest among all these desert voices,  
 The ceaseless bass in an eternal hymn !



## THE BURNING OF FALMOUTH, NOW PORTLAND, MAINE, OCT. 18, 1775.\*

IN consequence of the terms of confederation formed by a majority of the American Colonies, through their delegates assembled at Philadelphia, early in the autumn of 1774, the patriotic inhabitants of Falmouth, a flourishing commercial town in the province of Maine, considered themselves bound to suspend all intercourse with the parent country. At this very early period of the contest, however, there was no inconsiderable number of citizens in all the Colonies, who either remained undecided in their opinion of the measures taken by the first Congress, or were determined to oppose them.

The conflict in these cases seems not always to have been between loyalty to George the Third and the love of freedom, but more frequently between the latter and a strong regard to the chances of success. The restrictions laid on commerce by the resolutions of Congress were extremely disastrous to the towns on the sea-board, and it is no small part of the praise due to the patriotism of our fathers, that notwithstanding this consideration, which had great weight with the doubtful and wavering class already alluded to, the measures of Congress were strictly carried into effect in all those places where the immediate consequences were so ruinous. None of the New-England towns suffered more in this respect than Falmouth, and there was none whose citizens were more united in their determination to abide by the articles of confederation, or who discovered greater spirit in suppressing all attempts to violate or evade them.

A committee of inspection, was early appointed, to whom were entrusted "the affairs of the town as they respected the war and public measures." The secretary of this committee of the town of Falmouth, for a considerable period, was the late THE-

\* MESSRS. EDITORS.—In looking over the contents of my portfolio the other day, I found the enclosed account of an event of some interest in the history of our revolutionary troubles. It was written some years ago, with the assistance of a small volume compiled by the late Judge Freeman, of Portland, himself a conspicuous actor in the scenes described. William Willis, Esq., of the same place, has since given a more minute account of the same events, in his excellent history of Portland, to which those of your readers, who are curious in these matters, are referred for a complete body of valuable information relative to the early settlement, growth, and present resources, of that part of New-England.

*New-York, April, 1838.*

G. F.

OPHILUS PARSONS, that eminent jurist, who long presided over the leading judicial tribunal of his native state, and whose brilliant career was thus nobly commenced in the ranks of devoted patriotism. The rigor with which the committee discharged the arduous duties assigned to them, may be gathered from the tenor of the following extracts from the records of their proceedings.

"Falmouth, Oct. 3, 1775. The committee met at the desire of Mr. Samuel Longfellow, who, on his passage to the West Indies, met with a gale of wind, damaged his vessel, and lost part of his deck load, and asks leave to re-load his vessel and proceed on his voyage. Then, *voted*, that he be *not* permitted to take any more loading on board."

On the same day, it is recorded that "Deacon Titcomb and Mr. Enoch Ilsley applied for leave to send a sloop on a whaling voyage. The committee thought it was not in their power to grant the leave."

It will not appear strange if we find that some of the inhabitants, who were more influenced by a sense of personal interest than a regard to the public good, became exasperated by these proceedings, and even made open resistance to the authority of the committee. We have since seen exemplified the dismal effects of a general restriction of trade in the embargo of 1807, which excited such universal complaint, and created so general distress throughout the commercial towns.

Early in the spring of 1775, a Captain Colson was summoned to appear before the Committee of Inspection, and questioned relative to a vessel that had just arrived from Bristol, England, with goods consigned to him. It appeared that he had imported in this ship a quantity of rigging and sails, for the purpose of fitting out a new vessel from Falmouth. The committee passed a resolution, 19 to 5, "that Captain Colson's taking said rigging and sails out of the vessel in which they arrived, and his appropriating them to rig his new ship in order to send her to England, will be a violation of the American association; Voted, therefore, that said rigging, &c. ought to be sent back again."

But Colson was not disposed to submit to these orders, which, in truth, were somewhat rigorous, though absolutely necessary, for the maintenance of the bold stand that had been taken in the Colonies in defence of public freedom. The captain "grew angry, and bade defiance to committees and congresses." Under the pretence of repairing to the Provincial Congress to obtain the permission denied him by the Falmouth gentlemen, he went away, and returned with the British ship of war, *Cançeau*, (often incorrectly written *Canse*), commanded

by Captain Mowat, and, protected by her, he succeeded in rigging his new vessel.

At this time began, at Falmouth, what was termed "Thompson's war." Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson, of Brunswick, with a party of about fifty men, came up for the purpose of destroying Colson's ship, and encamped on Mount Joy, where he surprised and took prisoners Captain Mowat, the surgeon of his ship, and a Mr. Wiswal, the Episcopal clergyman of Falmouth, a noted Tory. On learning what had taken place, the person left in command of the *Canceau* threatened to lay the town in ashes unless the prisoners were immediately set at liberty. The consequences of this warlike demonstration were at once seen. The town was thrown into confusion, and presented a scene of agonizing distress. Women and children fled from their homes, struck with terror and consternation, not knowing where to seek a refuge from the impending danger. The panic seemed universal. The carts and wagons accidentally in town from the country were hastily filled with the goods of sundry persons, who did not stop to inquire where they would be carried, or to stipulate for their safe-keeping. The sick were precipitately removed, to the great hazard of their lives, to places of safety; and disorder everywhere prevailed.

But the alarm was premature. It was considered prudent to release the prisoners on their parole, which, however, after their release, they wholly disregarded.

These events occurred about the 9th of May. A few days after he was set at liberty, which had been effected by the interposition of the leading citizens with Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson, Captain Mowat threatened to burn the town unless Thompson and his party were compelled to withdraw from it. This threat was disregarded; and, in consequence, a cannonading from the guns of the *Canceau* was momentarily expected for several days, during which time the inhabitants were generally engaged in removing their effects into the neighboring country.

In the meantime, however, Mowat, finding himself unable to protect Colson against the armed troops in the town, sailed with him to Portsmouth, in the Province of New Hampshire.

On the 7th of June another vessel of war, the *Senegal*, Captain Duddington, with two tenders, arrived in the harbor, and a few days after Colson appeared again in his new ship. No serious difficulties occurred, however, at this time, although permission was still refused by the committee to Colson to take in his cargo. The town once more returned to a state of tranquillity; and the alarm that had so recently agitated the community at length subsided.

But matters were not destined to remain long in this condition. On the 16th of October following, the *Canceau* once more entered the harbor, with an additional ship, of heavier metal, called the *Cat*, two schooners, and a bomb-sloop. The whole force was under the command of Mowat. They anchored in the Roads, about three miles below the town. As soon as it was known that Mowat commanded the squadron, the citizens were less alarmed by its appearance, as he had been indebted to their influence for his release from the hands of Thompson. The next day, however, the ships were warped towards the town, and about 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 17th, they came to anchor in a close line at a short distance from the wharves. Mowat then sent a messenger on shore with a flag, and a letter addressed to the authorities of the town. In this epistle, which was a compound of arrogance and affected humanity, betraying great ignorance and vulgarity on the part of its author, Mowat warned the citizens "to remove, without delay, the human *specie* out of the town" in the space of two hours.

A meeting of the inhabitants was called forthwith, and three citizens were deputed to wait on Captain Mowat, "to know of him in general the meaning of his letter," &c. Mowat informed the committee that he had received orders from the Admiral "to burn, sink, and destroy, without a moment's warning," and that he had given the notice on his own responsibility; but that if they would deliver up the cannon, arms, and ammunition in the town, by eight o'clock the next morning, he would in that case do no hurt to the place until he had despatched a messenger to the Admiral,\* who, he did not doubt, would order him to spare the town. And, as a pledge of the fulfilment of the conditions, he demanded the delivery, before eight o'clock of the same evening, of eight pieces of ordnance, to ensure the safety of the town until the next morning.

As soon as the report of these terms was made to the citizens, at their meeting, by the committee, it was at once determined not to comply with them, except so far as to send the guns at 8 o'clock in the evening, that time might be gained for removing the sick, and the women and children, with the effects of the inhabitants to the places of safety. Still, however, no final decision was taken until the next morning, when, having assembled at an early hour, the citizens passed a formal resolution, "by no means to deliver up the cannon or their arms," and sent back the committee with a message to this effect to

\* Admiral Greaves then commanded on this station, who was in Boston harbor when Mowat sailed from thence to Falmouth for the destruction of the town.

the British squadron. They remained on board Mowat's vessel until half past 8 o'clock, prolonging their stay as much as was in their power, in order to allow the inhabitants the longest possible time for removing, when they were requested to go on shore, with the promise of another half hour's delay for their own personal security.

What followed we give in the words of a report drawn up by the authorities of the town at a subsequent date :—

"It was about 9 o'clock on Wednesday morning, being the 18th of October, that the firing began from all the above-mentioned vessels with all possible briskness, discharging on every part of the town, which lay on a regular descent towards the harbor, a horrible shower of balls from three to nine pounds' weight, bombs, carcasses, live shells, grape shot, and musket balls. The firing lasted without many minutes' cessation until about 6 o'clock P. M., during which time several parties came on shore, and set buildings on fire by hand. Parties of our people, and others from the neighboring towns, ran down to oppose, and it is thought killed several."

Little resistance was made on the part of the inhabitants, who were busily occupied in removing their moveable property out of the way of danger ; but it was said that the whole place would have been laid in ashes had not the parties that landed from the squadron met in many instances with a vigorous repulse. Only one of the inhabitants received any injury, who was slightly wounded. About 130 dwelling-houses, being nearly three-fourths of the town, were consumed, besides other buildings, including nearly every store and warehouse in the place. Among the public edifices that were destroyed, were St. Paul's Church, a large and handsome structure, recently erected by a society of Episcopalians ; a new and expensive Court House, not quite finished ; the old Town House, and the building containing the public library, with its contents. A fire engine, in those days a scarce and costly machine, was also consumed. So short was the time allowed for the removal of property, that more than half of all that which was of a moveable nature was reduced to ashes. Of the houses that remained standing after the conflagration, many were much injured by the falling of bombs on them, and by balls passing through them. Traces of the latter may be discovered at the present day in some of the old houses that survived the catastrophe. Add to all this amount of loss the destruction of the shipping in the harbor, and some idea may be formed of the extent of this work of savage desolation.

The distress that such an event must have occasioned, under the most favorable circumstances, is sufficiently apparent ; but

when we consider the brief notice given to the inhabitants, who were unprepared for serious hostilities at that early period of the difficulties with the mother country, and especially for such a wanton destruction of their property under the orders of a British officer, who, with his men, had associated freely and amicably in the town previous to his arrest by Col. Thompson, and had been set at liberty through the intercession of the citizens ; under such circumstances the outrage must have taken them almost by surprise, and brought unmitigated suffering and woe to every door. The surrounding country afforded a poor shelter to the wretched outcasts thus driven from their homes ; it was at that period thinly settled, and contained a population that gained but little more than a scanty livelihood from the cultivation of the soil and the fisheries. What must have been the feelings of the unhappy parent, who saw his family at once deprived of all the comforts, and even the necessities of life, exposed to unaccustomed hardships, and leaving behind them their dwellings abandoned to the flames, or to the remorseless devastations of men who had shared their hospitality and kindness !

Little is known of the perpetrators of this foul act of barbarity more than we have related. Mowat, the agent selected to execute the savage purpose of laying waste with fire and sword a defenceless town, was evidently a grossly ignorant and ill-educated man, the fit instrument of his employers. But Colson was without doubt the instigator of the work. He had sworn vengeance upon the patriotic committee of safety for their interference with his plans, and sought to wreak his malignant hatred indiscriminately upon the unoffending population of the town. Of his subsequent history we know nothing. Add to these motives of private malice, the exasperated state of feeling towards the Colonists generally on the part of the agents of the British Government, and we find abundant cause for what occurred. The arrogance of the myrmidons of power had been sorely chastised at Lexington and Concord. British valor had been humbled by the disastrous affair of Bunker's Hill ; and the pride of the crown had been galled and chafed by the persevering exertions and resolute tone of the Colonists, who had staked their lives and fortunes upon the issue they had made. Under such circumstances was the destruction of Falmouth resolved upon.

But it is gratifying to reflect, that from the ashes of that little town has sprung up, beneath the protecting folds of the standard of freedom, a large and flourishing city, whose ships have whitened the most distant seas ; and the reflection is also a source of pride to every American bosom, that on the foundation

laid at that period of agonizing peril by our wise and patriotic fathers, has grown this great Republic, the asylum of the oppressed of every nation, strong enough already to DEMAND, without quailing, exact justice at the hands of the most powerful nations.

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## OCEAN.

BY KATHARINE A. WARE.

"The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

UNBOUNDED—fathomless—mysterious deep !  
 With yon bright heaven coeval was thy birth,  
 E'er Nature, bursting from chaotic sleep,  
 First cast her glorious vesture o'er the earth.

Type of that Power who said—"let there be light!"  
 Thy heaving bosom caught the first soft ray  
 That trembled on the verge of recent night,  
 Reflecting from its source the new-born day.

Onward thou rollest in thy majesty !  
 Earth's deepest caverns echo to thy roar,  
 Now—in thy pride careering to the sky—  
 Now—softly sleeping on the pearly shore.

I've gazed with awe, as o'er the cloud-capped height,  
 Lashed by the storm, thy warring waves were driven,  
 Or when, expanding in a flood of light,  
 Thy bosom bore the radiant bow of heaven !

Thou powerful monarch of a realm unknown,  
 Oh—who that lives, thy secret paths e'er trod—  
 Or saw the nameless glories of thy throne,  
 Unsummoned to the presence of his God !

Science, hath boldly scanned the map of heaven,  
 When circling orbs their sacred vigils keep ;  
 But ne'er to her excursive foot was given  
 The power to tread the chambers of the deep !

Imagination's dream alone may tell  
 Of gem-lit grottoes, and perennial bowers.  
 Where gliding forms of grace and beauty dwell—  
 Their brows entwined with ever-blooming flowers—

Who, when thy stormy waves are raging high,  
 Come, in their youthful loveliness and bloom,  
 With angel smiles and seraph harmony,  
 To lure the fated seaman to his doom.

We know the gems that bind the monarch's brow  
 Were filched from thy deep bosom, at the price  
 Of human life, for to thy wealth we owe  
 Full many a dark, unholy sacrifice.

Proud Element! on thy expansive breast  
 Is borne the noblest work of human art;  
 The gallant SHIP, in bridal beauty drest,  
 Goes forth with blessings from each feeling heart.

Her course—how like the path of human life!  
 Now—calmly gliding 'neath a cloudless sky;  
 Now—breasting with her strength thy powerful strife—  
 Nobly resolved to meet her destiny.

While wrapped in thoughts of home, as the dim shore  
 Is fast receding from the voyager's view;  
 When all is silent, save the billow's roar,  
 And viewless—save yon star-lit arch of blue.

Who hath not deeply felt within his soul  
 That God, in his omnipotence, was there,  
 Bidding the tempest yield to his control—  
 And humbly trusted to his guardian care.

Thou reckless register of human wo!  
 Myriads have sunk a sacrifice to thee;  
 In youth's rich bloom—in beauty's brightest glow—  
 Man in his prime and grave maturity.

Millions—who sought with hope a milder clime,  
 To lengthen out the fragile thread of life,  
 How have they watched the ceaseless hand of Time—  
 Unmindful of thy elemental strife.

Breathing a supplicating prayer to God—  
 A few short days their fleeting lives to save,  
 So they might rest beneath their native sod—  
 But found within thy depths a *nameless* grave.

*Friends* I have *loved*, repose upon thy breast;  
 Yet not less sacred is their ocean tomb,  
 For *memory*, hovering o'er their place of rest,  
 Hath twined a garland of unfading bloom.



## SCENES IN THE LIFE OF JOANNA OF SICILY.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

### THE VINDICATION.

———"For behold me—

\* \* \* ——— a great king's daughter,  
The mother to a hopeful prince—here standing  
To prate and talk for life and honor, 'fore  
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it  
As I weigh grief, which I would spare; for honor,  
'Tis a derivative from me to mine;  
And only that I stand for."

*Winter's Tale.*

THERE was the confusion of a vast multitude about the gates of Castel Novo; a promiscuous assemblage, agitated and calm at intervals, like a fluctuating sea; and the tumult of many voices, of which yet not one expressed that careless gaiety which, even in times of calamity, distinguished the volatile Neapolitans. No light jest was heard, or minstrel's idle lay; the thoughts of all were absorbed by one subject of interest; all were subdued into expectation—the expectation which too surely foresees, but cannot avert, impending misfortune. There was a deputation from the principal cities of the nation, an assembly of the nobility and the governors of the capital; but it was no festive occasion which called them together, nor did they meet to deliberate on measures for the safety of their sovereign. They met to receive that sovereign's farewell!

After the execution of Philippa and others of her intimate friends, fortune seemed to arm her utmost malignity against the unhappy queen. The Duke of Durazzo openly charged her with the murder of her husband, and headed a party in rebellion against her. Louis of Hungary prepared to invade her kingdom, at the instigation of the nobles of the house of Pipini, of Nicholas the Hungarian, and Friar Robert, who, on the death of Andrew, had fled to their own country. Her own troops were not powerful enough to resist the increasing force of the rebels. As a first measure of defence against the threatened storm, the Neapolitan council unanimously implored Joanna to bestow her hand on some native prince, "of known valor and ability," who might be entrusted with the command of the army, and support her contested title to the crown. Their choice, without one murmur of dissent, fell

upon the queen's cousin, Louis of Taranto. He was selected, not only for his personal qualities, his courage and talents, but for the power and importance of his family—the noblest in the realm. Joanna heard herself called on by the voice of the nation, brought to the brink of ruin through her misfortunes, to espouse the object of her early friendship, the companion of her childhood; endeared not only by their kindred blood, but by constant association and intimacy. Yet the very step which it was thought would add to her security, precipitated her calamities. The youth, beauty, and fascinating qualities of the newly-wedded pair, exposed them to the harshest censures of an ill-judging world. Some hesitated not publicly to lay Andrew's death to their charge; and many, who had been silent hitherto, or had stood forth in the queen's favor, forbore henceforth to defend her from defamation.

Soon as the intelligence of the nuptials was spread abroad, Louis of Hungary hastened to put in practice his scheme of invasion; demanded the investiture of Naples at the Papal court; and when the Pope denied his rights, and refused audience to his ambassadors, publicly accused Joanna before Rienzi, the Tribune of Rome. His armies assembled, aided by contributions from various foreign princes, and by hordes of German mercenaries, to desolate the fairest portion of Italy. Nicholas the Hungarian, and others of his satellites, were busy on the frontiers of Naples, corrupting the people with gold and promises, and terrifying those who were proof against their bribes with threats of the monarch's speedy vengeance. Hundreds flocked to the standard of Hungary; castles and towns surrendered voluntarily; and even some of the distinguished barons of the kingdom, impelled by personal enmities or jealousies, pledged their allegiance to the mortal enemy of Joanna. Unmindful of dissuasion or warning—either of God or man—the Hungarian pursued his march; displaying a sight to appal the superstitious populace in his black standard, on which the horrible scene of Andrew's murder was painted. It was followed invariably by a crowd of mourners in sable habits; for the king wished to proclaim, by this ill-omened banner, that he came as an avenger, as well as to recover his alleged rights.

Thus environed by danger and calamity, her crown and life menaced; deceived and forsaken by those who should have upheld her cause to the death—for many nobles professing allegiance to her were in secret treaty with the enemy—undefended by the versatile people, who feared the wrath or coveted the favor of the invader, there was *one* conviction that stung more deeply the heart of the unfortunate sovereign than all her calamities abroad and at home; *one* cause of sorrow that made

life a bitter burthen, that contributed more than aught else to bow down her noble head before the storm ready to burst upon her. It was the knowledge, that among her people—that people so dear to her, who had loved and worshipped her in former years, for whose sake she had submitted to evil and suffering, had offered up the dearest treasures of woman's heart, for whom she was ready to give up all, to her very existence—the calumny propagated by her enemies, seized on by rebellion as its pretext, was *believed*!—the knowledge that she was regarded by many, whose good opinion she valued next the approval of her own conscience, as really meriting the stigma so foully cast upon her by those who had dared arraign her as “the homicide and husband-killer;”—the knowledge that this belief, monstrous as it was, had actually fettered many a bold hand that was ready to strike in her defence, and quelled the tide of indignation in many a loyal bosom! To a delicate and sensitive mind like Joanna's, this conviction was enough to poison every source of courage or of energy. Yet she struggled boldly to rise above the torrent that was overwhelming her. She trembled before the judgment—not of the vain and calculating Tribune, nor of the deluded or corrupted of her own country, nor of the hostile powers of Europe—but of the dispassionate Future. She feared, with the deep dread of an honorable nature, the unfavorable sentence of a world, to whom the question of her guilt or innocence would be submitted in the records of history, when she could no longer disprove the partial evidence of circumstance. Lightly as she prized the life rendered worthless by the loss of all that could make life precious, she clung eagerly to the opportunity yet remaining, of vindicating her sullied reputation, knowing that to her people as well as herself she owed it to repel the doom of scorn her enemies strove to fix on her; that her justification alone could save the land from ruin, by replacing her securely on that throne whose majesty she had never disgraced.

She addressed the assembled people, not “by the mouth of her wise men,” as her father is recorded to have done, but by her own lips, in the unstudied eloquence of feeling, in the language emotion suggested, warm from the heart, and finding its way to the heart of all who heard.

She pointed out the dangers that beset them\*—the approach of Louis of Hungary to the capital, at whose gates violence and war already raged; she declared her own inability, weakened as was her power, to resist the storm; she owned her helplessness—a woman, and of tender years—“the victim

\* See the Historical Life of the Queen of Naples.

of misfortune"—to stem the fearful tide in her own strength, and regain what she had lost through no crime of hers. She announced her intention of retiring to Provence, the ancient inheritance of her family. "I depart," she cried, "from a kingdom I cannot save! I go to make manifest mine innocence, as it is known to God in heaven, to the vicar of God on earth! to force the world to repeal its unrighteous sentence; to ask justification at the hand of an immortal judge! But it is not seemly, nor shall it be, that my beloved people suffer because I have suffered. Though I discredit not the loyalty of ye all—who would not scruple to defend my just right in arms—if not for mine own merit (for ye know that until this hour I have been a queen in name only, without power to do good to any,) yet for the love ye bare my father and my royal grandsire;—bear ye witness, my first voluntary act is to yield up those rights for the public good, willing to spare you the misery of a useless contest. Wherefore I absolve you from your oaths of allegiance, and do here command you to give up resistance. Go freely, all of you, to King Louis, and deliver to him, in person, the keys of your towns and castles, waiting not for the summons of herald or trumpet!"

It was a strange and moving sight to see that youthful and lovely lady thus resigning her dominions, and bidding adieu to her home. The whole concourse, as one man, were moved, even to tears; the agitation manifested itself in a universal murmur of anguish; and shouts of "*Viva Giovanna!*" were uttered in voices faltering with emotion, or half stifled by weeping. Amid the general commotion, a muffled figure stood from the midst of the crowd, and with earnest gestures pressed towards the balcony where stood the royal speaker; gazed upwards mournfully a few moments, and then, unheeded by any, was again lost in the throng.

The young queen alone, in this affecting moment, when burgher and cavalier and baron were melted at her feet, preserved her composure; for her calmness was the effect of magnanimous resolution. The evidence of her subjects' sympathy thrilled to her heart, and kindled there a hope that was to sustain her in reverse; yet not for one instant did she swerve from her noble resolve. Lifting up her voice once more, clear and trumpet-like, though she was manifestly agitated, she bade them "cast away despondency, and share with her the hope she felt in God's justice; for that He," she doubted not, "would show the world her innocence, and restore to her her kingdom and her fair fame!"

Silence, only broken by moans of lamentation, had prevailed in the vast assembly while the queen was speaking; when her

moving and melodious accents ceased, and they saw her graceful figure in the act of retiring—a thrill of sorrow, and shame, and self-reproach, ran through every bosom. Those, who a few moments before had been ready to see their queen depart, were now most eager for her stay. The air was rent with mournful cries, and with entreaties for her to remain—entreaties to be permitted to bleed and die in her defence; the nobles thronged about her, imploring her to encounter every hazard, which they would cheerfully dare along with her. Not in vain, had she then hazarded the attempt to regain her possessions by force, would the captivating grace and eloquence of Joanna have appealed to her versatile subjects. Had she been guilty of the crime a few partial historians lay to her charge, would she have foregone the opportunity of recovering her throne, refusing to profit by the enthusiastic spirit of devotion her words had awakened? would she have renounced the aid so eagerly proffered—preferring to abide the issue of a trial face to face with her accusers—before the highest earthly tribunal, the sacred college and the Vicegerent of God—the supreme judge of Christendom—whose decision she could not foresee, except so far as her own conscience foreboded it?

Joanna departed in hope as well as in sorrow; for her repentant subjects vowed never to rest till the land was gladdened by her return. Three galleys conveyed her and her household to Provence. Those who had condemned her, or who had silently heard her reviled, whose horror for her supposed crime had overpowered affection,—saw her about to quit her native land, perhaps forever; and in the bitterness of the parting moment remembered her only as they had loved her in her fair childhood, the hope of the nation, the delight of every eye. Gloom alone, hopeless gloom, would remain to her country when she was gone—like the cold twilight when the sun departs, to be succeeded by the deeper darkness of night. Early affection, heightened by pity, revived in the bosom of the fickle multitude; they lined the shore, which was the scene of embarkation; and when the Queen, attended only by a few devoted friends—for she departed as a fugitive and not as a monarch—passed to the strand, men and women crowded eagerly round her, kissing her hands and her robe, with weeping eyes, and uttering loud and vehement prayers for her restoration.

As she stepped from the strand, the muffled figure, who had stood in the court during her address, sprang forward and grasped her mantle, pointing with the other hand tremblingly towards Castel dell' Novo, whose gloomy pile rose from an isolated rock in the bay before them.

"What means this?" said the Queen, in tones tremulous with

indefinite apprehension ; " what means this, and who art thou ?

" There is *one there*," said a hoarse female voice in reply, but without heeding the last interrogatory, " who should go with you. Let not the mother leave her child to the nurture of the wolf !" And the hood falling partly back, revealed the face of a woman of the lower orders—her features flushed with emotion.

" Alas !—alas ! cried Joanna, " God knoweth it is my bitterest sorrow to part from my Carobert ! But he cannot go with me—such is not the Pope's pleasure. I leave him in the hands of heaven." She burst into tears, and sobbed audibly.

" Tear him away then, by force of arms !" cried the deep voice of a stranger ; " will you suffer him to hate and revile you as he will—and they have his lessoning ?"—Joanna sighed bitterly ; and with a mournful glance round her, as if to show how inadequate her present force for the storming of a citadel, shook her head and passed on. The people strained their eyes to catch a last glimpse of her figure on the deck of the galley ; as that beloved form receded from their view, and the vessels gradually diminished to a speck, their lamentations subsided to a mournful silence.

" What, then !" cried the same hoarse voice that had addressed Joanna ; " shall we stand here inactive, because the hope of Naples hath vanished from our eyes ? Let us begone, and supplicate the holy saints, with penance and vigil, and prayer, that they watch over our queen, that they fight for us against the usurper ! So shall his banners be overthrown, and the flood of the indignation of the Lord shall swallow him up—even as the host of Pharaoh, who persecuted the people of God !"

Her words seemed to inspire every breast with heroic ardor. The multitude hastened with one accord to the churches, and surrounding the altars, with lifted hands and murmured vows, invoked every saint to grant their sovereign a prosperous voyage and return.

While Joanna pursued her melancholy voyage round the shores of Italy, her ruthless enemy advanced towards Naples, subduing in his way the towns of Sulmone and Aversa. The last-mentioned place was doomed to be the scene of another murder, as cruel and treacherous as the one which, two years before, had stamped it with horror. The Duke of Durazzo, sullied with the guilt of treason against his kinswoman and sovereign, who went thither to meet the King of Hungary in amity, there received the reward of his treachery at the hand of Louis—savagely butchered on the very spot where Andrew

had fallen. Terrible, but just retribution, that he who had persecuted his queen into exile, should himself perish under accusation of the same crime !

Avignon, in the middle of the fourteenth century, had hardly recovered from the devastation committed more than a hundred years before, by order of the Pope's legate, then leading a crusade against the Count of Toulouse and the Albigéois. The residence of the Popes in that city, however, in some measure repaired the injury, while it rendered the poverty of the original inhabitants more apparent, in the contrast which their low and ill-constructed dwellings presented to the stately towers and palaces of the noblesse. "It is a new Babylon," says Petrarch, in his usual strain of indignant eloquence, while declaiming against the luxury he witnessed ; the "gorgeous domes and towers, resplendent with gold 'flouting the sky'—while the ancient mistress of the world—alas, for the duration of mortal splendor !—'non è più com' era prima !'" Could the poet have beheld a few hundred years later the remains of the magnificence he denounced—solemn pity would have taken the place of anger ! Palace and temple lie in ruins ; and even the majestic pile, which sheltered so many years the spiritual sovereigns of the world, is but a mouldering monument of the decay of human greatness. The lordly Rhone, impetuous, majestic as of old, when his tide 'worshipped the regal city'—rushes by, as if wailing for her fall ; that which *seemed* fleet and fugitive, as the Spanish poet says of the Tiber and the ruins of Rome, is all that survives. The whole river turns from the sinking fabric of man's grandeur, to linger in fields clothed with their primeval beauty ; to bathe the olive trees and the hill of vines, and the sunny islands sleeping on its bosom of deep blue. Never was there landscape so filled with all that is bright, and calm, and beautiful, as the scenes in this sweet province of Vaucluse. Nought rugged, or vast, or incongruous, mars its fairy loveliness. The Durance here mingles its waves with "the arrowy Rhone ;" clasping in their embrace rich plains, embellished with groves, and flowers, and fountains ; all is there to enchant the senses and fill the heart with delight. If Nature in some parts of *il bel paese* reigns as an enthroned queen, she here puts on the aspect of an engaging woman, decked with every adornment of beauty and luxury. In these delightful environs Petrarch drank inspiration ; here breathed those immortal sighs which have found an echo in every age and in every land. The renowned fountain of Vaucluse yet murmurs the name of Laura ; its beauties are as the shrine for the genius that made it immortal.

Clement the Sixth occupied the pontifical chair at this period,

and under him the court assumed an unwonted degree of magnificence. The poet we have quoted angrily denounces the luxuriousness of his courtiers. "They are robed in gold and purple, superb in the spoils of princes and people; sumptuous banquets have replaced simple repasts; in place of the barefooted Apostles, who took 'neither staves nor scrip—neither bread—neither money'—we now have satraps mounted on steeds covered with gold, champing gold, and shortly to be shod with gold, if God repress not this luxury." In truth, the Pontiff loved the good things of this world, and was in no way disposed to exhibit the externals of that humility of spirit becoming him who gloried in the title of "*the servant of the servants of the Lord.*" Generous in his temper and magnificent in his tastes, his court was the resort of all the scholars and artists of Europe. His predecessors in the Papal dignity, who had been noted for parsimony, were of obscure origin, and knew not how to adorn their sovereignty; Clement was of noble birth; in his veins revelled the blood of an illustrious race; his natural fondness for splendor had been nourished and developed by the habits of one accustomed to courts and court pleasures. Full of princely accomplishment, he loved the chase and the pomp of the feast; nor was he less renowned for his admiration of the fair, in whose society he had delighted from his youth, and to whom his palace was at all times hospitably open.

Such was the prince, described as more of the refined and gallant cavalier than the austere father of the church, before whom Joanna was to plead her cause. His brilliant court was at this period crowded with distinguished strangers from various countries; dames of high birth and beauty, rival stars of fashion and loveliness, also shone in this congenial sphere. The rigid and ascetic condemned these fêtes and pleasures as disgraceful to so lofty a prelate; but as talents and learning were munificently encouraged, and the Pope had warm advocates among the class of scholars, his course was abundantly defended.

It was a day in March—yet the balmy airs and bland sunshine might have belonged to May—when a procession of the authorities of Avignon, the various religious orders, and the whole sacred college, went forth from the town to meet the Queen of Naples. Eighteen cardinals, in all the splendor of equipage that had called forth the invectives of Petrarch—wearing their official robes and hats of scarlet, approached from the wide avenues of elm to join the royal cavalcade. The company thus reinforced, advanced in regal array; Joanna seated on her "milk-white palfrey, caparisoned with azure and



gold," wearing "the crimson robe, the ermined mantle of purple strewed with the golden fleur-de-lis, with the crosses of the kingdom of Jerusalem glittering on her shoulder, and bearing the orb and sceptre, and the open crown *fleur de lizée*." Over her head was carried the dais or canopy of state, in form an oblong square frame, with narrow border ornamented with gold and fringes, each corner marked by a raised ornament, from which depended four gilt poles, carried in turn by nobles of the highest rank in their splendid surcoats and coronets, standing at a sufficient distance from the principal figure to display her magnificence and beauty to every spectator.

The Queen's palfrey was led by two knights of noble blood ; at her right rode Louis of Taranto, adored by the populace for his princely graces and engaging manners ; the bishop of Florence, Angelus Acciajuoli, followed,—and his brother Nicholas, the faithful adherent of the house of Taranto, now created Chancellor of Provence. They were escorted by a gallant train of Joanna's Provençal vassals, gaily attired, and pressing round the person of their liege lady with that air of dutiful affection and homage which ever marked the feelings of her ultramontane nobility towards her. Not less ready in demonstrations of loyal devotion were their lovely dames, who also rode in the procession, attendant upon the sovereign.

A gorgeous welcome from the inhabitants attested the feeling with which all greeted the royal fugitive. The streets were strewn with flowers, and banners of silk streamed from the windows and columns ; the balconies of the patrician dwellings, hung with tapestry of gold and silver cloth, and garlands of myrtle and flowers, were crowded with the fairest and wealthiest among the dames ; while the inferior citizens stood on the threshold of their humbler abodes, testifying, by clamorous exclamations and applause, their wonder at the stately spectacle.

Prince Louis displayed, as his chief ornament amidst all his magnificence, the badge of the first order of knighthood known in Italy—the order of the Knot, instituted by himself, and symbolical of the ties of brotherly love which united him with the brave warriors who had sworn to follow his banner. His azure mantle, heavy with rich jewels, and bearing the golden fleur de lis of his royal house, was fastened on the breast with a *knot* of gold and silver—the colors probably in allusion to the arms of the kingdom of Jerusalem. As the procession passed slowly along the narrow streets, a slight incident had nearly changed the hopes of the most sanguine into superstitious fear. A beautiful young girl, heiress to one of the noblest houses in Avignon, stood on a balcony beneath which they were to pass,

holding a wreath of flowers, which, gaily smiling, she endeavored to let fall on the head of the young prince. The act of homage had nearly proved fatal to its object. The steed on which he rode suddenly started, and, rearing upright, broke the reins from the hands of the nobles who were leading him. Louis perceived his danger, and sprang from the back of the frightened animal amid the shrieks of the terrified dames; the horse rushed madly through the crowd; but the prince stood up, and bowed with an air of gallantry to the fair one who had been the cause of the mischief.

"The Lady Biondina," he said, smiling, "has done this day, by a wave of her fair hand, what many a sturdy Hungarian hath essayed in vain,—unhorsed Louis of Taranto."

"But your coronet! my lord!" cried a pilgrim, meanly dressed in a grey gown, with bonnet decorated with sea-shells in the ancient fashion of those who returned from the Holy Land—pressing forward with the fragments of the trampled ornament—

"This wreath is a more fitting one! And by my faith, one of the tears trembling on the cheek of the noble Lady Biondina for my discomfiture, is of more worth than the brightest of these faithless gems!" And consigning the broken coronet to one of his companions, he took another horse from his pages, and the cavalcade moved on.

"Heaven grant it be not an omen!" exclaimed the aged pilgrim, crossing himself. "I have seen such chances in the wars of Palestine, but they ever foreboded some fearful visitation!" The attendants and spectators were equally loud in the expression of their fears.

Though surrounded by the insignia of her rank, the splendor becoming a queen in that age of magnificence, there was no triumph in the expression of Joanna's pale cheek and brow. She was about to enter an assembly of princes and prelates, the representatives of the crowned heads of Europe; but not as she was wont, to receive alone the tribute of homage and admiration. She was not to move there, as on her last visit to Avignon, the cynosure of all eyes, the praised of every tongue. The concourse would consist, besides her friends, of her accusers and her judges. Hundreds were there who knew her only through the injurious reports disseminated by her foes, or who regarded her with curious or prejudiced eyes. And their prejudices, strengthened by the natural inclination of men to believe the worst, she was to combat with the simple force of truth, without the aid of learning or sophistry—without power to compel their acquiescence in her words! By the decision of those judges she must stand or fall; must triumphantly vindicate her fame, and fling back

the obloquy on her slanderers, or lose her crown forever ; and, what was dearer—dearer than life—her title to the esteem of honest men in this age and in after-ages.

Who can marvel that, with such feelings oppressing her heart, she smiled not in reply to the exclamations of the people or the sallies of the courtiers around her ? Her cheek was blanched, and a stern expression of resolve sate on her brow ; but, save that once or twice the feeling called up by some sudden recollection or association suffused her eyes, there was no manifestation of emotion. Her bearing was loftier, graver, and more majestic than her wont ; it was the sign of the gathering of the soul's energies to meet the fearful crisis at hand. She rode on in abstracted silence ; her progress continually impeded by the motley crowd, composed of the natives of almost every clime, till they reached her hereditary palace, the convent of the Ursulines, where she alighted, it is recorded, to receive the customary refreshment, and allow her judges time to prepare for her reception.

The Representative of St. Peter, who, surrounded by his cardinals in consistory, waited to receive the queen, was seated in his state chair of crimson and gold,\* "attired in his dazzling white robes, of silver tissue with the triple tiara," or cap of gold surmounted with the orb and cross, with embroidered pendant finished at the end by crosses of gold—which was worn on occasions of peculiar solemnity. In a half circle on either side, on seats lower than the Pope's, were ranged the cardinals ; and the spacious hall, from its entrance to its upper end, was filled with princes and potentates of every degree, with prelates and ambassadors from every court in Europe. Eminent among the last were the ambassadors of Louis of Hungary, just arrived from Naples ; they had come prepared to defend the conduct of their master by impeaching Joanna, and to claim her crown in his name, as justly forfeited by her crimes.

The doors of the Consistory being suffered to stand open in honor of the sex and rank of Joanna, she was led into the assembly by two members of the sacred college, her anxious friends and vassals following at a distance. Pausing on the threshold as she faced the august assembly, she knelt according to custom ; then advancing, knelt a second time in the centre. A low murmur of admiration and sympathy passed from lip to lip throughout the concourse, but was instantaneously hushed, and every breath drawn, as she proceeded, a third time kneeling at the pontiff's feet, and bent her head to kiss the golden cross embroi-

\* See Angelo de Costanzo—*il savio e grave Costanzo*—as Giannone terms him, and the *Historical Life of the Queen of Naples*—the authorities for this account.

dered on his slipper. She then touched his hand with her lips, such salutation being the privilege of princes, and stood upright; replying to his assurances of paternal regard with expressions of submission and obedience; so low were the tones of her voice, that though they fell like silvery music on the ears of the auditory, none could distinguish her words. Clement placed her on a seat at his right hand, cushioned with crimson, and next his own; then turned to receive the homage of her companions. Louis of Taranto, Nicholas Acciajuoli, and a few of the most distinguished among the Provençal nobility, paid their obeisance in turn; while Joanna sat motionless, summoning every faculty to her aid in the task she was to undertake. The object of her coming at length announced, she rose to address the assembly. "All eyes," says her historian, "were turned on her; and thus attracted, were not to be quickly withdrawn." Her figure, so symmetrical and noble—her composed and majestic mien—her "carriage altogether royal,"—added effect to the exquisite beauty of her features, which, says Maimbourg, "with a character of grandeur had a certain air of native goodness, that softened their expression, and won the love, while she commanded the respect, of those who beheld her." If grief had cast a shadow on her brow, it had but softened the brilliancy of her charms into that grace which is unspeakably more touching from its appeal to the tenderer sympathies, than beauty in the sunshine of prosperity; it had imparted an exalted expression to her countenance, revealing the developement of the loftier qualities of her nature.

She used, in her address, not the soft accents of her native tongue, but the Latin, the language then used for all public edicts, and suited to a mixed assemblage composed of so many nations, by the greater part of whom the Provençal or Italian dialects would not have been understood.

Historians pronounce her defence "the most powerful specimen of female oratory history has ever recorded." She appealed from the beginning solely to the understanding; stating the points of her defence with so much "logical clearness, force, brevity, and perspicuity," as to carry conviction along with her. It was only when adverting to the painful circumstances of her condition, and to the catastrophe of her husband's fate, that her voice, which had hitherto been clear and thrilling, became faltering and unequal, and her breast heaved with uncontrollable emotion. In accents deeply pathetic, with brow now flushed, now pallid as marble, she spoke of the death of her consort, and painted the horror she felt at the crime of which her enemies accused her. "I am an orphan," she concluded, in tones that penetrated the heart of every one present—who had

witnessed, awed and admiring, the dauntless efforts by which she had turned from herself every imputation of evil—"I am an orphan, and have none to espouse my cause; a woman, and cannot enforce your judgment; persecuted by those who have power to reward my condemnation; a fugitive from mine own realm, to which, if this day unsuccessful, I never return! Yet I appeal not, fathers, to your compassion for a weak woman—to your kindly pity for a fallen queen! To your JUSTICE only I appeal! Ye have heard my vindication; and, though bowed even to the dust beneath the foul calumnies that have destroyed my peace—stripped me of mine unsullied fame, which is my better crown—and well nigh too of life—my soul would scorn to owe my restoration to ought but the unswerving truth! Wherefore I do entreat you, knowing my innocence, that ye proclaim it to the world at large, and free mine honor from this cruel stain! I have no more to say. To your wisdom, holy fathers, I commit my cause, and to Him who is the Judge Supreme!"

"If there be any thing touching in nature," it has been remarked, "it is the tears of proud man; if there be any thing sublime, it is the mild fortitude of weak woman!" Not alone, most surely, to the beauty or the grace of the youthful queen was owing the deep sensation which pervaded that august assembly. A pause of silence followed her address; and presently all eyes were turned, as by one impulse, towards the Hungarian ambassadors. THEY STOOD MUTE! Confounded and conscience-stricken, not a word, not a single word had they in reply to the all-convincing eloquence of truth. Then in solemn form an acquittal was pronounced, ample as Joanna's injured honor could demand. She was declared "not only innocent, but above the suspicion of guilt;" and the decision was solemnly ratified. A hum of approbation and pleasure ran through the vast hall; it reached the entrance; the news spread among the people assembled without; and involuntary peals of joyful applause shook not only the august building, but, as it seemed, the very rock on which it was founded. Joanna was far from insensible to this manifestation of feeling; sunk on her seat, the tears which powerful efforts had before repressed, burst freely forth; her face was buried in her hands, and her frame trembled with agitation. Soon a consciousness of the impropriety of giving way to emotion flashed upon her; mastering her feelings by a violent struggle, she rose with dignity, and after an obeisance to the Pope, prepared to leave the consistory.

"Etiquette," says the Chronicle, "would not suffer the Pope to conduct his fair vassal further than the distance of two cham-

bers ;" but in parting, Clement, who, during the scene in the Consistory, had found some difficulty in keeping his seat unmoved, could not refrain from expressing, in the warmth of his manner, some portion of his sympathy.

"Beloved daughter," he said, "it is not seemly that you depart without suffering us to show how deeply we rejoice in your success. We pray your attendance, with your consort, the princely Louis, and the dames and nobles of your train, this evening at a banquet in our palace. Our fair friend, the Viscountess of Turenne, will aid us to welcome you."

"Nay, Holy Father," replied the Queen, with indescribable sweetness of manner, "the feast and the song would ill become my state, so lately one of mourning and humiliation. That it is now otherwise, I bless our Lady of grace, and have a vow to fulfil at her shrine. I thank your courtesy, but pray you to hold me excused."

"At least," persisted the hospitable prelate, "do not such dishonor, fair daughter, to our affection, as to quit our city in haste. Your stay for a season," he added, in a confidential tone, "will make your return eagerly desired, and give room for an adjustment with the King of Hungary, which ourself will undertake to conduct, and will forthwith despatch for such purpose our trusty Guy de Bologne."

Joanna yielded to the suggestions of the friendly Pontiff; "Now do I know heaven hath never abandoned me," said she, "since that I have not lost your protection; nor"—turning towards the Provençal barons, emotion visible in her speaking face—"these my faithful and honorable vassals. Nay, I am thus consoled in misfortune; knowing that amidst the tempests that distract my country, I have still a haven of peace to flee to; that amid guile and rebellion, I may still turn me to a strong-hold of incorruptible truth—of stainless fidelity."

## CUPID'S VISIT.

(*From Anacreon.*)

Now o'er earth the middle watches  
Held their sombre, silent reign,  
And aloft the chill Bóotes  
Rolled his starry wheeled wain.  
Sleep, sweet sleep, on every eyelid  
Brooded soft with downy wings ;  
Nature calmly slept, and I did—  
When—good luck ! the portal rings.

“ Who's there beating ? who so daring  
Breaks upon the sleeper's rest ? ”  
“ Ope the door,” a little voice said ;  
Let me in your cozy nest.  
I'm a baby, do not fear me,  
'Neath the moonless night I roam ;  
Wet with showers, with wandering weary,  
Let me in your quiet home.”

Moved with pity, as I heard him,  
Up I rise, my cresset light,  
Ope the gate—and lo ! an urchin  
Standeth 'neath the shining bright.  
Wings he had, with night-drops dewy,  
Arrows, too, his back upon,  
And a tiny bow ; and, smiling,  
Entered soft that little one.

Cold his hands, in mine I chafed them,  
And beside the cheering blaze  
Wrung the rain-drops from his tresses,  
That seemed only threaded rays.  
He—when gone his shivering chilly,  
Next surveyed his arrows soiled,  
Sighing, as he seized his quiver,  
“ I will bet my bow is spoiled.”

“ Yes, ah yes”—and here he took it—  
“ Sure the wet has loosed the string.”  
Then he drew it, as to try it—  
“ Marry, how thine arrows sting ;  
Oh, you elf, 'tis in my liver ! ”  
“ Is it ?—sorry”—off he goes,  
Laughing, with his rain-proof quiver,  
And his finger at his nose.

AUBURN.

## ESSAYS FROM THE FIRE-SIDE.

BY FELIX MERRY, GENT.

NUMBER III.

### THE CHIME OF BELLS.

"There are more mysteries in a peal of bells than were touched upon by the Bishop of Chalons in his sermon. There are plain bob-triples, bob-majors, bob-majors reversed, double bob-majors, and grandsire bob-caters, and there is a Bob-maximus."—*The Doctor, &c.*

"THE chime of bells" is a short phrase made up of a few significant words, that always wake in me a peculiar train of feeling. I somehow regard them as a synonyme for many of the finer subtle harmonies of life, the merry laughter of childhood, or the kind notes of friendly voices. I do not know under what regular classification of human knowledge this definition would take rank, or whether indeed it could ever be elicited by the most skilful application of Aristotle's Categories. It might not be easy to find out on the card of ancient Raymond Lully the dependence between the sound of bells heard of a fresh morning in the country, and the nimble pulsations of life bursting forth in the joy of the young and happy. I do not care if the connexion is not pointed out by the grammarian or logician: it may not be the less real for all that. It may spring from an accidental association formed in youth to be remembered when heart and sense have both expanded in manhood: not worth referring to either sensation, reflection, or an innate idea. Such theorems are not always proposed in philosophy or enumerated by the sciences. They are the lights and shades that come over the landscape that cannot be reduced to measurement like the acres and buildings. The laws of Astronomy may thus foretell, with unerring precision, the position of the planets in space through any future century; but they said nothing of the effect of the moonlight, which streamed in a glittering line last evening upon the water. I prefer to feel a truth rather than to know it, as perhaps the best knowledge comes from what the heart teaches us to believe; if we will let that speak, we may reason upon many matters without the trouble of conviction. It is not meant that we may gather intuitively the contents of the Encyclo-



pœdia, or any of the results of the so-called sciences, but that we may be wise in another better lore, which is not confined to libraries or pedants, but is uttered in the voice of nature and the beatings of the heart.

The chimes of bells are so intimately associated in idea with the rural sounds and domestic quiet of the country, that we listen to them with the same feelings inspired by the singing of a woodland brook over its path of pebbles, the hum of insects on a summer field, or any other of the many voices of nature. To have heard the chimes once, though it be but a broken recollection of infancy, is enough. The ear never forgets while the heart feels. It is said that the delight caused by hearing the sound of bells is altogether arbitrary ; that we cheat ourselves into the belief of their melody by their associations of home or the village church under which we have always heard them. Perhaps so ; but the real existence of some things consists not in what they are, but in what they appear. This is a vile doctrine in morals, but it is good philosophy in other matters. The lover, who "sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt," violates no law of morals or rule of logic, but is most reasonably entitled to his belief. It is no deception of conscience or injury done to honesty ; it is a good trait, and commendable in society. It is one of those inalienable rights of faith like the natural claims to liberty, that are born before systems or modes of government, and survive them too. But bells have an artist-like music of their own, of a far higher tone than that drawn from violins, organs, or other earthly instruments. They are hung aloft in the pure air towards the skies, or, as the sainted George Herbert says of them in his Church Porch,

"Think when the bells do chime,  
'Tis Angels' music."

The chime of church bells reminds me of a loftily built nest of singing birds in some forest tree, joining their varied notes together in mingled harmonies.

The music of bells is lofty, ethereal, of the world and yet above it ; a gathering together and repetition of the melodies of the earth before they are lost in space ; a lesser music of the spheres near the skies, but connected with the earth. In one of the quaint old authors, whose name we are at this moment at a loss to remember, there is a character of a fanciful sexton, who never could sleep beyond the sound of the church bells. Like Sir John Falstaff and Master Shallow, he would wake to hear the chimes at midnight ; and just before he died, gave utterance to a pious fancy that he would rise heavenward gliding smoothly

upward by the bell rope. This was his Jacob's ladder, by which he ascended to the skies.

Bells, though they hang their heads loftily above the earth have a true republican equality in their tones. Their music is not confined to opera-houses, or ladies' drawing-rooms, or the small store yards of Pearl street, where sentimental clerks are accustomed to play on the flute of moonlight evenings. Like flowers tossing their fragrance on the air, they send forth their waving lines of sound to be enjoyed by every one who cares to listen. Doctor Daniel Dove tells of the thousands of changes of the great Bob Maximus: there are as many different vibrations of the feelings at the sound of bells. Above the roofs of palaces and cottages, regardless of temporary distinctions, they utter their various notes. Would that we might listen to their voice or read their history in the spirit that Schiller sings of their birth and baptism. We might rise from the simple sound, which calls the poor widow to wrap her cloak and hood about her and leave her home for a while, to be reminded, in the house of heaven, of a better home hereafter, to those high sounds which the ear of Milton heard when he wrote the Ode on the Nativity:

“Such music, (as 'tis said,)  
Before was never made,  
But when of old the sons of morning sung,  
While the Creator great,  
His constellations set,  
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,  
And cast the dark foundations deep,  
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep ;  
  
Ring out, ye crystal spheres,  
Once bless our human ears,  
If ye have power to touch our senses so ;  
And let your silver chime,  
Move in melodious time.”

Bells have a response for every one, as they once talked to Whittington, whilom mayor of London. They greet the wayfarer, toiling on his solitary path along the weary commons, and quicken his footsteps to the neighboring village. They call to the glad church, to meet in social love and harmony, the scattered villagers of the district, who would else scarcely feel their brotherhood ; they ring out their joy for the national victory in battle, they celebrate weddings and toll for the dead.

Much attention was lately excited by the arrival in town of the convent bells from Spain, and many changes were rung in

prose and verse on the sentiment of bells by writers in magazines and newspapers. It was felt as an instance of reverse of fortune more piteous than the exile of a Don, or in these days the dethronement of the king himself, that these sacred ministers to religion and domestic life were banished to a new air and colder sky after they had sounded for centuries under the clear heavens of Spain. An anecdote is recorded of a pious Spanish friar, who, when the bell of his convent was sold, followed it on foot in its journeyings, till, at the close of a weary day, he heard its welcome tones in a little village in France, and there lived the remainder of his days near the market-place in which it hung. We can admire this story, told of a different country and time, but I fear we could hardly appreciate the devotion of the friar were it exhibited now in our streets; and yet it might well be, for the heart may be reached by a cunning sound as ever, and we have the convent bells ringing even in our very market-places. A hundred years hence; and this would form an interesting page of the novelist. Happy they who can shift the times and circumstances of this world like the scenes and personages of a play at the theatre to be seen to the best advantage.

The city chimes of old Trinity, the only ones I ever heard, are silent; but the sound has not altogether passed away from my ears. I listen to them yet like the music of a voice heard long ago, that wakes in its prime freshness, though the person that uttered it lies buried beneath the churchyard. Perhaps we venerate them the more that they are now silent, and that we heard them only in our early days associated with the beauty of a clear Sunday morning as we followed on our way to the neighboring church. The bells were a seemly prelude to the silver-toned musical voice of the good preacher who spoke from that pulpit. We now see the new light shed on the groups in Broadway, as we emerged from Wall-street, and heard the full sound of the bells as some of the circle said, 'It is the chimes of old Trinity.' Are not the young to hear them again, that they too may remember them?

## REVIEWS.

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*Ernest Maltravers* ; by the author of "Pelham," &c. 2 vols.

*Alice, or the Mysteries* ; a sequel to *Ernest Maltravers* ; 2 vols. Harper & Brothers. New-York : 1838.

"SHAKESPEARE is a fountain, which the majority of our later English fictionists, and Scott especially, have neglected. It is not by a story woven of interesting incidents, relieved by delineations of the externals and surface of character, humorous phraseology, and every-day ethics, that fiction achieves its proudest ends."—*Alice*, p. 17, vol. II.

If we are not mistaken, this sentence, rendered into unsophisticated English, means that Edgeworth and Scott, and all that tribe, are but "rats and mice, and such small deer" in the domain of fiction ; whilst the real lordly stag is Edward Lytton Bulwer, Esq. M. P. and author of *Pelham*, *Alice*, and various other "Eleusinia" and "crowning libations,"—for the meaning of which see the last page of the "*Mysteries of Life*"—that these writers have not understood their trade, the development of whose "*Mysteries*" was reserved for the same Edward Lytton Bulwer, Esq. ;—that they were mere tale-tellers, who only designed to amuse us "in our hours of ease ;" whilst Edward Lytton Bulwer, Esq. "solitary and alone," has made fiction the hand-maid of truth, and, in the guise of a novelist, is the great teacher of morals, the great sounder of the depths of the human heart, the great interpreter of the mysteries of life. We like that. It shows a modest self-appreciation, an impregnable conviction, based on the profoundest *gnothiseautonism* (this is likely to be *Greek* to you, kind reader) of his own merits, which is not to be shaken by the depreciations of literary envies and political hostility. Nevertheless such is our blindness and propensity to err, that we have no hesitation in pronouncing this interpreter of mysteries to be one of the most essential and pernicious humbugs of the day.

Scott a mere "delineator of externals !" This is the second attempt, within a short time, that has met our eye to prove that the dead lion was no more a lion than Nick Bottom himself ; or rather—to make the most execrable pun that we do verily believe ever was

perpetrated—that he was nothing but a *lying* animal, that useful truth is not to be found in his works, and that the evanescence of his fame will prove the justness of Warton's verses about the necessity of Truth's matron hand confining the flowing robes of fancy—which we cannot exactly call to mind at present, and therefore will not attempt to repeat. The first was Carlyle's article in the last number of the London and Westminster Review on Lockhart's volumes—an article marked by all the characteristics of that singular man's mode of expression and thought. We decidedly belong to the class of his admirers, though we are by no means disposed to go so far in our admiration as some of those reckless worshippers, who would deify him at once, and enshrine every thing that falls from his lips as inspiration thrice-distilled (a tribe whose enthusiasm is much more remarkable than their sagacity or power of discrimination; who are likely to do him more harm than good by their unmeaning homage.) We have not space at present to go into any examination of the justice of these assaults; but we shall endeavor to find some other opportunity of doing it, as a matter of absolute duty, which all must feel who can understand the claims of gratitude for benefits of the most important kind. Meanwhile we must be permitted to transcribe a sonnet which we indited in a fever of poetical indignation (*facit indignatio versus*, you know, classical reader) after the perusal of Sartor's Review.

Thou no great man!—thou wielder of the wand,  
 Beneath whose sway the spirits of the breast  
 Submissive bend—at whose divine command  
 They start to arms, or smile in blissful rest!  
 Thou no great man, who, when the stream of thought  
 Did "cream and mantle like a standing pool,"—  
 When foulest garbage of Minerva school,  
 As choicest mental feast was keenly sought—  
 With magic touch didst move the stagnant wave  
 And give it healthy flow—didst banquets spread  
 Which, tasted once, all crowded to thy board!  
 Who then is great, if not the man that shed  
 Effulgence on his age—upon whose grave  
 The tears and blessings of a world are poured?

We have pronounced Mr. Bulwer an essential and pernicious humbug, and we proceed to say why we favor him with this flattering appellation. We pronounce any man an essential humbug, who calls upon the four quarters of the earth to listen to him, and proclaims, with a loud voice, that he is about to tell things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme; that he is about to open the sealed book of nature and truth, and teach wisdom and virtue unknown before to the minds of men; and then after all this fanfaronade, does pretty much what the famous German wag did when he assembled a vast multitude to see him take flight from the top of a mountain; or rather, does much worse, for while Mynheer walked quietly down the hill, without pretending to spread his wings, he makes a tremendous flapping of his

waxen pinions, and throws a quantity of dust into the eyes of the good people, who are willing to believe in his promises, so that they go away with a full conviction that the achievement has been accomplished, and marvel exceedingly in consequence. Is not Mr. Bulwer such an impostor? Does he not put forth the most familiar common-places with such an air and strut of novelty as if he deemed them absolute revelations? Does he not imitate to the life the "scriptor cyclicus," whom Flaccus has damned to everlasting fame, who began his nonentities with the sonorous line, "*Fortunam Priami cantabo et nobile bellum*," and after putting a mountain into the pains of travail, effected no other result than that of delivering a ridiculous ratiating from *durance vile*?

We pronounce any man a pernicious humbug who professes to inculcate useful and ennobling lessons of duty, and does the very reverse; who dresses up sophistry and vice in the garb of wisdom and virtue, and thus deludes the thoughtless into worship of the monsters, whose hideous mien, if undisguised, would fill them with hatred. And does not Mr. Bulwer do this? Are not all his works saturated with voluptuousness, replete with false and meretricious views of life? And does he not at the same time assert that he is applying fiction to the most salutary, the most elevated purposes?

We make three distinct charges against the author of the *Pelham*, or rather the *Falkland* series,—for the republication of that precious mass of filth, after the celebrity of the writer was established, indicates a desire to have it regarded as entitled to the honors of the first-born darling. We assert that his characters are for the most part full of affectation and exaggeration; that his philosophy is in the main but "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal;" and that he is wholly deficient in that high moral sense, that perception of the beauty and sublimity of religion, without which a novelist can never succeed in giving a true picture of life, in unfolding the mysteries of existence, and in improving his fellow-men. He is the most artificial writer, we have no hesitation in saying, of the day; more addicted to frigid ecstasies and studied enthusiasm than any of his fellow-conpeers of the quill. We never seem to see the incidents he relates or hear the dialogues he puts into the mouths of his characters; but always to hear him repeating the latter and describing the former. He appears to be determined to be constantly uppermost in the minds of his readers, and would be jealous of any of his heroes who should cause him to be forgotten for the time being—which he takes good care that none of them shall ever do. "*Quanto rectius hic qui nil molitur inepte!*" How much better Scott, who never for a moment destroys the illusions in which he has so deliciously involved you, by asking your admiration for the creator of the spells—who places you in the midst of his scenes, and introduces you to his personages, and then retires out of sight, leaving them to speak for themselves! Have you ever, good reader, imagined that you had somewhere encountered any of the *Pelham* gentlemen or ladies in the actual world—that you had shaken hands and conversed with

some individuals bearing at least a strong resemblance to them? Have you ever had implanted in your mind by any one of them what may be called a seminal idea—an idea that has taken deep root, and grown, and blossomed, and borne nutritive fruit? Have you ever caught from any of them a sentiment which you treasured up at once in your heart's care as something too precious to be entrusted to memory alone?

How then does it happen that Mr. Bulwer is so popular, if he is such a humbug? We answer, in the first place, precisely because he is a humbug. Charlatanism is an omnipotent operative, and the world seems to like nothing better than to be "taken in." Your panacea man will make twenty fortunes whilst a regular practitioner is making one. "How comes it," asked a gentleman of the diploma order, of a quack, "how comes it, that your success is so much greater than mine?"—"How many persons," asked the other, "do you suppose pass your windows in the course of a morning?"—"About a hundred."—"Very well; ninety-nine of those are fools; I get the fools, and you the wise man." The pretensions and look of a Sir Oracle are perfectly irresistible for the mass. Besides, the *natural* taste of men, paradoxical as the assertion may appear, is for the unnatural. Distortion, extravagance, bombast, command at first, until the taste is cultivated, far more admiration than the simple and the true. The uneducated eye rejoices more in the exaggerated attitudes and gaudy colors of a French painting, than in the repose and purity of Raphael; it is only after it has been schooled in an Italian gallery that it is opened to an appreciation of genuine beauty, and learns to look with disgust on what before inspired such delight. So honest Partridge deemed the acting of Garrick a very poor affair, and thought he could do just as well himself. True nature is the consummation of art, and requires study to enjoy as well as to reach; and those who have not studied, can never understand any more than they can imitate it.

In the second place Mr. Bulwer is one of the most glittering of writers. He is the very Rossini of literary composers, who will twist your *auld-lang-synes* into such a variety of shapes, that they look just like new and beautiful inventions, and will trick out your vulgarest and most every-day *thema* in such fascinating roulades and trills, and flourishes of every sort, that it requires a keen examination to discover that what excites your admiration so highly, is nothing in reality but "Yankee Doodle" or "Dolly, put the kettle on." "The world is still deceived by ornament," says the man who knew the world better than any one else; and the world always has been, and, we fear, always will be, deceived by the same imposture, unless rail-roads and steam-boats should succeed in placing things in their veritable light. Some time ago the prince of French critics complained that people would prefer "*le clinquant de Tasse à tout l'or de Virgile*;" and if he dared to apply the term *clinquant* to the breathing thoughts and burning words of the Italian poet, what would he call the effusions of Mr. Bulwer, and what would he say of the gen-

try who esteem them far superior to the productions of Fielding and Scott? But tinsel wears a much more dazzling appearance than the genuine metal, and as long as it does, it is likely to be worshipped as gold of the richest, purest ore; that is to say, *new* tinsel does—for it soon loses its captivating glare, and is thrown aside as worthless to be replaced by fresher but equally spurious ware.

We do not, however, mean to say that Mr. Bulwer is altogether devoid of real claims to success, although we do think that he is not indebted to it for his present extraordinary run. He does, without question, contrive to weave his stories, however absurd they may be in themselves, with a degree of skill that keeps the interest always awake; he never commits the unpardonable sin of dullness; and, according to the Frenchman we have quoted above, "*tous les genres sont bons, hors le genre ennuyeux*;" his style has a certain brilliancy and poetical fervor about it which carry one away; his rhapsodies are often spirit-stirring, and his disquisitions striking; his touches are at times felicitous in the extreme; and he not unfrequently "strikes the deep sorrows of his lyre" with the hand of a master; in short, he has qualities which, under the guidance of sound principle and correct taste, would have secured for him a reputation as durable as his present notoriety is extensive; would have made him, perhaps, what he now pretends to be, a beacon upon a hill; but which, exerted as they now are, only cause him to do mischief, and render him, in the language we have ventured to use, a pernicious as well as an essential humbug. This "*Alice*" is the work on which Mr. Bulwer intimates his disposition to rest his fame as the expounder of nature and nature's laws in the moral world. Time's noblest offspring is the *last*—i. e. the last production of Mr. Bulwer's pen; and he throws down his gauntlet against the whole army of critics in a way to prove that he has not the slightest dread as to the result of the conflict. Like Molière's Monsieur Trissotin, who always wore

Cet air de confiance extrême  
Qui le rend en tout temps si content de lui-même,

Mr. B. has an invariable "*I'm your sorts*" aspect upon his literary countenance, which removes all apprehension as to his ever being done to death by malicious tongues; and no one, therefore, need fear to murder sleep by an attempt upon his *fictitious* fame—(by *fictitious* fame we mean, of course, fame as a writer of fictions). Nothing can more clearly indicate the idea which he entertains of this book, than the title he has bestowed upon this latter portion of it,—*Alice, or the Mysteries*. Now, we do not wish to quarrel with this appellation; on the contrary, we are willing to extend it to the entire work, with a slight variation, which we think would hit it precisely—"Ernest and Alice, or the *two* Mysteries"—for two more mysterious persons than this unique couple we certainly have not encountered for many a day. Mystery the first (*place aux*



dames!) is Alice. It is a mystery to us how so pure, innocent, immaculate a creature could ever have been under such circumstances as those in which she is placed—how the daughter of such an unmitigated villain as Darvil, associating only with such an abandoned set of ruffians as his companions from her earliest childhood, could ever have grown up into such uncontaminated loveliness as is so generously lavished upon her. She completely sets at defiance all Mr. Alexander Pope's notions about education forming the common mind. The twig, in this instance, seems to have been a very wilful one, and determined upon inclining the tree in a totally opposite direction to the original bent. In depicting this perfectly unsophisticated guileless character, Mr. Bulwer seems to have had some recollection of Miranda; but what a difference in the probabilities of the two cases! Shakspeare had a little too much knowledge of the force of early influences, a somewhat too deep insight into the nature of the human heart, to make unsuspecting innocence the offspring of degradation and vice of the most revolting kind. He knew as well as the author of the *Ars Poetica*, although he may never have got as far as Horace at school, that

Pictoribus atque poetis  
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas,  
Sed non ut serpentes avibus gementur, *tigribus agni*;

and therefore he takes care that the guardian of his lamb shall not be of the tiger species, and that she shall not be reared altogether among wolves. Nothing can be more natural than the daughter of Prospero in the uninhabited isle—nothing more unnatural than the daughter of Darvil in his den of iniquity. Mr. Bulwer, if we recollect aright, throws out some hints that the history of Alice is founded on fact. If it be so, it is another proof of the remark that “le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable.”

Mystery the Second is Mr. Ernest Maltravers,—Ernest the magnificent! the darling of his creator, and evidently intended to be a facsimile of that creator himself. We are afraid of being almost personal in saying aught against this glass of fashion and mould of form—this “amalgamated conglomeration of superabundant redundancies”—this sublime *olla podrida* of incongruous incomprehensibilities. Verily is Mr. Ernest a most wise fool, and a most foolish wit. It is a mystery to us how a young gentleman of his intelligence and high-mindedness could suppose that he could teach philosophy and Christianity to such a bewitching damsel as Miss Alice in the way that he undertook the task, without some such result as is stated to have occurred; though, by the way, Mr. Bulwer's philosophy and Christianity are admirably well calculated to lead to such most devoutly to be deprecated consummations. It is a mystery to us how a gentleman of such powerful intellect could ever utter such miserable nonsense as he puts forth in his conversation with Mr. de Montaigne about the superiority of the savage state.

It is a mystery to us how a gentleman of such intensity of feeling and such energy of purpose could be furnished with such an accommodating heart as he possessed—one which enabled him to fall in and out of love in a mode that puts the deaths and resuscitations of Tom Thumb the Great altogether to the blush. It is a mystery to us how a gentleman, provided as he was with every requisite of happiness, should contrive so efficaciously to be always wretched; and it is in reference to this last mystery that we wish to make an observation upon one of the charges we preferred above against Mr. Bulwer, of being destitute of that religious sentiment which is indispensable in his vocation. It is no mystery that a man with all the worldly appurtenances and appliances of happiness, should yet be the victim of what Delille has so beautifully expressed in the following verses in his poem upon the immortality of the soul.

“D'où me vient de mon cœur l'ardente inquiétude,  
En vain je promène mes jours.  
Du loisir au travail, du repos à l'étude,  
Rien n'en sauroit fixer la vague incertitude,  
Et les tristes dégoûts me pour suivent toujours.”

Nothing can be more certain than this “burning disquietude”—this craving after something better and nobler than surrounding objects can afford, especially in natures capable of despising the feculence and froth of things terrestrial; and had the unhappiness of Maltravers partaken of this character, it would have been perfectly comprehensible. But it does not seem to be dreamed of in Mr. Bulwer's philosophy that there are things in heaven as well as in earth after which the heart yearns and thirsts; his lips have never been touched with the hallowed coal—his notions of felicity are of the earth, earthy—and he has, in consequence, depicted a high-souled, imaginative, gifted man, blessed with wealth, and honor, and genius, and every thing that ought to place him, according to his notions, at the pinnacle of bliss, whining away existence in sickly sentimentalities and puerile abstractions. The heathen satirist might teach our Christian author a useful lesson, when he exclaims “O curas hominum! ô quantum est in rebus inane!”

But we have written much more than we intended, and must conclude—which we do with the deliberate assertion that this many-tomed novel is full of false taste, false philosophy, false morality, and false religion.

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*Sketches of Young Gentlemen*—dedicated to the *Young Ladies*; with six illustrations by “Phiz.” Third edition. London.

DID any of our readers ever observe that, after having made up their minds to do certain good things, some obtrusive persons would

always step in and anticipate them? Now, we had quite resolved—and had, indeed, commenced putting the resolution in force—to make just such a series of sketches as these “Of Young Gentlemen,” when we found this provoking little twelvemo upon a friend’s centre table. As we ran over sketch after sketch, we were excited into very involuntary admiration, and compelled to ejaculate “capital!” heartily wishing, at the same time, that we could in truth claim the paternity of so pleasant a literary offspring. However, we console ourselves with the reflection that the ground has not been entirely gone over; since the book was written in England, and there are many peculiarities of the same genus in America left entirely undescribed. We shall attempt some of these, even at the risk of being charged with imitation, in future numbers of this, our beloved Magazine. Let us now glance, for a few moments amusement, at the sketches before us. They are, indeed, capital; and for the most part applicable to the characters of American young gentlemen. Our *Military* Young Gentlemen are, however, a little different; from their scarcity, they form no subject of perpetual annoyance, although, should we include in the category *Naval* Young Gentlemen, there would be a fund for an extended dissertation.

Why have not the publishing cormorants in Philadelphia (who seem to consider themselves possessed of a prescriptive right to give to the American public every good thing which appears in England,) reprinted this vastly amusing volume? It would prove a better speculation than Lady Charlotte Bury’s and Thomas Haynes Bayly’s irredeemably insipid nonsense.

Good as these sketches are, they might have been made better. They might have been all cream, whereas there is an undue portion of a thinner fluid, which when separated, from the rest, looks very like skimmed milk. Let us take off a few spoons-full of the richer part, by way of imparting to our readers an appetite for the whole dish, which is indeed remarkably nice as it stands. The best sketches are those of “the very Friendly Young Gentleman,” “the Domestic Young Gentleman,” “the Funny Young Gentleman,” and “the Poetical Young Gentleman.” As that of “the Funny Young Gentleman” is more complete than the others, and we have not space for the whole of the rest, we give it “by way of anchovy.”—

“As one funny young gentleman will serve as a sample of all funny young gentlemen, we purpose merely to note down the conduct and behavior of an individual specimen of this class, whom we happened to meet at an annual family Christmas party in the course of this very last Christmas that ever came.

“We were all seated round a blazing fire, which crackled pleasantly as the guests talked merrily and the urn steamed cheerily—for, being an old-fashioned party, there *was* an urn, and a teapot besides—when there came a postman’s knock at the door, so violent and sudden, that it startled the whole circle, and actually caused two or three very interesting and most unaffected young ladies to scream aloud, and to exhibit many afflicting symptoms of terror and distress, until they had been several times assured by their respective adorers, that they were in no danger. We were about to remark that it was surely beyond post-time, and must have been a runaway knock, when our host, who had hitherto

been paralysed with wonder, sank into a chair in a perfect ecstasy of laughter, and offered to lay twenty pounds that it was that droll dog Griggins. He had no sooner said this, than the majority of the company and all the children of the house burst into a roar of laughter too, as if some inimitable joke flashed upon them simultaneously, and gave vent to various exclamations of—To be sure it must be Griggins, and How like him that was, and What spirits he was always in! with many other commendatory remarks of the like nature.

"Not having the happiness to know Griggins, we became extremely desirous to see so pleasant a fellow, the more especially as a stout gentleman with a powdered head, who was sitting with his breeches buckles almost touching the hob, whispered us he was a wit of the first water, when the door opened, and Mr. Griggins being announced, presented himself, amidst another shout of laughter and a loud clapping of hands from the younger branches. This welcome he acknowledged by sundry contortions of countenance, imitative of the clown in one of the new pantomimes, which were so extremely successful, that one stout gentleman rolled upon an ottoman in a paroxysm of delight, protesting, with many gasps, that if somebody didn't make that fellow Griggins leave off, he would be the death of him, he knew. At this the company only laughed more boisterously than before, and as we always like to accommodate our tone and spirit if possible to the humor of any society in which we find ourselves, we laughed with the rest, and exclaimed, 'Oh! capital, capital!' as loud as any of them.

"When he had quite exhausted all beholders, Mr. Griggins received the welcomes and congratulations of the circle, and went through the needful introductions with much ease and many puns. This ceremony over, he avowed his intention of sitting in somebody's lap unless the young ladies made room for him on the sofa, which being done, after a great deal of tittering and pleasantry, he squeezed himself among them, and likened his condition to that of love among the roses. At this novel jest we all roared once more. 'You should consider yourself highly honored, sir,' said we. 'Sir,' replied Mr. Griggins, 'you do me proud.' Here everybody laughed again; and the stout gentleman by the fire whispered in our ear that Griggins was making a dead set at us.

"The tea things having been removed, we all sat down to a round game, and here Mr. Griggins shone forth with peculiar brilliancy, abstracting other people's fish, and looking over their hands in the most comical manner. He made one most excellent joke in snuffing a candle, which was neither more nor less than setting fire to the hair of a pale young gentleman who sat next him, and afterwards begging his pardon with considerable humor. As the young gentleman could not see the joke however, possibly in consequence of its being on the top of his own head, it did not go off quite as well as it might have done; indeed, the young gentleman was heard to murmur some general references to 'impertinence,' and a 'rascal,' and to state the number of his lodgings in an angry tone—a turn of the conversation, which might have been productive of slaughterous consequences, if a young lady, betrothed to the young gentleman, had not used her immediate influence to bring about a reconciliation: emphatically declaring in an agitated whisper, intended for his peculiar edification but audible to the whole table, that if he went on in that way, she never would think of him otherwise than as a friend, though as that she must always regard him. At this terrible threat the young gentleman became calm, and the young lady, overcome by the revulsion of feeling, instantaneously fainted.

"Mr. Griggins's spirits were slightly depressed for a short period by this unlooked-for result of such a harmless pleasantry, but being promptly elevated by the attentions of the host and several glasses of wine, he soon recovered, and became even more vivacious than before, inasmuch that the stout gentleman previously referred to, assured us, that although he had known him since he was *that* high (something smaller than a nutmeg-grater), he had never beheld him in such excellent sue.

"When the round game and several games at blind man's buff, which followed it, were all over, and we were going down to supper, the inexhaustible Mr. Griggins produced a small sprig of mistletoe from his waistcoat pocket, and commenced a general kissing of the assembled females, which occasioned great commotion and much excitement. We observed that several young gentlemen—including the young gentleman with the pale countenance—were greatly scan-

dalised at this indecorous proceeding, and talked very big among themselves in corners; and we observed too, that several young ladies, when remonstrated with by the aforesaid young gentlemen, called each to witness how they had struggled, and protested vehemently that it was very rude, and that they were surprised at Mrs. Brown's allowing it, and that they couldn't bear it, and had no patience with such impertinence. But such is the gentle and forgiving nature of woman, that although we looked very narrowly for it, we could not detect the slightest harshness in the subsequent treatment of Mr. Griggins. Indeed, upon the whole, it struck us that among the ladies he seemed rather more popular than before!

"To recount all the drollery of Mr. Griggins at supper, would fill such a tiny volume as this, to the very bottom of the outside cover. How he drank out of other people's glasses, and ate of other people's bread, how he frightened into screaming convulsions a little boy who was sitting up to supper in a high chair, by sinking below the table and suddenly reappearing with a mask on; how the hostess was really surprised that anybody could find a pleasure in tormenting children, and how the host frowned at the hostess, and felt convinced that Mr. Griggins had done it with the very best intentions; how Mr. Griggins explained, and how everybody's good-humor was restored but the child's;—to tell these and a hundred other things ever so briefly, would occupy more of our room and our reader's patience, than either they or we can conveniently spare. Therefore, we change the subject, merely observing that we have offered no description of the funny young gentleman's personal appearance, believing that almost every society has a Griggins of its own, and leaving all readers to supply the deficiency, according to the particular circumstances of their particular case."

Every society has, indeed, "a Griggins of its own," and a more *intolerable* pest cannot be imagined than this *tolerated* individual, who says and does the rudest possible things under the salvo of "Never mind him," "It's only his way," "He is so odd." If ever a gentleman is tempted to forego his sense of propriety, it is when one of these same "funny" youths crack their practical jokes in his presence. One feels the blood rippling to one's fingers' ends, as well as certain spasmodic contractions of one's extended palms, which somehow or other close themselves into fists, which itch for a sudden application of the Funny Young Gentleman's nose. The worst of it is, that when every body else is laughing at his fun, you cannot, for the life of you, imagine what it is all about; his spoken jests being made up of certain slang phrases, which have a conventional meaning, and his acted jests seeming to you nothing more nor less than the grossest ill manners, which should cause Mr. Griggins to be kicked most instantaneously into the street. Here is a part of the sketch of "the Poetical Young Gentleman:"

"Time was, and not very long ago either, when a singular epidemic raged among the young gentlemen, vast numbers of whom, under the influence of the malady, tore off her neckerchiefs, turned down their shirt collars, and exhibited themselves in the open streets with bare throats and dejected countenances, before the eyes of an astonished public. These were poetical young gentlemen. The custom was gradually found to be inconvenient, as involving the necessity of too much clean linen and too large washing bills, and these outward symptoms have consequently passed away; but we are disposed to think, notwithstanding that the number of poetical young gentlemen is considerably on the increase.

"We know a poetical young gentleman. We do not mean to say that he is troubled with the gift of poetry in any remarkable degree, but his countenance is of a plaintive and melancholy cast, his manner is abstracted, and bespeaks affliction of soul; he seldom has his hair cut, and often talks about being an outcast and wanting a kindred spirit; from which, as well as from many general obser-

ventions in which he is wont to indulge, concerning mysterious impulses, and yearnings of the heart, and the supremacy of intellect gilding all earthly things with the glowing magic of immortal verse, it is clear to all his friends that he has been stricken poetical.

"The favorite attitude of the poetical young gentleman is lounging on a sofa with his eyes fixed upon the ceiling, or sitting bolt upright in a high-backed chair, staring with very round eyes at the opposite wall. When he is in one of these positions, his mother, who is a worthy affectionate old soul, will give you a nudge to bespeak your attention without disturbing the abstracted one, and whisper with a shake of the head, that John's imagination is at some extraordinary work or other, you may take her word for it. Hereupon John looks more fiercely intent upon vacancy than before, and suddenly snatching a pencil from his pocket, puts down three words, and a cross on the back of a card, sighs deeply, paces once or twice across the room, inflicts a most unmerciful slap upon his head, and walks moodily up to his dormitory."

We have seen just such a youth. We have him now distinctly in our mind's eye. By some chance the unfortunate young man once on a time perpetrated some verses, which, through the stupidity of its Editor, got into the Poet's corner of a weekly newspaper: Though decent, quiet, and well-disposed before this important event, he suddenly became rabid with the Byronic mania. He was supposed by several simple people to have lost his mind, though we felt sure that this could not be the case, as it is an observation as indisputably true as a mathematical axiom, "a man cannot lose that which he never possessed." Though hitherto a plain man of angles and lines, who propped his chin with a high bombazine stock, and was precise in the wearing of his scantily-cut apparel, he emerged one morning out of his chamber with his shirt collar turned on his coat and circled with a broad blue ribbon; his lank hair parted back and pushed back from a forehead, which no process but shaving could make over three inches high; his waistcoat fastened by only one button, displaying a profusion of bosom, (so much so indeed that the small urchins in the street greeted him with "Hollo! mister, where did you get so much shirt?") his shoes down at the heels, and his eyes rolling about in their sockets like a duck's in a thunder-storm. This last must have been a painful procedure, for his "twa een" were uncommonly small, and used to look not like "orbs" but gimlets "of vision." When any one spoke to him, he would start as if interrupted in the deepest reverie; he appeared to be a very peripatetic abstraction, and he used to be constantly stumbling over twine stretched by mischievous boys *across the trottoirs*, in consequence of walking with his gaze fixed on the upper vacancy of "cerulean blue." Instead of affecting solitude, as a poet should, he would sit in the family apartment of the kind dame, who, out of compassion, suffered him to infest her domestic circle; and there, seated at a side-table, with pen, ink, and paper before him, he would appear to lose himself in the mighty labyrinth of his own vast conceptions. Occasionally seizing the pen with convulsive energy, he would dab it into the ink, and then, as if disappointed of the evanescent thought, throw himself back in his chair with an *au desespoir* expression, and bite the end of his quill with his eyes not only riveted

to, but absolutely incorporated with, the ceiling. No matter if twenty visitors came in, he would not seem to be interrupted by their presence or conversation; till, all of a sudden, as if the great deeps of his imagination had been broken up, he would most voraciously devour some six sides of letter sheets with his courser-like pen; and, turning round, as if the throes of mental labor had ceased and the smile that played upon his countenance were one of satisfaction at the safe delivery, would pretend to behold those present for the first time, and address them with the utmost condescension of manner; then grasping his hat, he would snatch up the blotted paper from the table, and rush out of doors and along the street as if a legion of printers' devils had suddenly bawled "copy" into his ears!

Many of these sketches have been transferred to the journals of the day, or we would give the "Very Friendly" and the "Domestic Young Gentleman." Let the reader content himself, if he can, with our remarks, till he shall light upon them. There are hundreds of such specimens in this city—young men who are intimate in some half a dozen families and are great favorites, and young men who are petted by their mothers and sisters, and said to "that's a dear!" by their maiden aunts. These are commonly called "excellent," "exemplary," and most often "safe." Prudent mammas are not afraid to trust their daughters with them, and the ladies think them harmless. They are so. They have the harmlessness of stolidity. They would as soon think an impropriety as any thing else, if they ever could think at all. Your Very Friendly Young Gentleman is always remarkably affectionate, grows maudlin over the wine with papa, sentimental at tea with mamma, and very attentive to the shawls and shoes of wall-flower daughters at balls and theatres. Your Domestic Young Gentleman is always at home of an evening, and never goes to his business on rainy days, but sits in his anxious mother's chamber, with the seamstresses, and reads to them out of the Mirror of Fashion.

Besides these, we have hits at the Bashful, the Out-and-Out, the Political, the Censorious, the Theatrical, the Throwing-off, and the Young Ladies' Young Gentleman; all and each of which are felicitous, though of unequal merit. The titles of these sufficiently explain the species that form the topic of the several descriptions with the exception of "the Throwing-off." This will be understood here, when we allude to certain elegant, mustachioed individuals, who have an *abandon* air, and a sort of elegant *negligée*, "D—n me if I care" manner. They are, for the most part, foreigners with a title, such as a Count or a Marquis, and "throw off" hints of noble ancestry, vast estates, stoppage of remittances, exile from native land, &c. These are they who marry into our first families,—whom the ladies promenade Broadway whole mornings to meet,—who confound the bloody Yankees, swagger and swell, and, at last, after some unlucky explosion, return to their original occupation of hair-dressing, for which every body can observe their fondness in the superfluous quantity which they carry about as a sign on their own heads and faces.

Such good-natured ridicule as is here afforded, does away with more follies than preaching. We shall look with interest for a copy of "Sketches of Young Ladies," by the same hand, and shall not fail to give our readers a taste of it. The illustrations by "Phiz" are very happy. It is praise enough to say that they are faithful representations of the admirable ideas of "Quiz."

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*Sketches of Paris.* By an American Gentleman. Carey & Hart. Philadelphia.

PARIS is a nice place, unquestionably a very nice place. One does eat there capital dinners, and no less capital breakfasts; one does hear there most delicious music; one does meet there many very pretty *grisettes* and magnificent *grandes dames* (oh, age of chivalry, that this should not have come first in the catalogue!)—one does see there a vast number of funny people and amusing sights—one does find means there of spending every minute delightfully—one does, in short, enjoy one'sself there in a very egregious degree. What cares one for comfort there? He has pleasure. What cares a man for happiness there? He has excitement—excitement never ending, still beginning—never allowing him to stop and think whether he is miserable or not. If you can't sometimes get your uncarpetted, brick-floored room warm with a few invisible sticks, you can go to a café, and sit there at the expense of a glass of sugar and water, reading the papers, or what you will, until nature insists upon locomotion in her most imperious style. If it does rain there for a month together, and the streets are covered with various strata of mud that would give employment to a geologist for an infinite period, you can wrap yourself up in your virtue and a good surtout, put on your over-shoes, open your umbrella, and perambulate the Boulevards, where, if the smiling sunny faces you are constantly meeting do not soon make you forget that the orb of day is as modestly and thickly veiled as an Algerine beauty, it must be because your mind, like that of Campbell's hero, is "a world without a sun;" and, as a natural consequence, cannot be illumined; or you may go to the Louvre, and wander, day after day, amid the brightest tints, the most varied and brilliant society—motionless though they be on the walls—and the most attractive landscapes; or you may go to the Sarbonne, and listen as long as you please to the words of wisdom, which flow from the lips of Professor this or that; or you may pay a visit to the diorama, or some other rama, or to that beautiful exhibition of a *famille celeste* to which you are so winningly invited by the mingled music and eloquence of that gentleman's voice, as he exclaims, taking up the beginning of the discourse the moment he comes to its conclusion without any stop—so that which is the beginning or which is the end is certainly a matter that requires "a mighty deal



of nice consideration"—"Entrez donc, Messieurs et Mesdames, entrez donc ; venez voir la plus parfaite perfection, une perfection si inexprimable qu'elle ne peut pas être exprimée—c'est Monsieur le soleil avec Madame la lune et leurs petits enfants les étoiles ;" or, if nothing else will do, you may diffuse the most exhilarating radiance through your mind by the recollection that in the evening you are to hear Grisi and Tamburini, and Rubini and Lablache—what a quartette ! at the *Italian* ; and if this does not brighten you, go home.

Paris is a nice place ! So think we—so thought the citizen of the U. S., who, on his return from it, as he was approaching his native shores, muttered in a low, condensed tone, "d——n Columbus"—so thinks the author of these sketches ; and of this nice place he has given a very nice account. (By the word nice, good reader, we don't mean American nice ; Philadelphia, for instance, is a very nice city in that sense ; id est, the streets are always covered with water to keep them clean. Paris is *au contraire* ; we use the word in the signification assigned to it by those to whom we are indebted for our vernacular.) It is only in the same way that Paris is a nice city, that this is a nice book ; for they are both pretty dirty in some respects. In plain language, this is an amusing volume ; full of smart things, shrewd hits, acute observations, and pleasant narrative ; with a good many coarse stories and remarks not at all fitted for eyes polite, and which might have been omitted without any detriment to the value of the work or the reputation of the author for refinement, a reputation, which, of course, every gentleman now a days must wish to possess. An expurgated edition we should very willingly recommend as decidedly one of the most agreeable publications of the kind we have encountered for some time. What makes the want of delicacy more flagrant in this instance is, that the letters are addressed, with one or two exceptions, to a lady ; and certainly several of them a lady might well hesitate to acknowledge she has read. If the author writes another book about London—which we hope he will, for he wields a very happy pen—we trust he will be more chary of what he so elegantly terms "smut," while he pours out as much of his humor, piquancy, and good sense as he may think proper.

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*The Divorced* ; by the authoress of "Flirtation," &c. 2 vols.

*Love* ; by the authoress of "Flirtation," "The Divorced," &c. 2 vols. Philadelphia : Carey, Lea and Blanchard.

THESE are novels of the worst class, executed in the worst possible manner. They are full of false rhetoric, false taste, and false principles. They are unredeemed by any talent, save that of the lowest order. No appetite, except one that is hopelessly depraved,

could be satisfied with such aliment. Persons of a vulgar cast of character, rioting in the fashionable dens of the British metropolis, may possibly be content with such wretched pictures of a wretched state of society. Pictures do we call them ! We hope, for the honor of our common humanity, that they are caricatures—broad, gross, exaggerated caricatures. They should be suppressed by that general opinion which removes all contaminating nuisances ; if they cannot, by a liberal interpretation, be brought under that statute, which forbids the vending of indecent prints, as well as of meretricious books.

The publishers, who, for the sake of a little lucre, would disseminate such rank garbage, scraped from the gutters of the Cockney market, deserve the reprehension of every reader, whose taste is for purer air than that which reeks from the Epicurean sty. Let not the vitiated suppose from this that these are exciting volumes, stimulatory of base passions ; for they are not. They are dull, commonplace, poor narratives, without one ray of originality either in design or execution,—their chief interest lying in very miserable accounts of violations of the seventh commandment, given in a very inferior style to those of the newspaper reporters of the police courts.

There is no reason why such books should be published in this country. The London press, (prolific mother of a heterogeneous brood !) produces every month in the year fictions better in every way than these. Nothing but the cheapness with which such stuff can be spread over whitey-brown paper induces the publication, and no bookselling house in the United States, except a Philadelphia one, would propagate such miserable literary trash. We have held the lash suspended in the air for some time, in the vain hope that we should witness some amendment in the quarter from which this and the like abominations proceed. We shall forbear no longer, but lay it on merrily, till we see a prospect of good results.

We fear that nothing, save the passage of the much-opposed International Copyright law, will remedy the crying evil of which we complain. If the Senatorial Committee would only look over these volumes, they would, impressed with the importance of their suppression, report a bill in favor of extending the privilege of copyright to English authors. Such a conceited, fine-Lady Minx as this Charlotte Bury would be sure to take out a copy-right, and such a procedure would most effectually suppress her stupid nonsense ; for no one would consent to the expenditure of the additional sixpence on a volume, which the cupidity of the American utterers of her slanders on human nature would not fail to impose.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

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### I. AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS,

*From March 15 to May 26.*

Prepared for the American Monthly Magazine by Wiley and Putnam, Publishers and Importers, 161 Broadway, New-York.

[Those marked thus (a) are Original American works; all others are reprints of foreign works.]

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THE  
AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1838.

DEFEAT OF THE SUB-TREASURY BILL.

It often falls in course of common life,  
That right long time is overborne of wrong,  
Through avarice, or power, or guile, or strife,  
That weakens one and makes the other strong;  
But justice, though her doom she do prolong,  
Yet at the last she will her own cause right.

SPENSER.

It is with no ordinary emotions of gratitude and joy that we record the defeat of that pernicious measure known as the Sub-treasury Bill, in the House of Representatives, by a vote of one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and eleven. This most odious and tyrannical scheme, which for the last six or ten months has hung like a black and portentous cloud over the enterprise and business of the country—threatening to blast the best-contrived enterprises of our fellow-citizens, and to paralyse the efforts of the industrious classes of the community; this miserable expedient, which, in spite of the utter disgust manifested towards it and its authors by the people of this country, has been clung to with a fatal tenacity by the President and his advisers—this sub-treasury humbug is at last exploded, and its contrivers overwhelmed with ridicule and disgrace. In looking back at the course of the administration upon this important subject, it almost seems that there was a fatality and a fatuity attending their pertinacious adherence to so ruinous and unpopular a project, and that a new instance was to be given of the truth of the old proverb, “quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.”

The last hopes of the administration for the maintenance of their ascendancy were staked upon this scheme. Having taken the step, it was persevered in, because it was quite as ruinous to recede as to push ahead. A deaf ear was turned to the prayers and expostulations of the people. There was no such thing manifested as a disposition to concede and to compromise. An administration which, with an insolent mockery, professed to abide by the doctrine that the will of the people should give law, audaciously arrayed itself in open defiance of the reiterated expression of the will of that people. State after state gave in its verdict in opposition to the infamous scheme ; but still it was pressed upon the people in a manner the most insulting and unjustifiable. And the only pretence on which Mr. Van Buren undertook to palliate a course so incompatible with his past professions, was, that the " dear people " had been bought up by the Banks—they had been blinded by the gold dust thrown into their eyes, and were rendered incapable of judging of the perfections of the plan, which, in his infallibility, he had proposed for their acceptance.

And what was this scheme, which has agitated the country so long, and been finally spurned with worthy contempt and execration by the representatives of the people ? It was a scheme to concentrate the whole monied power of this confederacy in the hands of the Executive—to give him a degree of patronage, which would clothe him with the attributes of an absolute monarch—to make him the king of stock-jobbers, by surrendering to him the power of investing the surplus funds of the treasury in such stocks as he might choose—and to give him a new engine of despotism in the establishment of a corps of travelling myrmidons, who, under the pretence of examining into the accounts of sub-treasury agents, might be sent from point to point at a moment's notice, and could be made to form, during the period of a critical canvass, an efficient means of perpetuating power by corruption and management. We doubt if there could have been a plot more cunningly devised for carrying out the ambitious views of Mr. Van Buren and ensuring his re-election. A civil revolution either would have followed the permanent establishment of this infernal system, or the liberties of the American people would have been lost for ever.

But, thanks to the patriotism and good sense of the majority of the House of Representatives, they have not been so trammelled by the fetters of party as to act in direct violation of the known sentiments and wishes of their constituents. Notwithstanding the despotic and irreconcilable example set by the Executive, they have discharged their duty to their country honorably and faithfully. The Sub-treasury Bill

has been crushed. The administration has been irretrievably disgraced. We have no fear that it will recover any of the strength and influence which it has lost. It has conclusively shown its pitiful imbecility and incompetence. With the means of making itself popular and strong, it has suicidally adopted the course most fatal to its own interests as well as most distasteful to the people. We need no further assurance than is presented in his course upon this measure, that the talents and political sagacity of Mr. Van Buren have been immensely over-rated both by his friends and opponents. He has shown himself as imbecile as he is unprincipled in his official relations; as false to his professions as he is impotent in the execution of his mischievous schemes. As a small intriguer, he doubtless possesses a certain kind of craft and management, which passes with the vulgar for talent; but in the Presidency he has shown himself utterly destitute of all the qualifications of a statesman. The well-known description of him by De Witt Clinton will now generally be admitted to be true—"a political grimalkin, purring over petty schemes, mousing over sinister projects." Thank heaven, his "schemes and his projects" for his own aggrandizement and the enslaving of the people have been utterly defeated and trampled upon. In what a contemptible position does he now stand before the country! Baffled in the first great scheme that he has originated—thwarted in his insane and pertinacious endeavors to thrust upon his fellow-citizens a measure which they had reprobated by acclamation—he can never hope to recover the strength he has lost, or to redeem himself in the good opinion of that democracy of numbers whom he has insulted and defied.

In monarchical England, a ministry who had been so rebuked by the popular branch of the legislature, would have been compelled to resign. A President should certainly do no less than conform to the popular will, however it may clash with his own. And yet what is the language of Mr. Van Buren, through his "premonitory symptom," Mr. Cambreling? "Suppose we reject this bill and go home, does the Sub-treasury cease? No, sir; it must continue as it is now, the law of the land, and will continue through 1838, '39, '40 and '41, *in spite of all the lamentations here and elsewhere.*" Was ever language more arbitrary and outrageous addressed by a vindictive despot to his trodden serfs? "In spite of all lamentations *here and elsewhere!*" So the people are to be punished for daring to differ from their servant, the President, upon a question affecting their financial interests! The system is to be adhered to in spite of *their* lamentations, and in spite of the remonstrances of their representatives!

Language like this must only excite a wider and more deeply-rooted indignation and opposition in the hearts of the people of the United States. It will rally the true democracy around the banner of revolution and reform. The days of the administration are numbered. The defeat of the Sub-treasury Bill is conclusive of their approaching downfall: there is no human probability of their being able to avert their doom, or to diminish the tremendous popular opposition now arrayed in one solid phalanx against them. The issue is between the Country and the Court—between the supremacy of the People and the supremacy of the Crown. We have no fears for the result.

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## GLANCES AT LIFE,

No. I.

BY AN ITINERANT SCHOOLMASTER.

SINCE it is a literary fashion of the present age for authors to indite and readers to peruse volumes of autobiography, I know no reason why I, one of the race of wandering *ludi magistri*, should not bring my humble self and observations before the eye of a discriminating public. Many and various have been my adventures since, severing the ties of home and kindred, I commenced my pilgrimage. Could I but have foreseen the many woes and casualties that have befallen me, the defection of my friends and desertion of acquaintances, my heart would have grown cold within me, and I should have lost all of that light-heartedness which has enabled me to keep my head above the current of adversity, and smile at every gleam of sunshine that has fallen on the waters of existence. Do not infer, dear reader, from the strain of my commencement, that I am one of the sect of Weeping Philosophers; for I wish to stand well with you, and be esteemed as a man of sense, an endorser of the opinion of Sir Oliver Surface, who held in peculiar abhorrence a young man of sentiment. I am rather an advocate of that species of mirth which my puritan ancestors would have likened to a "crackling of thorns under the pot," and in which, to do them justice, they indulged but rarely.

To begin my story. I am not aware that my birth was heralded by any of those stupendous prodigies which announce to the world the advent of a hero, destined, like Alexander and Napoleon, to curtail its pleasures, thin its population, and to wade to glory through whole seas of blood. My father was a country clergyman, who eked out his very moderate salary by cultivating a fine farm of two hundred acres. His creed and principles were strictly orthodox, but to his family he was the most indulgent, most amiable of beings. Two sisters and a brother had proceeded me to welcome the new-comer to the world; and I, the youngest and the last child, was destined to receive the caresses and blessings of the whole family. As I increased in size and years, the strictness of domestic discipline was relaxed in my favor, and I had the fatal honor of being the best beloved child. The partiality of my parents did not, however, draw down on me the resentment of their other children. They were too generous and noble to harbor a single jealous thought, but my own character suffered incalculably from the indulgence I received. I could neglect my studies and my duties with impunity, and was permitted to pursue the path that pleased me best. It is true that I was never prone to criminal indulgence, but then I had the poetical temperament, and was fond of reading idle tales, and chivalrous romances, wandering by the side of remote streams, or lingering in unfrequented woods, with a volume of Shakspeare, Dryden, or Spenser ever in my hand. If my course of reading did not tend to make me an absolute Don Quixotte, it certainly had the effect of unsettling my judgment and weakening my mental powers—a habit of keen observation, an inquisitive turn, with a strong dash of humor, alone prevented me from rivaling the Hidalgo of La Mancha. The tendency of my desultory course of reading would not have long escaped the observation of my keen-sighted father if nature had not given me the art to veil my emotions and impulse from him. As I early learned that stolen pleasures were the sweetest, it was in solitude, afar from even a friendly eye, that I pursued my mysterious studies. Then, in my fondness for the Scripture, my father saw a sign of grace; for, deeply sensible of the beauty of the Hebrew poems, and gifted both with a retentive memory and a good voice, I was able to recite upon occasion long passages from the Old Testament in an appropriate style of elocution. There were quotations that were forever on my lips; such as the description of the war-horse in the Book of Job, and the account of Samuel's appearance at the summons of the Witch of Endor. These passages I was in the habit of repeating in dim, mysterious moods, when twilight was coming on with rapid strides,

and the depth of the forest was all shadowy, dark, unfathomable. At such times my voice would falter in the recitation, and I would hasten to bring it to a close, while the night-hawk screaming in the upper air, and the loathsome bat brushing my face with his filmy wings as he darted by, filled me with an undefined and superstitious fear. That I experienced such sensations, with words of holy writ at my tongue's end, proves that I had wasted time which should have been employed in garnering up instruction. It must not, however, be inferred, that in my solitary wanderings I was occupied in conjuring up imaginings of fear alone. About my noontide path thronged a multitude of pleasant shapes; Titania and Oberon from fairy land, Genii from the storied Orient, elves from the shores of the northern seas, and classic spirits from the Grecian Archipelago. I peopled the glades of the woods with thronging companies of knights and ladies, pages, dwarfs, and falconers—personages famed in chronicles of chivalry.

The pictures of my fancy were like those of a kaleidoscope, ever varying and ever brilliant. In fancy I encountered giants, vanquished ogres, overcame enchanters, and disenthralled enchanted princesses. I have often been detected by my brother brandishing a huge club, and demolishing inoffensive huckleberry bushes and wild pea-vines, shouting all the time "Die, traitor!" "Yield thee, paynim, rescue or no rescue!" with sundry other exclamations, which all heroes have employed from Orlando Furioso to Him of the Rueful Countenance. To be surprised in such passages was torture to a sensibility so acute as mine, and there were times when I was disposed to wreak my vengeance on my inoffensive brother for his involuntary intrusion on my feats of arms. But, although when alone I tilted so courageously, I was not noted for particular prowess among my school companions. The fact was, that while poetical descriptions of feats of arms delighted me, I had no partiality for deeds of pugilism. Besides, my strength was not adequate to encounters in the fistic ring. I fought well enough in a general *melee*, but when it came to hand to hand affairs I generally got severely punished. Of arms, however, I was and am extravagantly fond. Place a rifle in my hand, and you renew my youth; give me a foil, and I can surround nine men in buckram. The ensign of our village company, the Independent Columbian Volunteers, who had learned the use of the small sword of a French barber, formerly a sergeant in Murat's *Chevaux Legers*, taught me how to fence. I have never relinquished the practice of this art, and once thought of traversing the Atlantic for the purpose of crossing blades with St. George at Paris.



My fair readers will easily conceive, that so susceptible and imaginative a youth, as I have described myself to be, could hardly have attained the age of sixteen or seventeen without falling in love or sacrificing to the Muses. I did both one and the other when I was a tall lanky boy of seventeen, for I had shot up to the size of manhood with a rapidity which drew from the old wives of the neighborhood some ill-tempered remarks about the growth of evil weeds.

Old Mr. Clapperton Pembroke, a gentleman who lived upon his income, had a daughter, who had been my school companion, as beautiful and gay a creature as ever tripped on a green or lighted a flame in the heart of a foolish youth. Old Mr. Pembroke was not a native of this village but had settled in our neighborhood within my memory. He brought with him a moderate fortune, a handsome library, an old house-keeper, and his little Mary. He was evidently a gentleman of the old school, and wore a very long queue, which reached half way down his back, and, as he turned his head to the right and left, described arcs of circles in French hair-powder upon his claret-colored coat. As he sat before us at meeting, I used to notice this phenomenon, and learn geometry by means of it. The old gentleman was an Episcopalian; but as there was no sect of his belief in our village, Mr. Clapperton Pembroke thought it his duty to attend service in my father's meeting-house. In going to meeting, he satisfied his conscience; in going to sleep as soon as the sermon began, he quieted his scruples about hearing heretical doctrines. Poor old gentleman! had my father been less orthodox, or thou less lethargic, I should not have enjoyed so many opportunities of gazing undisturbed upon thy Mary's face. I used to find the places for her in the hymn-book, and squeeze her hand as I passed her the volume. Then she would look up with a smile about her lips and a mischievous flash in her bright black eyes; but whether she was laughing at me, or smiling with devotion, or watching the barber as he caressed his bass-viol in the singers' gallery, I couldn't for the life of me decide. However, I was no cold worshipper of beauty or the Muses; so in a fit of inspiration or insanity I hammered out the following stanzas, which I wrote in a fine hand upon a small slip of paper, and placed in the hymn-book when I handed it over the back of Mr. Pembroke's pew to Mary:

#### TO MARY.

I think of thee, my gentle girl, when wand'ring all alone  
At twilight by the river-side, when gaudy day hath flown;

When over all the eastern hills a silver vapor clings,  
 And creeping low beneath my feet the plaintive river sings.  
 The tenderness of pensive eve, the river's melody,  
 So like you own, my gentle girl, awaken thoughts of thee.

When kindled by the rising sun a thousand flowers are born,  
 And springing from his woodland nest, the bird salutes the morn,  
 And every thing that's fair and bright, fairer and brighter seems,  
 Oh ! then of thee alone I think, of thee are all my dreams.  
 There's not a bird upon the breeze, or blossom on the tree,  
 Or sight and sound of pleasantness, but bids me think of thee.

And when on high tempestuous clouds surround the brow of night,  
 And wrap as with a funeral-pall the landscape from my sight,  
 If in the vapory veil aloft a single rent appear,  
 And I can mark a single star outshining bright and clear,  
 Then hope's dear light, as clear, as bright, its radiance flings to me,  
 And as my eyes survey the star, it bids me think of thee.

How sweetly on the Sabbath-day resounds the sacred bell,  
 And bids, with pure devotion's warmth, each pious bosom swell;  
 Upon that day no lightsome task—no worldly one is given—  
 For I must bend a suppliant knee, and raise my thoughts to heaven.  
 But, Mary, while thy lovely form in suppliance bowed I see,—  
 The paths of joy and duty meet—I think of heaven and thee.

When the object of my adoration read this elegant effusion, she blushed up to the eyes, and, *horribile dictu* ! transferred the verses to the hand of Mr. Clapperton Pembroke. He devoured them with the avidity of a boa constrictor swallowing a shepherd's flock ; and then, turning upon me with insane fury, gave me a look which I verily believe went through and through my soul. My feelings, during the continuation of the services, were any thing but enviable. They never seemed to me so brief before ; and great was my terror when the congregation were dismissed. I remained in the meeting-house only long enough to see Mr. Pembroke accost my father as he descended from the pulpit stairs ; when, casting one glance of indignation at my faithless Lindamira, I rushed frantically out of doors. It was a beautiful autumnal day. The woodlands had put on those rich and splendid hues which herald the fall of the leaf in North America, the hills were swathed in a veil of light blue mist, and the sunbeams played in the pleasant streams as they crept lazily along, winding through yellow sedge and nodding fern. The feathered tenants of the trees, ever happiest upon the Sabbath-day, sported and dived in the glittering air, secure from the aim of the prowling gunner. From the chimneys of the hamlets the smoke ascended spirally till you could trace the *reek* far up in the blue heaven. Yet none of this I enjoyed. My heart was heavy, and a dull cloud seemed to gloom before my eyes, shutting out the soft splendors of the

landscape. In the bitterness of my heart, I swore to relinquish the society of the Muses, and to renounce the lady of my love. Hunger brought me to my father's dinner, but the meal went off in a chilling and formal manner. The smoking roast beef and the boiled chickens, (a favorite Sunday dinner,) seemed to me like the "funeral baked meats" of Hamlet. Glad was I when it was all over. With the glass of wine drunk with the dessert, my spirits revived; and throughout the service of the afternoon I began to flatter myself that the affair had been forgotten. Alas! how very apt we are at self-deception, how ready to believe that every thing will turn out as we wish! A message from my father undeceived me. I was summoned to attend him in the library at nine o'clock in the evening. This was my customary hour for retiring to bed, but upon this occasion fear of my father's anger "murdered sleep." The library was a great gloomy room, with a window that looked on the churchyard. There were no candles in the apartment, but the cold rays of the full moon fell upon the stern features of my father's face, and distinctly defined the outline of his figure as he sat against the light while it shone on the steel cap and iron visage of a round-head ancestor, whose faithful portrait hung directly opposite. My father's lecture was severe and long. Poetry, in his opinion, save such as Sternhold and Hopkins might indite, was vain and wicked; songs of mirth were inexcusable; and amatory lays were absolutely damnable. My offence was therefore of the heaviest nature. Moreover, I had been guilty of the sin of sabbath-breaking, and had offended in the eyes of heaven and man. With a solemn warning, and a gentle hint that I should receive from my schoolmaster a public flagellation on the morrow, I was dismissed to bed, to ruminate upon my situation. That night was assuredly a sleepless one. I rose upon the morrow unrefreshed and feverish, with a haggard countenance, which suited well with the part I had to perform or undergo. After breakfast I was furnished with a note for the schoolmaster, which I delivered with honorable fidelity. As the grim wielder of birch made himself master of the contents of the letter, a hideous smile passed over his unpleasant features, and he surveyed me from head to foot

"with that stern joy that warriors feel  
In foemen worthy of their steel."

During prayers I was wholly occupied in cogitating on my situation. The school embraced both sexes, containing many full-grown youths and maidens, over whom Zedekiah Birchell ruled with a despotic sway. It was before such an assemblage

that I was to be publicly punished. Fellows whom I had outstripped in the pursuit of learning, were now to see me humbled, and even the faithless Mary was to witness my disgrace. The monster Birchell hurried through the prayer, that he might commence his favorite exercise. Closing the Bible, he summoned me to the foot of his raised platform, and, rising from his awful throne, selected from a number of implements of torture a rattan. But my mind was now made up. I received but a single blow; and, returning it with all the strength of my right arm, rushed home, pursued by the tumultuous applause of my unruly schoolmates. My triumph, however, was short-lived; for a deputation of large boys pursued me to my sanctuary, and my father most unexpectedly and unscrupulously gave me up. As I was escorted back to the school-house, my guards, selected by Mr. Birchell on account of their personal animosity to me, amused themselves by bestowing on me sundry kicks and cuffs, which their strength and numbers prevented me from resenting. The punishment I underwent at the hands of the master was aggravated by a recollection of my previous resistance, and I was dismissed from school, thoroughly humiliated and degraded. On the afternoon of the same day, Mr. Pembroke called upon my father, to express his satisfaction at the honorable part which my father had performed, and to assure him that he considered his wrongs sufficiently avenged. Smarting from a sense of personal injury, I determined to convince Mr. Clapperton Pembroke that revenge was in my power. I have observed that the distinguishing feature in this gentleman's appearance was his queue; it was the pride of his heart, and cherished with unceasing care. To me it was an object of aversion;

"And from its horrid hair shook pestilence."

My resolution was speedily formed. Armed with a pair of scissors, I crept into the library unperceived, and amputated this distinguished ornament without the knowledge of the wearer. Concealing my important prize, I left the room as stealthily as I had entered, and rushed forth into the open air to console myself with my success. A shout from the library announced that the owner had become aware of his loss, and he soon emerged from the parsonage, flourishing his cane, stamping his feet, and exhibiting the appalling spectacle of an aged man in a passion.

That night I came to the resolution of going forth to seek my fortune. I enclosed my school-books and clothes in a small bundle, secured my money (alas! but a few dollars) in a leathern purse, and early on the ensuing day crept softly down the

stairs and made my escape from the house. I lingered and looked, though a chill breeze crept over the curdling ponds, and lifted the hair from my face, and breathed a cold kiss on my quivering lips. The brown leaves were glittering with the diamond drops of a shower that had fallen in the night, and high among the swaying boughs of a sycamore, the robin "whusslit sweet." The rays of the early sun were flung back from the many windows of the "brave old mansion," and their antique panes were gleaming like tiles of burnished gold. How many hearts that loved me were assembled in that house! There was my noble old father, with his venerable silver locks, and my poor mother, she was dreaming of the wanderer. My sweet sisters slept in each other's arms. I could not tap at the door and bid them farewell, for my flight must be concealed. I was to wander forth to seek my fortune. Oh! madness of youth! oh! vanity of early talent! impetuosity of passion! ye led me to my fate. My brother Tom alone knew of my departure. He had crept from his bed ere I was aware of it, and clasped me in his arms, as I paused with tearful eyes before the house. Kind brother; his brave heart is cold in death—so are all the hearts that loved me. But I must not anticipate.

Hardly knowing why I did so, I struck into the woods, and walked with a hurried pace until I had arrived at a little pool, on the banks of which I had idled many a summer afternoon over some good-for-nothing book of tales. Here I sat down pensively upon a cold grey stone, and looked into the heart of the lonely lake, gloomy as my own, dark with the shadows of surrounding night. Yet in the centre of the sullen sheet was one bright spot, which reflected a piece of blue sky through an opening of the umbrageous canopy overhead; and even as I gazed upon it, a bright cloud, catching the rasy rays of the sun, flitted across its surface like a gilded bark. I looked upon it as a favorable omen. Just then a light step rustled in the leaves behind me, and before I could turn my head, a pair of soft hands were pressed upon my eyes, and a silver voice inquired, "Do you know me?"

"Know you!" cried I, starting to my feet. "Yes:—Mary Pembroke, and I never shall forget you."

"Forgive me," said she; "in a moment of bewilderment I gave your unlucky verses to my father."

"A likely tale," I answered, bitterly; "and doubtless they are still in his possession, and he amuses himself with criticising them. Yes—he has the verses."

"You are mistaken," said Mary, mildly.

"Where are they then?"

"Here," she answered, blushing, as she placed her white hand on her bosom.

"Is it possible?" I cried. "Then, Mary, you do not hate me?"

"Hate you, Walter?" she repeated, with a look of inexpressible tenderness.

I snatched her to my heart, and drew from her crimson lips the first draught of bliss I had ever inhaled. I severed from her chustering curls one raven tress, and placed it on my heart; and then I bade her farewell.

"You will come back," she said, sighing.

"Perhaps never. Who can foretell, when bent upon a wandering life, the time of his return. Farewell, dear Mary—*Pensez-vous à moi*. Farewell, farewell!"

"Go, rascal!" cried a croaking voice—and Clapperton Pembroke stood before us.

"Mr. Pembroke," I remarked with dignity, "you have deeply injured me, but for the sake of this weeping maiden, I forgive you. I know you have it in your power to betray the direction of my flight, but it is your interest to conceal it. Go, sir, you are safe from my resentment; and that you may have proof of my generosity, behold I restore to you the ornament which imparted to your person so much dignity."

Saying this, with infinite gravity I placed the amputated queue in the hands of the petrified Mr. Pembroke. Thus join the sublime and the ridiculous!

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In the course of my wandering, when seeking for employment, an advertisement in the Onionville Gazette, Connecticut, informed me that the school committee of that literary town were in want of a teacher. Candidates for this important office were directed to make application to Squire Zephaniah Giles, the chairman, at whose house the examination of the master was to take place. I was seized with a sudden ambition to fill the throne of office, and accordingly presented myself to the school committee, with whom I found a tall, raw-boned Yankee from Vermont. Squire Giles, Deacon Simpson, the storekeeper, and Mr. Gregory Statute, a village lawyer, rose to receive me graciously. The raw-boned Vermonter, whose name I found was Increase Peasely, and a rival candidate, retained his seat, and eyed me superciliously,

"I come, gentlemen," said I, "to offer myself as a candidate for the vacant office of instructor."

"Haw! haw!" shouted Increase. "How sassy! Why, you ain't big enough to go to a school, much less to teach one."

"Shut up your head!" cried Squire Giles, authoritatively;

"who sot you up as judge and jury? What's your name, young man?"

"Herbert Stanley," was the improper response.

"Yes, I know it. Wall, I'll proceed right away to examine you. Best way to take time by the f'lock—I know it. First place—readin'; you can read, I s'pose—yes, I know it. Then spellin'—I like your looks—spell 'tater—TA-ta-TER-ter-'ta-ter; that's the way—oh yes! I know it. Then as for cipherin'—rule of Three—geography—boundaries of Connecticut. I 's'pose your up to all that 'ere—you nod your head; yes; I know it."

All this was uttered with volubility. The fact was, that 'Squire Giles, had taken a fancy to me, and, as he was the richest man in Onionville, and led the school committee by the nose, could always indulge his fancies without opposition. His summary method of conducting an examination gave, however, great offence to Increase Peasely.

"I tell you what, Squire," said he; "'this here isn't far play. You're an old man, squire—an old white-headed fellar, and ought to know better—but seeing as how you're pretty well in years, and as how you're my Jemima's father, I won't lick you. As for Deacon Simpson and the lawyer, they're beneath my notice—but if this 'ere dandy gets the place—I won't say I'll whip him—but I'll double him up, and set him on a shelf."

A cold chill crept over me as I gazed on the Herculean proportions of my disappointed rival.

The lawyer patted me encouragingly on the back. "Don't be afraid of him," said he. "I'll bring an action if he touches you—and if he perseveres, I'll *law* him to death."

On this intimation the Hercules looked very blank; then, dashing his hat on his head, and crying, "You're a set of darned fools! the hull scrape of you?" rushed from the committee room.

"Wall, now," said the chairman, "that pesky critter's cleared out, and I'm darned glad of it. He's as crazy won as a ravin' distracted rooster. Ye see he's a shinnyng up to my gal—Jemima—and Jemima kind er farncies him—though for all he's so sassy, he's as poor as a wood-sawer's clerk on half-pay. You know I board the schoolmaster, and he—(the tarnal critter! he's cute's a crow, though I've sarved him out this time)—expected he was goin' to hev a right smart chance to jaw Jemima—nice gal as ever you see, master—I know it. Wall, what do ye say, gen'l'man—its your opinion that this 'ere young man is qualified, 'cordin' to law, &c. Nota bene—you'll accept him, won't ye?"

The two committee men agreed without a single dissenting voice, and I was accordingly installed in office. The school over which I had been called to preside was very turbulent and noisy, and I had more than one single combat with Josiah Parker, the champion of the malcontents. On one occasion, when this champion was in the act of resisting my authority, a grinning head appeared at the window, and a stentorian voice, that of my discomfited rival, cried aloud :—"Gin it to him, Siah, right and left—I'll back ye." Out of school I was subjected to numerous petty annoyances, for *Jemima* naturally regarded me as *un de trop* in the family, as I had filled the place which she had fondly hoped would have been occupied by her Herculean lover.

One night, towards the close of my first quarter, I woke with a tormenting thirst, and lay for some time endeavoring to muster up resolution to descend to the kitchen and get a pitcher of water. It was a cold December night, there was a long staircase to descend and a windy hall to cross before I could arrive at the kitchen. However, I arose, and, wrapping a blanket around me, silently opened my chamber-door, and began cautiously to descend. It is always the case that when one is under the necessity of being particularly silent, he is always sure to make the greatest possible disturbance. If you are watching with a sick friend, who has just dropt into the only sleep that has fallen on his lids for eight and forty hours, and attempt to stir the fire, the poker falls clattering from your hand, the shovel and tongs bear it company for pure perversity, and the wretched invalid awakens from his doze. If you attempt to steal a kiss from the lips of a *chère amie*, while her gouty papa is snoring in the chimney-corner, your chaste salute is sure to have the report of a pistol, and the grumpy papa is sure to stand upon his podagra-swollen feet. Just so in the present instance, every individual stair creaked with the burden of my person. However, I succeeded in reaching the kitchen-closet, where I quenched my thirst. But an unlucky pumpkin-pie stood temptingly near, and Satan, ever abroad upon Sunday night to obliterate the good lessons learned in the day, must needs tempt me to assail it. While engaged in this agreeable employment, I heard a step upon the staircase, and had barely time to shut the closet-door, when some one entered the kitchen with a light. Reconnoitering the cause of this intrusion through the key-hole, I found it was Miss *Jemima* Giles, who had risen at this unusual hour, for the purpose, doubtless, of beginning the important duty of washing clothes early in the morning. I was confirmed in my opinion when I saw her rake open the ashes, and build up a tremendous fire. Here was a dilemma. Though wrapped in



a blanket, I stood shivering in slipperless feet ; and what if the lady, what if Jemima should have recourse to the closet ? Would she not scream out, alarm the house, and place such a construction upon my motives which would procure my immediate dismissal from the town of Onionville ? Jemima seated herself before the fire, and, looking at the clock, muttered to herself—"It's most time."

A low whistle was soon heard ; then the window was raised, and Increase Peaseley jumped into the room. He wore a huge white bell-topped hat, with coat and pantaloons of the brightest blue, a yellow waistcoat, and a heavy brass chain.

He kissed Jemima, and shook her fiercely by the hand.

"Glad to see ye smart and lively," said the lover. "Began to be afeard you was sick or sutthin', 'cause you warn't to meetin' this aternoon. I was hellmighty sary, 'cause I shouldn't have worn this yaller vest if I hadn't expected to see ye—I should worn the old striped one—I keep this for courtin' you, Jemima. 'Tis a notorious harnsome one, ain't it, Jemima ? 'T ought to be, for it cost me three dollars and fifty cents."

"It's very fanciful," said Jemima, "and I think it becomes you."

"Suits my complexion—hey, gal ? so I think. Wall, this hat ain't slow nutther, that cost me two dollars, by gosh ! I got my coat and trowsers for twenty-tew, but then I beat the fellar down, took him in a leetle grain about them ax-handles I swopped away. The sum total of the close I've got on, taking account of the watch and chain, is forty-three dollars and fifty cents. But I don't mind expense to please you, Jemima. Glad to see ye, by Jehosaphat ! Though, to be sure, I didn't mind what folks have been saying about you and the master—darn his eyes !"

"Don't swear !" cried Jemima.

"Wall, I won't," replied her lover, "only it makes me so j-fired mad to think of his shinning up to you. Why, I could lick him like creation."

"Why don't you, Increase ?" inquired the gentle Jemima.

"The next time I come acrost him, I guess I will. Arter I have been into him, you could take up his remains in a chiny cup and sasser. I'd use him up to the tip eend."

"Hush ! hush !" exclaimed Jemima in a whisper ; "I hear father on the stairs."

"I want to know !" cried Increase.

"My stars !" cried the lady, "where'll you go ? That closet—that's the place—in—in."

Increase tore the door wide open. It proved a false alarm, but my infuriated rival saw me in my hiding-place. Seizing

me by the throat with his left hand, he dragged me into the centre of the room, while he drew back his right, clenching his fist and preparing to demolish me.

"Ain't you a pretty fellow?" roared the Ajax. "You darned pusillanimous snake in the grass! you insignificant riptyle! you adder that's crept into the bosom of 'Squire Giles' family, to pison their peace, and then laff at it with your hands in your pockets. I could lick you into nothin'—but why? for Jemima! Pooh! pooh! I shan't hev *her* arter all." Then letting me go, he continued in a tone of deep pathos,—“Oh! Jemima! Jemima! once I believed every single word you said; I never thought you would have sucked me in—but now I see it all. You've broke my heart, and I shall go down to Augusta, in the state of Maine, and chop logs for a living.”

He darted through the window, and vanished as he appeared. Jemima, casting a vengeful glance at me, flung herself into a chair, and uttered shriek upon shriek. I leave the termination of this business to the imagination of the reader—the appearance of 'Squire Giles—my ineffectual attempts at explanation—a personal encounter with the father of the fair one—and my expulsion from Onionville with a quarter's pay in my pocket. I believe the lovers were subsequently reconciled.

Thus ends the first part of wanderings. The episodical style of my narrative permits me to drop and resume it when I choose. Should the reader desire, he may hear more of me anon; but if the contrary, the slender thread of story that connects my adventures is easily snapped, and little will be lost.

## SONNET.

SITTING one evening with a learned Miss,  
 We soon began to talk of learned things;  
 Not frills or flowers, rigmarole or rings,  
 But fountains full of intellectual bliss.  
 Thus in high converse, from some distant place  
 There came a strain of music, soft and clear;  
 I saw a flash of pleasure light her face,  
 And whispered poesy in her willing ear.  
 She smiled, and asked me who composed the lines—  
 Where they were from? she thought them excellent,  
 And more expressive than the song of birds,  
 When earth, with lovely spring-flowers is besrent.  
 I answered, Milton. She said, "Yes! I know it,  
*I've read his works—uncommon pretty poet!"*

PETER.

## THE REVIVAL OF LETTERS.

BY R. M. WALSH.

NO. I.

IF we trace the progress of man from his primitive state of destitution and barbarism to his present condition of prosperity and civilization, we shall find, as we follow him through the different stages of his career, the unvarying evidence of one grand universal truth,—that the increase of his well-being is commensurate with the improvement of his mind. The other animals are now as they were at their creation, and as they will be until the period when they shall return to that dust which is their ultimate destiny ; for

“They that run and they that fly,  
Must end where they began.”

Their faculties sprang at once to the fullest perfection of which they are susceptible. Their instinct was as operative in the beginning as it is now, in leading them to what they needed and keeping them from what was hurtful. A kind Providence seems in some measure to have compensated to them for the inferiority of their nature, by thus releasing it from the evils of immaturity. But the “paragon of animals,” the one whose glorious privilege it is to reach even in this world (which is too narrow and too abject for the complete development of his attributes) an eminence only a little lower than the angels, may be said to have once been beneath even the beasts of the forest, through which he roamed naked and wild—less able to provide himself with the aliment requisite for his sustenance, less protected against the inclemency of the skies. It was not until his intellect—that immortal gift by which he was to vindicate his superiority over the rest of creation—had begun to unfold its powers, that he was enabled to procure the merest physical comforts which are indispensable for the tolerance of life ; and in proportion as those powers have been cultivated and ripened, has been his advancement in all that constitutes his happiness here below.

It may thus be easily perceived, that the most interesting as

well as the most important subject to which we can devote our attention, is the history of this intellectual progress—that it is the study best calculated to impart the knowledge it most behoves us to possess, the knowledge of ourselves—the study from which we may best learn what has been accomplished by our race, and thence descry, with the eye of intelligent hope, the glorious elevation we shall one day attain—the study which best teaches us to comprehend the magnificent, the astounding fact of our being created, weak, ignorant, perishable mortals as we are, to the image and likeness of the omnipotent, omniscient, eternal God !

An acquaintance with the events of political history may be affirmed to be of little value, unless illumined by an appreciation of the incidents, so to speak, of the mind—the changes, the modifications, the improvements it has undergone. It is that appreciation which touches the lips of the historian with fire, and renders his work indeed a lesson of philosophy teaching by experience. Political history has been well styled the framework of literary history ; for upon the vicissitudes of man's career in society, the cultivation of his mind has always exerted, and always must continue to exert, a predominant influence. What imports it to be conversant with the bare facts of Greek and Roman story ? What imports it to know that an insignificant band of Spartans arrested the myriads of Persia, choking up with the countless carcases of the barbarian host the defile through which they were pushing to trample Grecian power in the dust—that Athens became the sun of the Grecian system, from which radiated in all directions the light whose gorgeous reflection still glows on the firmament of memory—that Macedonian ambition and Macedonian ruthlessness at length destroyed the splendid fabric which had been erected with so much labor and so much zeal—that the vast dominions of the great madman were converted into provinces of an empire whose sway was recognised from the rising to the setting sun,

“ *Omnibus in terris quæ sunt a Gabibus usque  
Auroram et Gangem—*”

that even this seemingly indestructible power at length crumbled into pieces at a mere touch of savage hands, like the dead body which has preserved the form and the aspect it presented in life, but falls into indiscriminate dust at the slightest contact with the external air ? What imports it to study the follies, the degradation, the crimes, and even the virtues of our species, unless we understand the causes that produced them ; and what causes could produce them, but the fluctuations of that ocean

(so to denominate the soul, if the figure be not extravagant) on whose unruffled waters, or on whose tempestuous billows, the bark of our existence either glides blithely and prosperously onwards, or is tossed and beaten and shattered, until the hope of our reaching a haven seems to sink beneath the cloud-clad waves?

These remarks may not be deemed an irrelevant prelude to the subject we have ventured to select for the present essay—the revival of letters after the period usually called the dark ages, one of the most interesting epochs in the history of mind, and one which was illustrated by three of those immortal heroes of intellect, whose names and whose works will be co-existent with the world. “These epochs of tradition,” says a distinguished French writer of the present day, “are of great importance, and perhaps, in an historic point of view, the most instructive of all. They are the only ones in which certain facts and certain conditions of man and of the world, which are generally isolated and separated by ages, are approximated, and, as it were, brought face to face; the only ones, therefore, in which it is easy to compare, to explain, and to connect them together. The human mind is too much disposed to walk in a single path, to see things under a partial, narrow, and exclusive aspect; and it is consequently well for it to be constrained, by the very nature of the spectacle placed before its eye, to direct its looks on every side, to embrace an immense horizon, to contemplate a vast number of different objects, to study the great problems of the world in all their bearings and all their different solutions.”

The age of Augustus was the culminating point of the star of Roman literature; then the orb began to descend until it reached its nadir, and the world was buried in darkness. The corruption of morals induced the corruption of taste and thought; and although for ages afterwards we meet, scattered along the pathway of time, magnificent monuments of genius, they are few and far between, and dwindle as they recede from the period mentioned. The removal of the seat of empire to Byzantium by Constantine, precipitated the downward course, by withdrawing from Rome that fostering influence which in despotisms the patronage of the monarch alone can shed upon letters, and attracting to another quarter the wealth, the talent, and the skill, which loved to bask in the sunshine of the court. At the same time the influence of a new literature—that of the Christian church—became predominant, now that a Christian emperor was upon the throne—and added to the enemies of the old one the uncompromising spirit of religious zeal, beholding danger and death in all that did not chime in every respect with

its cherished aims. Then came the confusion, the turmoil, the sufferings, the horrors of barbarian invasion, during which men's minds were too intensely occupied with the engrossing cares of self-preservation to permit them to turn their thoughts to the cultivation of the intellectual soil. At length the torrent pouring down from the wilds of the north, was swollen, wave accumulating upon wave, to a resistless deluge; and the long-tottering edifice of Roman power was swept into the abyss of final ruin.

“Despoil'd of all her glory, crush'd, o'errun  
By savage Vandal and ferocious Hun,  
Behold the mighty mistress of the world!  
No more her banners proud, shall be unfurled;  
No more the nations shall descry with dread  
Her eagle's vast, o'ershadowing wings outspread—  
He soars no more where once he loved to fly,  
No more he seeks sublime his native sky!  
Quench'd in the gloom of death's eternal trance  
Are all the scathing lightnings of his glance!”

The arts and the genius of the empire were not spared by the ruthless flood, which hurled its political grandeur to destruction; they, too, were swept away, but happily they were not altogether whelmed beneath the raging waters. The wrecks were long floating upon the wide ocean of oblivion beyond the sight and the hope of man, when some fortunate adventurers by degrees succeeded in gathering the fragments together, and restoring to something like their pristine beauty and majesty those exquisite structures, whose disappearance had so impoverished the intellect of the human race.

Among the causes just alluded to, as operative in the destruction of classic learning, we mentioned the rise of the literature of the Christian church; and we must be permitted to dwell for a moment on this point, although its interest and importance are such as might well demand a separate paper. We can only touch upon one or two of the prominent considerations connected with it, for the purpose of demonstrating the futility of those objections which infidel sophistry has raised to our holy religion upon this particular ground. It is easy to find another reason for the circumstance without committing the absurdity of supposing that what is now and has been the greatest fosterer, the truest patron, the most watchful guardian of knowledge, could ever have been hostile to its progress. It was not the spirit of Christianity, but the nature of the human mind, which caused the first efforts of Christian genius to exert a prejudicial influence upon the productions of ancient intellect.

That mind is always prone to rush to extremes. Filled with the novelty, the beauty, the sublimity of the truths of revelation, all other excellence seemed worthless to the first believers; and what was at all opposed to those truths, became an object of distaste in proportion to the love they inspired. The worldly maxims, therefore, and frequent licentiousness of ancient literature, necessarily darkened the pages they contaminated so much to the vision of the enthusiastic proselytes, that whatever effulgence was there beaming, became invisible. Moreover, it may be affirmed, that it was indispensable then that the influence of pagan learning should have been thus weakened to allow the reception and confirmation of the faith. As long as this was not firmly established, and men were at all wavering, there was danger in what is so opposite in many respects to its precepts, as the literature of Greece and Rome. It is perilous, for instance, to put Voltaire in the hands of a child, or a predisposed sceptic, or a lukewarm believer; although one, who is intimately persuaded of the truths of Scripture, may read his works without any other feeling for his errors than pity or contempt, and at the same time be delighted, even improved, by his brilliant wit and often luminous thoughts. It seems, then, to have been the design of Providence, that until the foundations of the Gospel were so deeply and broadly laid that they could not be shaken, the soul of man—the soil in which they were to be placed—should be divested of all the weeds which might interfere with their consistency and strength, however many and beautiful the earthly flowers which the eradication of those weeds might tear up and destroy. But when the world was once thoroughly Christian, the danger was at an end; and we now behold ancient literature flourishing greenly by the side of modern Christian letters—the grand line of demarcation drawn between them by the hand of religion being distinctly perceived and understood.

It is, indeed, a remarkable circumstance that the earth should have been covered with the mists of intellectual darkness so soon after the fountain of all truth and light, which had been hitherto sealed, was opened to the thirsty soul of man; but let us remember that the world had long previously been in a degenerate mental state, and that it would have been a miracle which does not seem compatible with the general economy of Providence, if, all at once after the introduction of Christianity, it had been restored to full intellectual grandeur. God does not work the less surely because he sometimes works slowly—or rather appears to our limited view to work slowly; for what is *all* time to the Eternal? “The father,” in the beautiful language of Scripture, “reserveth times unto himself.” He scatters

the seed, and suffers it to take the course prescribed for its growth, its ripening, its fruit. Neither the oak nor the blade of wheat springs up in a single night. It was a sufficient miracle to prove the divinity of his mission, that our Saviour had cured the sick with a touch and raised the dead to life; it was a sufficient miracle that twelve poor illiterate fishermen, whom he sent to teach all nations, inspired by his wisdom and aided by his omnipotence, had changed the belief, the feelings, the hopes of the world, substituting for the attractive systems which gave unbounded scope to the passions and appetites of our nature, one which constrained it to forego all that it had before most loved, to embrace all that it had before most abhorred; these were sufficient miracles to establish the faith which was henceforth to be the guide of man—all else was allowed to follow the usual path. The effect of that faith upon the intellect was to be seen when, in the order of things, the faculties of that intellect were enabled to resume their vigor; and it was the sublime truths of that faith more than every thing else, which, during the period of darkness so called, were silently purifying and strengthening the mind for the glorious efforts it was to make at the first moment of its renovation, and which, since, have been chiefly influential in beautifying and ennobling the character, the objects and the spirit of literary achievement.

From the 6th to the 12th century is the period commonly designated by the not very flattering epithet of the dark ages—an epithet whose employment has verified the homely adage “giving a bad name,” &c. Once bestowed, it has been repeated and repeated—at each repetition a deeper tinge of darkness put on—until the unhappy period is now regarded as a sort of fac simile of Virgil’s description of the lower regions—“*Chaos et Phlegeton, et loca nocte silentia late*”—as one vast repulsive mass of densest gloom, through which no ray of sunshine could ever pierce. But a careful examination will easily show how much exaggeration there is in this picture, how much its shadows have been deepened by the universal desire to make confusion worse confounded. So fine a theme as these poor dark ages afforded for vituperative declamation, and edifying displays of enlightened contempt for ignorance and intellectual degradation, could not be lost, however deeply and more deeply poor truth might be submerged in her well.

There can be no doubt, indeed, that this period was a period of great mental obscuritation—that clouds then hung thickly and heavily upon the sun of human knowledge; but there can be as little doubt that it was by no means involved in such utter night as is usually depicted. In the first place, although of worldly letters and science there was little, was there not a fa-



miliarity with the highest and purest truth, the truth of revelation ; were the most enlightened ages previous equal to them in the possession of those infallible principles which are the most important for man to study and to practise ; and was not, as we have already observed, the circumstance of the slight attention then paid to profane learning (so to call it by way of contradistinction) favorable to the reception and confirmation of that sacred erudition which was to work such marvellous changes in the character and condition of man ? It may be a fanciful notion, but we cannot help thinking we perceive a soul of immense good in this 'thing evil' which has been the subject of so much complaint—that in the same way as the winter's snow, whose surface is so chill, keeps active the vital warmth of the earth which it covers—in the same way as the ice that crusts the river guards the inhabitants of its waters from congelment and death—so did this mantle of outward darkness preserve the holy light, which had just been enkindled in the soul, from that extinction which its exposure to the varying winds of mere worldly science might have occasioned. In this point of view, the dark ages may be termed the seed-time of the mind, when the *sacra semina mentis* were germinating in their secret recesses to reveal themselves in due time in all their heaven-born beauty and richness ; and as well might the season, in which the seminal principle is actively operative beneath the surface of the earth, preparing the efflorescence and the fruitfulness that are soon to succeed, be stigmatized as a useless or loathsome portion of the year, as the period we are contemplating be branded as it is. "How oft," in the sublime figure of Milton,

" how oft, amidst  
Thick clouds and dark, doth heav'n's all-ruling sire  
Choose to reside, his glory unobscur'd,  
And with the majesty of darkness round  
Covers his throne."

Again, consider that other immense improvement, or rather revolution, which these ages present, only inferior to the one just adverted to, and of which, indeed, it was a consequence. We refer to the estimation and treatment of woman. In the most polished days of Greece, woman was little more than a household slave. Her husband was then, in truth, her lord and master, never the companion and friend with whom she associated as an equal, and in whose joys and griefs she was permitted to share. The Greek thought not of her caress as the incentive of his exertions, the bright reward of his toils ; it was not her glance that fired the breast of the poet or nerved the

warrior's arm. Love, the great principle of modern heroism and modern song, was then mere appetite, unrefined by sentiment, unhallowed by religion. In Rome, the sex were held in but little higher repute. Marriage seems there to have been a matter of bargain between the relatives of the parties, and the wife was considered as a *filia familias*, over whom the husband possessed the same unlimited power, as regards the disposal of both her person and her property, as the *patria potestas* gave him over his children. Society, therefore, as well as those productions of the mind which spring from social intercourse, were deprived of their principal charm and most powerful stimulus. Men then only associated with men. The only social meetings then in vogue were of the description, which, alas! are becoming too popular again.

It was reserved for these dark ages to elevate the mistress, the wife, and the mother, to their proper spheres. And is it possible that period should have been altogether dark, in which for the first time the true character and the just influence of "the ministering angel" were recognized and felt? Was this not light? Was this not an Aurora of the most beautiful, the most beneficial kind? Did not "jocund morn stand tiptoe on the misty mountain top" when it appeared? Think of the vivifying illumination into which that dawn was soon expanded, gilding the whole social and intellectual firmament with the softest, richest light! Think of the influence which, since that moment, woman has ever exercised upon the efforts and the fortunes of literature! Think how stale, flat, and unprofitable would be those productions on which we now gloat with ever ecstatic delight, were the part which she performs in them withdrawn! Think what even the genius of the Swan of Avon would have lost, had not this pure fountain of inspiration been open, in which he could dip his heaven-seeking wings and bathe his impassioned spirit! Think of all this, and say whether the age in which chivalry was made a duty and a virtue, was an age of unmitigated barbarism—whether it may not be confidently proclaimed that

"this desert soil  
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold?"

It is well worthy of note, that throughout almost the whole of the period during which the Christian world was involved in this comparative darkness, the lamps of letters was even brilliantly burning among the professors of a false and degrading faith—and that from them Europe received the first rays of returning illumination. It seems as if it were expressly for the

purpose of preserving this light until the time should come when it could be diffused over Christendom, that the Saracens were thus imbued with that love of learning which raised them to so lofty and splendid an eminence ; that they were constituted, as it were, the guardians of literature, until those who alone could impart to it its proper direction and perfect development, by their possession of that truth which must be the basis of every thing permanent, should be prepared to receive and protect it ; for, from the moment, almost, that Europe began to take it under her care, the Mahometan's interest in it diminished, his solicitude for its welfare decreased, until all vestige of its ever having adorned his domain disappeared, and the countries beneath his sway were plunged into those depths of ignorance and brutality, in which, for the most part, they still continue to wallow. The object of his mission having been accomplished, he has sunk into that abyss where error of every sort must sooner or later descend. How else can we account for the wonderful difference between the followers of the Crescent at the present day, and during the time when every region they inhabited was the seat of courtesy, of taste, of knowledge, of genius ; when the Persian, the Arabian, the Algerine, and the Moor, was the poet, the philosopher, the scholar, the cavalier ; when the title of Caliph or of Sultan was but another name for the patron of whatever was beautiful, refined, and sublime. Go, ask the wretched inhabitants of Morocco, in whom seems "embruted every faculty divine"—the miserable slaves of Bagdad, where ignorance and despotism contend for pre-eminence—what has become of that civilization, that learning, that intellectual glory, which seemed built of imperishable materials ; they knew not even that their countries could ever boast of such claims to the admiration of men. Had those monuments been raised on the foundation of truth, they could not have been overthrown ; but error was their support and their cement, and they have crumbled in the dust. The light of Saracen genius was not light from heaven : it was an earthly exhalation, partaking of the evanescence of earth. The tree of Saracen knowledge was not fed with the ever-vivifying sap, and it withered, died, and mouldered on the ground.

It was principally through the medium of the Troubadours, those gallant bards who sang of

"Ladye-love and war, romance and knightly worth,"

that the influence of Arabic literature upon the European mind was felt ; and delightful would it be to dally for a while amid the flowers of the beautiful garden in which the votaries of the

*science gaie* were wont to disport, realizing in an especial manner La Fontaine's simile of the poet to the bee—"Je suis chose légère, et vole de fleur en fleur." But we may not do so just now without encroaching too much on the reader's patience. It is sufficient for our present purpose to state, that in the twelfth century the voice of song was heard in Provence in some of its sweetest notes, which were echoed back by the strains of the *Trouvères* from the northern part of France; and that although the duration of this music was brief as it was delicious, yet after it ceased to be heard from the lyre, it continued to carol in the memories of men, as the murmur of the waves remains in the ocean-shell, until it was lost in the sudden burst of harmony that poured from the inspired lips of Dante and of Petrarch.

While France was thus melodious in the 12th century with the strains of her minstrels, and Moorish Spain was crowded with worshippers of almost all the Muses, Italy was absorbed in severer pursuits. Her lyre was yet unawakened from the deep slumber in which it had lain for ages—that lyre which was destined to send forth some of the sweetest, richest, sublimest tones that ever "shed celestial music on the breeze." Her universities were filled with students of science alone, imperfect as science then was. The political condition of Italy induced a general devotion to the study of the law, and gave rise to many distinguished jurists, whose works, if now nearly useless, are wonderful monuments of industry and patience. The scholastic philosophy had also become prevalent, weaving its meshes around the minds of men, and waving false lights before their vision, until all power of discrimination between sophistry and genuine science seemed to be destroyed. The question as to the good or evil which was done by the schoolmen, as they are termed, to the interest of letters, is one that has been debated, like every other, with a vehemence sufficiently demonstrative of a part, at least, of the appellation bestowed by Linnæus on man, "*an animal, voracious, mendacious, pugnacious*"—"homo, animal vorax, mendax, pugnax." That they did both, however, seems now to be pretty generally acknowledged. Their verbal subtleties and metaphysical jargon were undoubtedly fitted to impede the development of the mental faculties; but the intellectual exercise which their dialectics occasioned, must have been beneficial in no mean degree. Give the mind employment of any description, and it must eventually derive advantage from it; set its powers at work, even upon error, and they will at length be invigorated by the labor for grappling with truth—its eagle spirit will sooner or later strike at the noblest quarry. Great acuteness, sagacity, and vigor are found

in the writings of the schoolmen amidst all their absurdities ; and whilst the opinion of such as have only regarded the latter are thus summed up by the chronicler of the mighty deeds of Hudibras the immortal, who was

“ In school divinity as able  
As he that hight irrefragable,  
A second Thomas, or at once  
To name them all, another *Dunce*,”

those, who have remarked the former traits, are forced to lament that so many gems of serenest ray should be buried in unfathom- ed and unfathomable caves of nonsense, from which any attempt to extricate them would be an undertaking too Herculean, or rather too Quixotic, to be essayed. More than one of these philo- sophers, so called, was endowed with a genius which might have “soared above the Aonian mount,” had it not been fettered to the earth by those Lilliputian cords from which it never was suc- cessful in *freeing* its wings.

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### SONG.

“ I KNEW BY THE SIGN.”

Tune: *I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled.*

I KNEW by the sign that so flaringly whirled  
Between its two posts that a tavern was near,  
And said I, if there's grog to be found in this world,  
A man that has money may look for it here !

'Twas eve, and the bottle was passing around,  
Each toper was happy as happy could be ;  
But of all that I heard, the most exquisite sound  
Was the stick that was stirring the toddy for me.

And sure in this tavern, I gaily exclaimed,  
With a barmaid so buxom and blithe to the eye,  
Here's the stiffest of jorams that ever was framed  
To cheer the wet whistle or moisten the dry.

By the side of these bottles, when too many sips  
Have made me to stagger, how sweet to recline ;  
And to know that each glass that I brought to my lips  
Would never be tasted by any but mine.

PETER.

## THE SNOW PILE.

BY PROFESSOR INGRAHAM,

AUTHOR OF "THE SOUTH-WEST," "LAFITTE," "BURTON," &c.

YOUNG Spring, with her opening buds, her springing grass, her soft south wind, and singing birds, was fast subduing stern old Winter. His icy bosom, all unused to the melting mood, dissolved beneath her warm glances and showers of April tears. I had been confined to my chamber through the long winter by a tedious illness; but when the sun, with summery warmth, shone through my window, I grew rapidly better. How grateful to the convalescent is the mild hue of the Spring sky, the tender green of the grass and young leaves, and the smiling face of nature awaking from its wintry sleep!

When my chair was first drawn to the window, and I looked up and down the streets thronged with passengers and gay equipages, I felt as if I had come into a new world. How happy every thing and every body looked! All seemed gladness, and my own heart thrilled with a new and strange delight.

I am, or rather was at the period to which I allude, a bachelor, on the verge of thirty-five. My abode was in the heart of the city, at a corner where four streets met. Opposite my window was a row of stately elms and young locusts, the brown of their myriad buds just tipped with green, so that the branches of the trees looked as if studded with emeralds. Along the outer edge of the opposite side-walk Spring had just commenced working a border of new grass; ladies had laid aside, or rather, chrysalis-like, come out of, their unsightly cloaks, and tripped along the pave in light dresses and sylphide forms. How odd to see slender waists in the streets after they have been so long concealed! It seems, when we first view the fair creatures, as if there was something improper in their appearing out in such undress, as if some modest article of apparel was forgotten; and it is some days before one is quite reconciled to the propriety of the thing.

Notwithstanding these signs of Spring that every where met my eyes as I gazed out of my window, there was one object amid all the sunny cheerfulness that chilled my heart, and cast

a wintry veil over all. This was a huge bank of snow lying against the curb-stone directly beneath my window. The winter had been severe, and in the middle of April there was a heavy fall of snow. My man John, in shovelling it from the walk, had formed a pile four feet in depth before the door; and after the snow had disappeared from the streets, from the fields, and from the distant hills, and the trees had put forth their leaves, that pile obstinately resisted the warmth of the sun and the softening influences of the rain. From my bed, I had seen through the upper lights of my window the mild deep blue of the sky, and felt the cheering presence of the April sun as it shone in a bright glowing beam through the half-opened shutter, and lay like a golden belt along the carpet. How different the sunlight of summer and winter even to the eye! How readily does the invalid recognize and welcome the first smile of Spring in the warm glow of the returning sun! I should not have known winter had departed if I had not seen the green tops of the budding trees, and had not been told that Spring had come—Spring, that haven of hope for the suffering valetudinarian! They had told me, too, that the snow was gone from the earth.

I was wheeled up to the window, and the bound of the heart with which I looked forth on the gay and moving scene, was suddenly stopped as my eyes rested on that bank of snow. I sighed, and threw myself backwards in my chair in the bitterness of disappointment. In that heap, to my excited imagination lay buried the body of the dead Winter! Although I soon became in some degree accustomed to it, I nervously watched its gradual disappearance. I marked the scarcely perceptible melting away of its edges, the slow diminution of its height. It seemed to me that it would never dissolve. I at length became so interested in its disappearance, that I sat for hours together with my eyes intensely fixed upon it, and forgetful of every thing else. It lay like an incubus on my thoughts. It was a walking night-mare to my mind's repose. If a passing wheel bore a portion of it away clinging to its spokes, I involuntarily clapped my hands. If a vagrant school-boy abstracted a handful to make up into a snow-ball, I blessed him in my heart. If a cloud passed over the sun, I impatiently watched its slow passage across its disk, and with jealous impatience noted every shadow that obstructed, for a moment his melting beams.

Three days passed in this manner, and the snow pile had diminished but one third. Its shape, I remember, was an irregular oval about nine feet in length, five in breadth, and two deep in the centre, the depth gradually lessening to the edges, which were thin and icy.

The fourth morning came, and the buds of the locust trees had burst into leaves; a robin had begun his nest on the branch of an elm, and the almanac told me it was the first day of May. Yet there lay Winter in the lap of Spring. I formed an instant resolution. The tassel of the bell-rope was within my reach, I leaned forward and pulled it with an emphasis.

John entered in haste, with alarm depicted on his rubicund visage.

"John!"

"Sir."

"Take a shovel, and remove that eternal snow bank from the street."

"Bank?"

"Yes, bank. Snow bank! A more hideous monster than the great Hydra-Bank to my eyes. Remove it, I say."

"Yes, Sir."

John departed, and I gazed from the window on the pile of snow with a sort of savage triumph and relief of mind I had not experienced for some days. While I was anticipating its demolition by the muscular arm of my man John, two school-boys, of unequal size and years, came in sight. As they got beneath my window, the stouter began to bully the smaller boy. I am naturally humane; a lover of justice and hater of tyranny. My feelings forthwith became enlisted for the weaker lad, who showed proper spirit; and so long as tongues continued to be the only weapons, he rather had the better of his adversary. At length the big boy, stung by a biting sarcasm, gave him a rude push, and sent him spinning across the trottoir into the snow. It broke his fall, which else would have been violent, and I blessed the snow pile for his sake. But, so far as my sympathies with the little fellow were concerned, I soon had additional cause to bless it.

No sooner did the brave little lad touch the snow than he grasped both hands full, and hastily and skilfully patted it into a hard round ball the size of a three-pounder; then taking sure aim at his lubberly tormentor, who stood haw-hawing at his victory, he threw, and hit him fairly in the left eye. His tune was now changed to a yell of pain, and clapping both of his huge dirty paws to his extinguished orb, he went off limping as if the hurt had been in his heel instead of his head. The victorious little fellow compressed his lips with a decided air, gave an emphatic nod, and glanced at my window with a sort of apologetic look that meant "he deserves it, Sir, if it does put his eye out!"

"So he does, my brave lad," said I, in a look that he understood to mean as much; "that snow pile has done thee good



service." At this moment John, who is somewhat deliberate in his movements, made his appearance from the basement-front, shovel in hand and devastation in his eye. I rapped at the window as he prepared to attack the bank, and for that gallant boy's sake the snow-pile remained inviolate for that day.

With the ensuing morning I had well-nigh forgotten the incident of the snow-ball, and the summary punishment of tyranny that I had witnessed, and which had afforded me so much gratification. The first thing that met my eyes after I took my usual place at the window, was the snow-bank, giving the lie-direct to gentle Spring, who each day laid the flecks of green thicker and darker on the tree-tops, and I resolutely determined to demolish without delay that last vestige of winter, and banish a sight so full of December associations.

With hasty zeal I laid a hand on each arm of my easy-chair, and half rose to reach the bell-rope, when I saw a very pretty boarding-school girl, in cottage bonnet and pantalets, and neat white apron, with the roses of fifteen summers in her cheeks, in crossing the street, driven by a rude equestrian from the flags into the mud. - My ire was roused (for my feelings are readily enlisted for the gentler sex), and I forgot the bell to turn and anathematise the careless horseman. Although in two or three light steps she safely gained the side-walk, I saw that she had grievously muddled one of her nicely-fitting Cinderillas. She stopped on the curb-stone, looked down at her soiled slipper, shook her head, and seemed to be very much distressed. She was neatly and tidily dressed after that simple and becoming manner peculiar to school-girls. It was Saturday, and she was doubtless going a visiting; and to be made such a figure of by a lubberly tyro in horsemanship, was not a little annoying. I sympathised with her from the bottom of my heart. She was very young, very pretty, and in very great trouble. I could have taken my cambric pocket-handkerchief, and, on bended knee, with it removed the offensive soil. She surveyed her little foot all about. The mud came within a quarter of an inch of the top of her shoe, and she was (as by her perplexed looks she evidently herself thought) in too sad a plight to walk the street. She essayed to scrape off the tenacious earth on the outer angle of the curb-stone, but this operation only left it in frightful streaks.

"Dear me! What shall I do?" I could almost hear her say to herself; and then, with a very prolonged and mortified air, she looked up the street and down the street; glanced over at the opposite windows and those above her head, and at last caught my eye. I had been waiting for this, and eagerly pointed to the snow pile.

She glanced up her dark eyes full of thanks ; and in two minutes, with the aid of a lump of snow, and by rubbing her foot on the pile, now on this side and now on that, she cleaned her snug little slipper till it outshone its unsoiled fellow. Then looking me a heart full of gratitude, she tripped on her way rejoicing. For her sake the snow pile remained inviolate another day.

Forgetfulness of the yesterday's courtesy came with the next morning, and there remained, as I gazed from the window, only the consciousness of my annoyance. The voice of Spring came to my ears in every sound, and the winds murmured by laden with the odors of May flowers. But the snow pile fixed my eyes like a spell. There is a kind of fascination in hideous objects, which, while the heart revolts, irresistibly draws the eye. In vain I resolutely turned my eyes away from it, and strove to forget it in the contemplation of the fleecy cloud, which Winter has not ; of the summer-blue of the sky ; of the umbrageous foliage ; the bright streets and their lively pageant ; but scarcely were they averted, before they flew back again as if it moved by a watch-spring.

"That eternal snow-bank !" I exclaimed, as my eyes, for the fiftieth time averted, again rested on it ; "will it never melt ?"

I reached the bell rope, and rung a quarter of an hour without ceasing. I had just regained my chair, when John came into the room as if he had been ejected from a catapult.

"Good Lord, Sir ! I am here, Sir."

"That pile of snow, John !"

"Yes, Sir."

"I shall have no peace till it is scattered to the four winds."

"The shovel is below, Sir, shall I —"

"Do, John, do. Spread it on the street. If the sun wont melt it, then carry it in baskets to the kitchen and boil it. It might as well be winter all the time for what I see," grumbled I as John departed.

I had hardly issued, for the third time, this mandate, and turned to the window to take a farewell look at the glistening object of my annoyance, when half a dozen seamen, on a shore cruise, came sailing along with that independent and inimitable swagger characteristic of the genuine tar. In their wake followed a little foreign sailor-boy, whom, by his olive skin, black, glossy hair, glittering eyes, and slight, flexile figure, I knew to be a West Indian. His restless gaze rested on the snow, and he uttered a loud exclamation of surprise and delight.

"Halloo, manikin ! what's in sight astern there ?" sung out an old tar just ahead of him, hitching up his trousers, and coming to an anchor in the middle of the side-walk.

"*Soogare ! soogare !*" shouted the little imp, pointing to the pile of snow, and dancing up and down as if the sunny pavement had become red-hot to his naked feet.

"Sugar be ——" said the old sailor, with a look and tone of supreme contempt ; "try it and see !"

The boy bounded toward the delusive pile, grasped both hands full of the deceitful substance, and was in the act of conveying one portion of his treasure to his jacket pocket and to cram his mouth with the other, when a shrill cry of pain escaped him ; and, dropping the snow, he capered about, snapping his fingers and working his flexible features into the most ludicrous grimaces.

His shipmates hove to at his signal of distress, and roared, one and all, with lusty laughter, catching off their tarpaulins, and swinging them aloft, and slapping each other on the broad of the back in the excess of their merriment.

"Avast, there, my little hop-o-my-thumb," said one of the sailors, as their mirth gradually subsided ; and steering up to the boy, who continued to yell with undiminished vigor, "dontee set up such a caterwauling in a calm."

"Burnee ! burnee !"

"Burnee my eye ! Ho, shipmates, all hands to put fire out ! Little Carlo's scorched his fingers with a snow-ball."

All hands now gathered round the young West Indian, and made themselves merry at his expense, with quip and joke, cutting the while many a boyish prank.

"Come, Jack," said one, making up a large lump of snow into a ball, "lets take aboard a two-pounder apiece, and pepper some o' these land lubbers that come athwart our hawser."

"Aye, aye !" was the unanimous response.

Forthwith, indifferent to the gaping passers-by, each went to work to make snow-balls, and soon with two apiece stowed away in either jacket-pocket, they got the little West Indian in their midst, and moved off, a jolly troop, in full glee and ripe for a lark.

John, who had been kept in the back-ground by the belligerent preparations of these sons of Neptune, having ascertained by a cautious survey through the iron railing of the basement—his head protruded just above the level of the side-walk—that they were quite hull-down, now made his appearance beneath the window, shovel in hand. Influenced by the whim of the moment, I rapped on the window, and made a sign for him to come in, resolved, for the amusement it had afforded me, to spare the snow-pile another day.

The following morning, the sight of the scarce-diminished snow-heap rendered me oblivious of the merriment I had re-

ceived from the little West Indian the day before, and mindful only of the present. My philanthropy deserted me, and with a round oath I asseverated that for sailor nor saint, woman nor angel, would I let that snow remain another moment longer.

"Ho! *Ding a ling, a ling ling!* Ho, John, ho! *Ding, ling, ling!* *Ling, ling, ding!* Ho, John, John! *Ding ling, ling ding, l——*" and the bell-rope parted at the ceiling, and came down in my hand.

My crutch stood beside my chair. "*Thump, hump, ump! Ump! ump!! Thump!!!*"

The door burst open; the bolt-head flew across the room, and half-buried itself in the opposite wall, and John pitched headlong in, and landed on his face in the centre of the apartment. "C-c-c-comin', Sir!" was ejected from his mouth as his head struck the floor; "C-c-c-comin', Sir!" scarce articulated he as he rolled over and over towards my chair; "C-c-c-comin', Sir," he gasped as he got to one knee and pulled at his forelock as he was wont to do when he addressed me. The next movement brought him to his legs. "Here I am, Sir. Bless the mercies, Sir! what is the matter, Sir?"

"John!"

"Yes, Sir."

I pointed silently to the snow pile.

John vanished.

I looked forth from the window (I need not here apologise to those who have been invalids, such will readily sympathise with the interest I took in this matter,) and enjoyed in anticipation the devastation about to be made. In less than a minute John made his appearance beneath the window, laden with two baskets, a large and a small one, a bucket and coal-hod, and lastly his broad wooden shovel. He ranged these various receptacles along the outer verge of the side-walk; moistened the palms of his hands after a summary mode well-known to the school-boy when about to handle his bat-stick; seized hold of, and struck his instrument deep into the snow; placed his right foot firmly on one of the projecting sides thereof, and bent his shoulders to raise the gelid load.

I watched each motion with eager gratification. I noted the muscular shoulders of John as he essayed his task, with emotions of delight. I marked the opening chasms in the pile as he stirred the bulk, and felt a thrill of joy as I beheld a huge mass yield before his well-applied sinews. He stooped to lift the severed fragment to place it in one of his baskets, when there arose a sudden shouting, followed by the quick rattling of wheels and cries of warning and alarm. I had scarcely drawn a breath, when two blooded horses, wild with terror, harnessed

to a landau, containing, I could see, a young and beautiful lady and an elderly gentleman, came dashing furiously up the street. The fore-wheel struck and locked with the wheel of a doctor's chaise standing before the third door from mine; and the landau, dragging the chaise with it, was drawn a few yards further on two side wheels, then upset and pitched its contents out upon the pile of snow beneath my window.

The gentleman was thrown upon his shoulder, and lay senseless. The lady's fall was arrested by John, who caught her ere she reached the ground; but she had fainted and her fair brow was like marble as I looked down upon it. I broke two panes of glass knocking with my crutch, and shouted through the opening to have them both conveyed into my front parlor. John, assisted by a gentleman, carried the lady in, while two or three others took up the old gentleman.

I had not left my room for three months, and the rheumatism had made me a cripple. I seized my crutch, snatched a cane, and was down stairs and in the parlour just as the lady was being laid on the sofa. She was still senseless. How beautiful her alabaster features! the veined lid! the polished and rounded neck! Her hat was removed. Her abundant hair fell in waves of gold about her shoulders. I gazed, entranced with the bright vision. A rude hand dashed a glass of water in her face. It roused me, and I lent my aid to effect her restoration. After repeated ablutions—animation continuing to remain suspended—the Doctor, who was out lamenting over the fragments of his gig, was called in. But no blood followed the insertion of his lancet in the exquisitely veined arm. The old gentleman in the meanwhile (thanks to the snow pile for saving his collar-bone) had recovered his senses, and was bending sorrowfully over his daughter. A happy thought struck me. I had heard in my boyhood, among the snow-covered hills of Maine, that snow was an unfailing restorative in cases like the present. I despatched John from the room, and he instantly returned with a cubic foot of snow in his arms. I assiduously laid a large piece on her forehead; a fragment, the size of an almond, on each eye-lid; placed a piece on the back of the neck, and hinted to the father to lay one on her swan-like throat; and, taking her two hands, I placed a lump between them, and clasped them in mine, till it melted and trickled in drops upon the carpet. What a delicious moment of my existence was that!

In a few seconds she began to revive, and in half an hour afterwards thanked me with her own lips and eyes for saving her life, as she chose to believe. The father thanked me also, I made a very pretty declamatory speech in return, and begged they would say no more about it.

I had them to dine with me that day. I went to bed without any rheumatism. In the morning I bade John keep watch, and see that no one removed a flake from that sacred snow-pile—he having previously, by my order, filled my ornamental cologne-bottle with a portion of it, and placed it on my toilet.

The time of this sketch is six years ago. I was then a bachelor. I am now married. That lovely young matron sitting sewing opposite me, while I am writing, in whose person simplicity and elegance are charmingly united, is my wife. That old gentleman, sitting by the fire reading a newspaper, is her father. There is a slight scar on his left brow, which he received when he was thrown from his carriage before my door. If a blot could be printed, you would just here find a sad one, made by a chubby little blue-eyed girl of two years in her exertions to climb on my knee after her black-eyed brother Bob—who has playfully stolen her doll, and is climbing up my back to get it out of her way.

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S O N G .

“Mabella, dearest, hear me!”

MABELLA, dearest, hear me!—as I breathe to thee alone,  
The wish I dare to cherish, that thou wouldst be mine own;  
Mine own, till death shall part us and another world be ours—  
Full of streams and sparkling fountains, of vales and scented flowers!

That wish deep in my heart lies hidden, and I try  
By cold, cold words to shroud it from the careless, common eye;—  
Yet think thou not, most valued, that the wish is less the same,  
Because I'd shadow from the world its undiminished flame.

They of old, who went to worship at some pure and lofty shrine,  
Veiled their foreheads to its radiance, and thus I'd cover mine;  
For to me thou seemest beautiful—like an angel or a saint  
That Michel chiselled from the stone and Raphael strove to paint!

Then hear me, dearest, hear me! Mabella—while I tell  
How thy sweet thought is in my heart, like a pearl within its shell;  
Concealed but fondly treasured and encircled with a zone  
Of love and friendship and the wish that thou wouldst be mine own!

P. B.

# THE ANALYST.

NO. IV.

## LITERARY EGOTISM.

It appears to me that a writer may be permitted publicly to decompose the state of his mind, and to make observations on his own character, for the benefit of other men, rather than to leave his body by will to a professor of anatomy.

ZIMMERMAN.

WE all love a frank, engaging temper. We are won by an open demeanor, which debars any thought of cunning or reserve. To say that a person is affable, is one of the greatest praises that can be bestowed on his manner or conversation. Is it not strange, then, that most of us are so horribly shocked at any thing like an expression of individual opinion or feeling in a writer? Yet is this one of the commonest criticisms you shall hear passed on an author of original genius, who evinces in his writings any marks of a communicative disposition. 'Tis from a deep-rooted self-love; we hate to hear a man talking of himself—arising from the feeling of our own deficiency in having done nothing about which we can talk ourselves.

The introduction of the personal character into literary composition is an original feature in modern literature. Casual allusions to themselves and their works are, to be sure, not infrequent in Horace and Cicero; but nothing of that free and undisguised self-anatomy, which we find in the works of such men as Montaigne, Rousseau, and Hazlitt.

The imitators of the ancients shrunk from any such confessions as humiliating and undignified, with a sickly tastefulness more congenial to the school-girl than to the healthy intellect of a man.

The great charm of this marked personality lies in the intimate connexion growing up between the author and reader. The latter is placed upon the footing of a friend, and treated with all the confidence attributed to that noble relation.

Common-place people turn up their noses, and sneer at any exhibition of this sort in print, while in their conversation and daily intercourse with the world, they offend in the same way (if it be an offence); with this great difference, that instead of revealing noble natures, they discover nothing but the workings of

mean, captious, shrivelled souls. The truth is, they dare not be confidential, else they would be hooted at; as their whole course of life is one prolonged tissue of little thoughts and petty actions. In one sense, indeed, they are the greatest of all egotists, for they rate themselves too highly to risk any confession whatever.

Egotism is often (almost always) found in company with vanity, rarely with pride. It renders a man's writings more valuable and sought after, after his death than while he is living. In the latter case there is palpable knowledge of him obtained through the coarse medium of personal communication; in the former, the hazy clouds which hang over his past existence seem to spiritualize whatever is material and unattractive. Besides, we read his works with more interest than when he was living, and we could see him by taking a turn in the street. In the creatures of his brain we perceive a finer essence and a more distinct individuality than we could gather from any intimacy. They afford in addition to their intrinsic merit, an historical record of himself. They present to us his peculiarities of mind and person, his original bias and prejudices, and his acquired habits. This species of personal authorship is as delightful as a fine piece of biography, with the advantage of its coming from the writer himself. Others may judge more fairly of his writings, but he certainly knows better the secrets engraved upon the red-leaved tablets of the heart. He pours these out with a liberal profuseness worthy of his magnificent spirit, for they are his riches and pure ore to us. If a man in any other situation in life speaks with confidence of himself, and dwells with satisfaction on his performances, we forgive his openness and acquit him of the affectation of modesty. We place reliance on him who relies boldly on himself. In the case of a writer, the tables are completely turned. The world looks with a jealous eye upon his fame and genius. They seek to depress him in every possible way. They patronize or neglect him to show their power. He is at their mercy. He appeals to them. They alone can save and honor him. They are at once judge, jury, and advocate. They must plead in his behalf, consult together respecting his merits, and decide accordingly. It is in their hands to acquit or condemn. In other characters, as, for instance, in that of a professional man, they speedily acknowledge mediocre talents, and raise them to an undue elevation. He may obtain office or enrich himself with the spoils of party. If he turn to trade, he is welcomed with open arms, and a shower of gold is rained upon him. But let him turn author, and no epithet is deemed sufficiently degrading for him. He is then a vacillating, shiftless fellow—an idler—



a mere vagabond. Thus must he submit to be esteemed by those who cannot confer the glory he seeks, while he has the ready and hearty approbation of those who can. Zeal and a partial interest in the literary character, have diverted us a little from the topic with which we set out. To return; all great and original thinkers must be, at least in some measure, egotists. Solitude and reflection, let them be ever so busy, leave them much leisure to look into their own minds. Every action of their lives, the habits into which they have become indurated, their present feelings—all refer to some peculiar circumstances fixed in their memory by the iron chain of association. They are creatures of sentiment as well as of intellect. Every idea in their minds is influenced by every pulsation of their hearts. They feel acutely as well as think profoundly. Their hearts do not ask leave of their heads to feel. The one may give the other a useful lesson. Hence they hoard up as a precious relic every token of their past pleasures or sufferings, and at the moment of writing, are impressed as sensibly as when they first felt those emotions. They are the only true chronologists of feeling. Their memory is retentive of impulses as well as of ideas.

The personal history of many distinguished authors is full of instances to this effect; and of none, perhaps, more so than the late William Hazlitt. It was this coloring of mind and character which pervaded his masterly criticisms and his profound metaphysical disquisitions. It breaks out in a dramatic criticism, or bursts full upon the reader in the discussion of some subject far abstracted from the remarks to which it may give rise. His lore, his faith in man, his rash hopes, the characters of his friends, his mental weaknesses, the brilliant points of his genius, pass in review before us, and melt in the thin air of his gorgeous rhapsody.

In many writers the passages oftenest turned to are full of this self-confession, and constitute the best portion of their works. Though incidentally most delightful, yet it is dangerous for a writer to make this the staple of his composition. In fact, it can never be done with success, unless by a master; otherwise it will fall to the ground, a baseless fabric, unsupported by the ground-work of past performances.

It is an error to suppose egotism consists in speaking well of ourselves only. It lays in frequent mention of ourselves, whether with approbation or not. Besides, it may be discovered in different ways;—a marked style, a certain manner of treating a subject, and a particular vein of speculation, render a work as individual as the constant use of the personal pronoun. The most subtle form of egotism is to make a third person speak

your own sentiments, painting him after your own character. The novel and the drama are the true provinces for the exercise of this talent. These methods have been employed by most writers of eminence. Shakspeare alone has been pronounced an exception ; for, in the multifarious characters which stud his pages as stars the firmament, there is none which can be fastened upon him who painted them all.

Egotism assumes a different appearance in different characters. In the man of the world, it is gay and cheerful ; in the contemplative scholar, more abstract and refined. In the poet, it is lofty and elevated ; in the metaphysician, complex and subtle. The best specimens of agreeable egotism may be found in our periodical essayists. The finest sample of profound egotism, in the poetical speculatist and sincere self-student, is Rousseau. Epic poets are inclined to egotism, as Milton ; dramatic authors less frequently, though Ben Johnson was an instance to the contrary.

To sum up the question in few words, Is it not as reasonable for a man to dissect his own mind as to leave it to some one to mangle for him ? Is he not surer of hitting nearer the truth, and bringing out traits undiscoverable by others, who draws from individual experience and feeling, instead of transferring this task to a stranger ? Should he fall into the hands of a friend, one who loved him dearly or hated him most cordially, he would inevitably be overpraised or underrated as affection or envy swayed the balance. He is certain of being dealt with unjustly by an enemy in many particulars. He has no alternative then but to sit as critic upon himself, and be his own historian. When he dies, he will then leave the world a copy done by the surest and truest hand.

#### TO A LADY.

With thee alone, my brightest, fairest, best !  
 My wandering heart seeks refuge like the dove ;  
 Bearing the olive branch of peace and love—  
 To find sweet shelter in its ark of rest.  
 My flight has been wide o'er the angry wave,  
 Nor bower nor tree nor mantling vine was there ;  
 But, like rich pearls deep in some ocean cave,  
 Were hidden all things beautiful and fair.  
 Send me not forth again ! though the blue sky  
 Smile o'er the emerald garniture of Earth,  
 Leaves, buds and roses spring once more to birth,  
 And on the air float songs of melody ;  
 Still to its resting-place, that dove would flee—  
 Angel of beauty, shall it dwell with thee ?

P. B.

“WHERE IS NOVEMBER’S WONTED GLOOM?”\*

WHERE is November’s wonted gloom,  
Her sullen brow, her chilling breath,  
Her voice, that seemed the cry of death,  
Her gesture, pointing to the tomb?  
We meet them not—nor trembling mourn  
For some lov’d form o’er ocean borne  
Through the long starless night, to bend  
Where angry winds with waves contend.

No—all around us bright and fair,  
The sky with joyous splendor glows,  
The breeze with balmy softness flows,  
And autumn, aping summer’s air,  
As when the rainbow robe she wore,  
Forgetful that her bloom is o’er,  
And heedless of her locks of grey,  
Trips with a ringing laugh away.

Where are the warm and gen’rous tones?  
Is it, that from the meteor shower,  
Which fell like gold on Danaë’s tower,  
The earth a softer impulse owns;  
And a new spirit, Perseus like,  
The Gorgon pow’r of Frost to strike,  
Has from her alter’d bosom sprung,  
And all protecting round her clung?

Is it, that from the crimson veil,  
Which threw across the brow of night  
Such radiant folds of northern light  
As made her cluster’d jewels pale—  
Is it, that from that waving flame,  
As when to fair Ægina came  
The fabled god, has flow’d a ray,  
Which earth, and air, and skies obey?

We know not—Nature in her range  
Is wide and wild—her counsels shown  
But in effects—the laws unknown—  
Mysterious in her changing change!

\* The following lines were written in November last, during a period of uncommon warmth of weather, which, it may be remembered, was preceded by nights of very remarkable appearance.

And vain would man, with pigmy pow'r,  
The buzzing insect of an hour,  
Her never-lifted veil upraise,  
And on her cloudless beauty gaze.

Fancy may strive, with playful wing,  
Around the winding course to fly,  
Science may lift her thoughtful eye,  
And o'er the path her trammels fling—  
Hopeless were all ! Too pure the air  
For Fancy's wing to revel there ;  
Too high, too intricate the lore,  
For science with her proudest store.

Nature may give to gazing eyes  
Her open tract, but myst'ry's cloud  
Will still some secret steps enshroud,  
And round her still bewild'ring rise.  
E'en he, whose mind's untiring flight  
Could farthest pierce that cloud of night,  
He deem'd his wrested truths no more  
Than pebbles on a boundless shore.

Yet still, November, let me bless,  
Whate'er the cause, thy brilliant smile,  
And in its emblem trace the while  
An image filled with tenderness.  
'Twas mine with recent care to mark,  
Thus, in the autumn, drear and dark,  
Of ling'ring life, the mental ray  
Strong as in summer's glorious day.

In vain were earth's sweet gifts resign'd,  
Time's sweeping scythe had passed in vain,  
Nor age, nor care, nor grief, nor pain,  
Could touch one treasure of the mind.  
There reas'ning Science, still supreme,  
Would graceful pour her lucid stream,  
And there, in Freedom's purest tone,  
Was patriot feeling proudly shown.

There, too, where warm affections glow'd,  
With voice of blessing, glance of love,  
Religion, like the patriarch's dove,  
Her living promises bestow'd ;  
Blest as that gentle bird of yore,  
When the green leaf of peace she bore,  
From lips belov'd breathed holy pow'r,  
And crown'd with hope Death's trying hour.

S. A. C.

*Dorchester, Mass.*

## THE NIGHTINGALE OF MUROM:

(SOLOWEI RASBOINIK.)

A TALE, BY WILLIAM MULLER.

TRANSLATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES FROM THE GERMAN."

It is St. John's day, one of the most honored festival days in Russia; the evening service is now ended, and the last sounds of the village bell are yet tremulously reverberating through the warm summer atmosphere. The inhabitants of the village, in their best Sunday clothes, are pouring out of the little church; but the day, or rather the evening, is too pleasant to allow of their immediately returning to their dwellings. The glowing sun no longer scorches the earth, a friendly twilight has softened its dazzling splendor, and all nature seems as peaceful and devout as are now the hearts of the villagers; for to the Russian this day is too high, too holy, to be profaned by obstreperous gaiety. Even the village alehouse is left unfrequented; the hostess stands idle in the doorway, greeting her friends and neighbors, and observing the departure of her last solitary guest. The latter, tottering towards his own house, hums an air in an under-tone, being too happy to wish to disturb the quiet of others; he smiles upon every child, and politely gives place to every passer-by, and yet occupies the whole breadth of the street in his devious course. He stares at his neighbors with glassy eyes, greets them courteously, but recognizes them not. On entering his house he contrives, with tolerable decency, to make the sign of the cross before the image of the saint, and then sinks powerless upon the *lauka*. His wife makes an unsuccessful effort to put on an angry countenance, partially disrobes him, and helps him to bed; he kisses her hand, addresses to her all the terms of endearment the language affords, soon begins to snore, and the next morning ends both his inebriety and his tenderness.

Friends and acquaintances stand conversing before every door. Youths and maidens are wandering here and there, exchanging most gracious smiles. Maschinka, the daughter of the principal magistrate of the village, emerges from her father's dwelling, leading her little brother by the hand, and accompanied

by a maiden from New-Tscherkask who has come to make her a visit. The stranger maiden receives, as she passes, friendly greetings on every side,—for she is young and fair, and it is well known that her father has large possessions in both Old and New Tscherkask, a profitable fishery, and moreover large quantities of silver and gold, the booty which his father had won during the seven year's war, and which the son had inherited. But it is not these treasures, not her splendid dress, not the golden medallions that adorn her neck and cap, which make her so much beloved ; it is her piety, her kindness, and her unaffected humility. She seems almost ashamed of her splendor in comparison with the simple villagers, ashamed of the charms with which she has been so richly endowed by her creator. In her child-like face the softest tenderness is blended with mental energy, her long silken eye-lashes shade the beautiful eyes which she hardly ventures to raise from the ground ; she is so rich, so blooming and so fair, and nevertheless she appears unhappy ; a pensive smile hovers about her lips—such a smile as announces the first serious sorrow of life. The two friends wander towards a small birch grove in the vicinity. The young men, women, and maidens, as if attracted by some magic spell, follow them at a respectful distance. The steps of both of the maidens become slower and less assured as they approach the wood. At length they stand before a little copse which separates them from the common highway. There, upon the soft moss, lies a youth, torpid, motionless, with a Russian valalaika in his hands. He is dreaming ; but evidently no dream of happiness—of that, both maidens are well satisfied ; and yet they dare not disturb him ! The pitying stranger presses her hand upon her heart, her respiration becomes difficult, and her eyes fill with tears ; at length Maschinka assumes courage. “Are you so soon again in one of your reveries, Alexander ?” she calls, and throws a handful of birch leaves upon the dreamer. Thus disturbed, he arouses himself ; but his eye brightens not as the fair forms meet his glance,—it rather becomes clouded with a deeper gloom. More of the villagers now arrive, and throw themselves in groups upon the flowery sward ; but nothing like general and animated conversation ensues. The usually lively and sympathetic sociability of the Russians is checked and chastened by pious recollections of the consecrated day, and perhaps also by respect for the stranger, who has fixed her eyes upon the sky above as if she were counting the shining worlds floating there ; all eyes follow hers ; all seem intent upon deciphering the hand-writing of God upon the firmament ; all eyes but Alexander's,—his, only, seek the earth.

“Let us relate stories,” at length whispers the young Wanuschka.

Many voices approve the proposition, but no one begins, no one recollects a tale ; their unusual frame of mind has driven the rich native treasures of legendary lore from their memory. The village priest now approaches ; he has laid aside his wide-flowing gown, and in his close-fitting under-dress enters the circle to enjoy the evening with the children of his flock. He is a fine-looking man, in the middle age of life ; his long brown hair waves around a prominent and rather meagre forehead, and traces of penitence and resignation are visible in the subdued expression of his naturally brilliant eyes. His voice has a soul-thrilling and irresistible charm, which instantly wins all hearts. He has not been long the leader of this little band, but all love him truly and fervently, he is so mild and good, and his tongue teaches nothing which is not prompted by his heart. He seems to have renounced the world and its joys,—but *one* earthly affection he still cherishes, *one* worldly feeling he still retains : it is the love of his father-land. Next to his God, Russia and her ruler are all to him !

In accordance with the custom of the country, the assembly rise to greet the holy man and kiss his proffered hand. The stranger was the last to bid him welcome ; her humble and modest deportment, so unassuming in the splendid cossack dress, so radiant and yet so unpretending, fixed the attention of the priest. Laying his hand upon her forehead as in blessing, he asked : “ How art thou named, my daughter ? ” The embarrassed stranger could not instantly answer ; but the more self-possessed Maschinka took a rose from her girdle, handed it to the clergyman, and said with a smile : “ this is her name, reverend father.” The countenance of the priest assumed a singular expression, and with a trembling voice, he exclaimed : “ Rosa ! Thou art named Rosa ? ” “ It is even so, father,” answered the stranger. “ Is the name of so much consequence to you ? ” asked Maschinka. “ Of so much consequence ? ” repeated the priest ; “ to me it is every thing—the blessed remembrance of other days ! ” He turned again to the stranger maiden : “ Thou mayest be seventeen years old ; who was thy godmother ? ” “ Rosa Semenow,” replied the maiden with increasing astonishment. “ Rosa Semenow,” repeated the priest ; “ thou art then the daughter of Andrei Iwanow ? ” “ I am his daughter,” answered Rosa ; “ do you know my father ? ” But the priest answered not, and continued repeating in an under-tone the name “ Rosa Semenow ! ”—At length he added, with trembling and hesitation, as if it were a sinful question, “ Say, my child, how is it with her, how pass her days ? ” “ She lives in quiet retirement,” answered Rosa, “ in the village of Derewno, where she scatters her wealth in charity to the poor ; but her own heart seems to remain a stranger to the

joy she dispenses every where around her." "May the Lord grant her his peace," said the priest, with great emotion; "should you ever see her again, bear to her the greeting of Eucharis —!" He could not finish, his voice broke, and he turned to leave the circle which sympathy had drawn around him. But Martha, Maschinka's mother, detained him. "You are deeply moved," said the aged woman; "share your sorrows with us, who all so dearly love you! Do we not bring our errors, our sufferings, and our hopes to you? Do thou the same with us." After a few moments of hesitation, the pastor at length answered: "It shall be so! It may be well for the children to learn to know their spiritual father, and one confidence begets another. Why should I not show to you a wound which is healed only upon the surface, while it still internally smarts and bleeds?" He had seated himself near to Alexander, his eager auditors pressing around the holy man, whose worth they had long known, and whose private griefs they were now to share. The pastor began:

"It is now seventeen years, the age of the dear child who sits in front of me, since the Jordan-festival was celebrated upon the Akssai. An open temple, supported by slender columns, was erected upon the ice, and adorned with the consecrated ornaments of our church. A silver dove, the emblem of the Holy Spirit, was suspended from the ceiling high above the heads of the pious multitude, and the feet of the ministering clergyman trod upon costly Persian carpets; for the good people of the neighborhood had spared no expense in honoring the day, and crowds of pious pilgrims came from all directions to enjoy the sacred festival and pray in the temple. It happened, however, that at the commencement of the festival the coldness of the weather had increased to a fearful degree; there were at the same time many new-born babes, whom our religion required us to baptize; and the ceremony could only be performed by means of an opening made in the ice. You all know that the most provident measures are taken at that season of the year; a large iron-bound box, perforated with holes, was placed in the river, where its weight caused it immediately to sink; the water, passing through this consecrated box, and again mingling with the other waters of the river, imparted the virtues of consecration to the whole stream. The opening in the ice was surrounded by the columns of the temple, and in it were the infants baptized. I was at that time the youngest of the priests who were entitled to officiate on the occasion. The coldness of the atmosphere was constantly increasing; the elder priests, enfeebled by age, fasting, and penance, were quite benumbed and helpless by the time the ceremonies of consecration were accomplished. The children were now brought for-



ward for baptism ; I marked the disconsolate looks of the tremulous old men as they observed the large number presented. Then raised I my eyes to heaven, and begged strength of the Lord of lords. Suddenly advancing—for there was no time to lose—I began the holy work. But as I plunged the fourth child three times, according to the precepts of our holy faith, the cold had annihilated my powers, and I no longer perceived any feeling in my hands. At that moment a child of surpassing beauty was brought to me, carefully wrapped in a costly mantle ; protected as it yet was from the chilling atmosphere, it smiled sweetly upon me ; but my bosom was filled with a fearful anxiety, which, however, only served to hasten me to the performance of my duty. When, with the words, ‘in the name of the Father,’ I immersed the infant and again raised it up, its playful smile had given place to a look of intense suffering ; on plunging it a second time, ‘in the name of the Son,’ it had assumed a livid appearance, and gave no signs of life ; and when I once again repeated the immersion, and would have said ‘in the name of the Holy Ghost,’ horror had deprived me of utterance,—for the dear child had slipped from my benumbed hands, and lay beneath the waters ! The ice trembled under my feet, the waves rushed with a hollow sound, the pillars of the temple tottered. I heard not the shrieks of the parents, for an internal voice thundered ‘Murderer !’ in my ears.

“Meantime a courageous woman bent down over the opening, extended her tender arms deep into the water, and with overflowing eyes presented to me the rescued child ! It was not I, but a holier spirit than that of a weak mortal, which spoke with my lips the last words of consecration, and thus fulfilled the work according to the Redeemer’s command. The power of the Lord now came upon me, I was no longer sensible of cold, and in his strength I continued the holy work until all were baptized. After the ceremonies were ended, I left the circle of priests, and asked the beauteous creature who had preserved me from the guilt of murder—the pearly drops she had shed for joy at the rescue of my tender charge still remaining frozen on her eyelids,—‘Art thou a relative of the infant ?’ ‘No,’ answered she, ‘I am only its godmother.’”

While pronouncing these last words Eucharis arose from his seat, and, approaching Rosa, with deep emotion added : “That child, which was so imminently endangered and so miraculously rescued, thou art, my daughter. May the Lord bless thee now as formerly, and be thy rock of safety for evermore !” The hands of the priest were folded over the head of the maiden, whose feelings found vent in a flood of tears ; the hearts of the listeners were no less deeply stirred, and Martha exclaim-

ed: "Great is the mercy of the Lord, but thou, maiden, hast been the object of especial favor."

The priest returned to his seat, and continued in a low voice, as if he had forgotten the presence of the audience, and was merely recalling to his own mind the events of the past: "After that event I often visited the lovely godmother, who was the daughter of a rich furrier. At first I only went on Sundays, then twice a week, and at last every day. I observed her conduct and course of life; it was pure and spotless. She was healthy, and possessed a good constitution—forgive the poor priest for attaching what may seem undue importance to this circumstance; for when he has the misfortune to lose his wife, he can give to his children no second mother, nor can he even continue to be to them a father; but must desert his helpless offspring, and bury his affections and his sorrows in the solitude of a cloister. I thought, also, that she evinced affection for me; she met my approach with a friendly smile, chatted with me like an affectionate sister for hours together, and long watched my departing footsteps. Ah, I was so happy then, I indulged in such pleasant dreams of life, built such delightful castles in the air—but too soon, alas! they were crumbled in dust. Perhaps it was to punish me, a consecrated servant of the Lord, for setting my heart too much upon an earthly object. But no, love can never be a sin; I was better, milder, purer, and prayed more fervently and thankfully to the Lord; and he, who is infinite love, can never condemn the similitude of himself in the human breast. At length my beloved began to suspect the state of my heart; her brow became clouded, her conversation lost its former confidential tone, and her language betrayed a deeply hidden sorrow. Then again it would seem as if her eyes sought mine with an expression of irrepressible affection. I feared that her parents were opposed to my wishes, as they were rich, while I was poor and my income small. But then I heard the mother speak of the noble dowry of her daughter, and observe that on that account she only desired a good and honest husband for her child. No longer able to bear the anguish of doubt, I determined to hasten the decision of my fate. With anxious hope I sought the dwelling, and was so fortunate as to find her alone. She was sad, her voice was feeble and tremulous, and she seemed to have a presentiment of the object of my visit. I explained to her my feelings, and solicited her heart and hand. She raised her eyes to mine—her love, her soul, was in that glance; I was for the time as happy as man can be on earth; but those moments flew with lightning speed, and my happiness was only a foretaste of that which we may expect to enjoy above, but must not hope for here. As I seized her hand, it grew cold in

my grasp, her countenance assumed a death-like paleness, while in a scarcely audible tone she stammered: 'I am a widow!'

"My dream was over, my hopes of earthly happiness destroyed! The ardent love which consumed me, and which I could never again devote to woman, I transferred to my father-land. And why should I not love the land of my forefathers? Are its greatness and glory equalled by any other on earth? What though some portions of it are locked in eternal ice, where no life can exist, nor moss nor plant can grow? What though it produces not the olive and the cane of the fair south; yet is it the only kingdom on God's earth which spontaneously yields rye, wheat, and barley for the nourishment of man. Shall I not love the earth that has drank my father's blood, and in which the bones of my ancestors repose? In adversity as in prosperity, our own native Russia has been always great! History records no period which dishonors her name."

The eyes of the young people lighted up at these words, and their bosoms swelled with patriotic pride. But after a short pause Eucharius quietly continued: "I confessed to the bishop my disappointment and my grief, and he compassionately transferred me to another parish. The object of my never-dying love I saw no more!"

A profound silence succeeded the pastor's narration. No one of those uncultivated children of nature ventured to offer to him the common and hackneyed words of consolation, although his sorrows had excited the deepest sympathy of all. Meanwhile the twilight had disappeared, and the moon shone down upon the silent assemblage, while, passing clouds occasionally withdrew her silver rays from countenances rendered unusually pale by the evening air and strong emotion. At that moment a melodious sound trembled upon the strings of Alexander's valalaika. Rosa advanced towards him with the request: "Sing, Alexander, or this death-like stillness will kill me." "You should not ask him," whispered Maschinka, "for you know he sings only those songs which speak disparagingly of our sex." "Let him sing, nevertheless," replied Rosa; "if the song has but words, no matter what they are, they will make our hearts lighter; *speechless* sorrow only is unbearable. Even should he sing, with his soft delicate voice, one of those sad lays of which we all complain, even such an one would be a relief to me. Sing, Schas-

\* The higher order of Russian priests cannot marry at all—one of inferior order can marry only a maiden. If his wife dies, he cannot marry again, and can seldom retain his parish, but must retire and end his days in a cloister. For this reason the priests exercise the greatest care in the selection of a wife; her loss being irreparable, and forever banishing him to the silent loneliness of a cloister cell. With regard to conjugal tenderness and devotion, the pastor's wife is consequently the happiest in the country.

chinka, sing," implored the maiden. Alexander drew his hand across his forehead, and finally replied that he could recollect no song. "Sing what you feel gives us the promptings of your own heart," entreated Rosa. Alexander rose from his seat, and now was it first perceivable that he was a cripple. After occupying a moment in tuning his simple valalaika, he began to extemporize in those tender, artless tones, whose effect upon the soul can only be learned among these people :

"With quivering flanks and glaring eyes,  
That mark the noble steed's distress,  
Along the heath and through the glade,  
A courser springs, all riderless ;  
Within yon skirting thicket's shade,  
His cuirass dimm'd with flowing gore,  
A warrior lies, whose battle-cry  
Will never urge the contest more !  
Whose was the treacherous arm that slew,  
With felon stroke, this warrior true ?"

The auditory, falling into the simple strain of the singer, then repeated :

"Whose was the treacherous arm that slew,  
With felon stroke, this warrior true ?"

Alexander then continued :

"Couched on the river's sedgy bank,  
Where, musical, the waters flow,  
Hate swelling in his rancorous breast,  
The coward waits his passing foe ;  
Stoutly the war-horse breasts the wave,  
The warrior's lofty form is near ;  
Loud rings the death-shot on the air,  
Low reels the gallant cavalier !"

The audience, again falling in, ask :

"Who urged him through the fatal river ?  
Whose treachery closed his eyes forever ?"

Alexander answers :

"One whose sweet breath upon his cheek  
In rapture's speechless hour had played ;  
Whose fingers in his tangled hair  
Love's ever gentle tracery made ;

Who vow'd a seraph's dream in heaven  
Could never yield the priceless bliss  
She found within his faithful arms,  
She tasted in his earnest kiss!  
Hers was the heart that proved betrayer—  
Hers was the voice that nerved the slayer."

And with great emotion, the auditory repeated :

"Hers was the heart that proved betrayer—  
Hers was the voice that nerved the slayer."

Alexander had not yet released his hold of the valalaika, and its last tones were still vibrating on the air, when they were taken up and strangely continued with infinite and most delightful variations ; but this time the music came not from the lips of man ; lamenting, complaining, imploring, it descended from above. It was a nightingale, who warbled as sweetly as if endeavoring to win mankind to the enjoyment of fairer worlds. The listeners held their breaths, and feared to move, lest they should scare away the lovely songstress. After a pause, Maschinka whispered,—“This is St. John's day ; they say that on this day the nightingale sings for the last time. These, perhaps, are her last notes, after which she will be silent the rest of the year.”

“Perhaps for ever,” murmured Rosa ; “death may overtake her before the voice of song again revives in her breast. It is also said that the nightingale often continues her sad song until her heart breaks, when her life and music cease together.” “Have you ever heard of the nightingale of Murom ?” asked Maschinka's little brother. “Name not that bird of evil omen,” gloomily interposed Alexander ; “she is celebrated in the chronicles of Russia's misfortunes, in those times when princes and people warred against each other—when brothers shed brothers' blood ; but when peace, harmony, and law again prevailed, she sank into forgetfulness. Her very name heralds sufferings and wo.” “And yet has she brought glory and renown to thee,” rejoined Eucharis. “You allude to the medal I wear,” said Alexander with a bitter smile. “I purchased it with the blood of my associates, in moments when God withheld from us the light of his countenance.” “Murmur not,” cried the pastor ; and the others exclaimed, “Relate to us the dark hours of thy life, that we may lessen thy griefs by sharing them.” Alexander shook his head ; “What I could relate,” said he, “would come from my bosom in tones of anguish that would alarm yonder nightingale.” “You err,” answered the priest ; “when the nightingale sings as she now does, nothing

can disturb her more—she hears only her own wailing.” Rosa now interposed; “Do commence, Schaschinka, permit us to grieve with thee for thy fallen brethren; we would consecrate this calm and beautiful evening to the memory of the brave and patriotic dead.” The little group pressed more closely around the wounded man, that they might not lose a word from his lips, nor disturb the mournful songstress on the tree above; and in a suppressed tone, Alexander thus began:

“It was on the day of the battle of Kulewtscha, whose victorious termination opened to our army the way over the Balkan;—that Balkan, behind which the Moslemites deemed themselves secure, and whose summit no enemy’s foot had trodden for hundreds of years. Doubtful and threatening was the beginning of the strife. The animosity of the two inimical races was exasperated to boundless rage and a merciless thirst for blood. The Turks seldom took prisoners; even the wounded were butchered. The field of battle was one universal scene of carnage. In the first part of the fight the Turks had retreated from a battery established upon a height. The second battalion of Murom, six hundred strong, together with a regiment of hussars, were commanded to advance and take possession of it. With a ‘hurrah,’ the last shout the brave fellows ever gave, we forded a considerable stream, and then hastened onward to the hill. At that moment the main force of the enemy poured down upon us from a neighboring wood. There were twenty Turks to one Russian; the hussars fled, leaving two field-pieces behind them,\* which were almost instantly in the hands of the enemy, and thundered through our ranks. It was impossible for our little band to contend with such superior numbers. No human power could have enabled us to withstand the first terrible onset of the Turkish cavalry. Man and horse seemed to compose but one being—they were not mortals, but winged demons destroying, and disappearing. Their savage enthusiasm, their arms, their horses! Ah, I once possessed a horse, I also was once so happy,—the noble animal, who bore me through forest and stream without a rein! But alas! the recollection belongs to another time, to other hours! It was no battle in which we were involved—it was bloody extermination. No lingering agonies afflicted the miserable sufferers, for death was instant and unerring. We were not conquered, we were trampled to death by their horses’ hoofs—we were assassinated! In less time than I have now been speaking, there were but eight of the six hundred men left alive, and they were covered with wounds. Crippled, mangled, dis-

\* In that war the light horse were often supplied with cannon, and acted as flying artillery.

abled shadows of men, better would it have been for them had they met the fate of their brethren."

The narrator, who had commenced in an under-tone, increased in vehemence in proportion as his feelings became excited; the last words came singly, slowly, and painfully from his laboring breast. After he had ceased, his respiration continued strong and difficult, and his eyes sought the ground as if he still saw there the unburied corpses of his fallen companions. The undisturbed nightingale—the holy father had truly spoken—was still pouring forth her song, and the wailing music served to soothe the harrowed feelings of the listeners. Alexander remaining silent, the priest continued the narration as follows:—

"A wounded Russian lay beneath the hoofs of a Turkish horse, which, with the same sanguinary disposition as its rider, was biting and striking in every direction; at that moment the Russian standard-bearer sank down beside his wounded countryman. The Turks uttered a cry of joy when the flag disappeared; but the bloody right hand of the stricken warrior grasped the holy banner, rended it from its staff, while with his left he buried his dagger deep in the body of the horse over him. The latter bounded high in air from agony, and before his hoofs again struck the earth, the Russian was up, and with the flag around his body, was hastening towards the shelter of a neighboring thicket. The Moslem bullets whistled about his head, and soon a shattered limb brought him to the ground; careless of life, but anxious for the preservation of the standard, he continued crawling amid a shower of bullets, until at length he reached a place of safety, where he fainted from loss of blood. With returning consciousness he perceived that the battle was yet fiercely raging—the Russians were giving ground, and victory appeared to favor the enemy. Through the branches of the trees he saw crowds of fugitive Russians rushing by his place of concealment, and heard the savage shouts of their pursuers. At length the cannonading seemed to grow weaker, and he heard the words 'Tschirkowna is taken from the enemy!' He heard it with a smile of bitterness, he felt no more the near approach of death, his teeth were clenched in wrath, and with his still unwounded left hand he began to dig up the earth. What would the unhappy man? Is he about preparing his own grave? Ah no! He would secure the blessed banner of his slaughtered regiment from insult; and this being accomplished, he stretched himself upon the closed grave, that his corpse might still protect the rescued ensign. This effort exhausted his last remaining strength—the blood ceased to flow from his wounds—his feverish glow

was gone—and now an icy shudder ran through his veins. His ears are insensible to the rolling thunder; his eyes no longer notice the movements of the contending hosts; his heavy eyelids seem closed in the sleep of death. At length some one disturbs his cold slumbers, and with painful struggles life returns. He is surrounded by his countrymen; the contest is ended, the bloody game has changed, and the dearly-bought victory remains with the Russians; his wounds are dressed, and his companions are busily preparing a litter upon which to convey him to the camp. But with earnest resistance, with almost frantic rage, the Russian clasps the earth, and will not from thence. The surrounding warriors are astonished, his stammering words are indistinct and inexplicable; and they imagine that the fever consequent upon his wounds has destroyed his reason. The commander alone seemed to comprehend his wishes. ‘Dig,’ cried he, ‘perhaps the poor fellow has hidden some rich booty here.’ They dig, and find the banner of the regiment of Murom. The rough, hard-visaged warriors, notwithstanding their sensibilities had been blunted by the bloody scenes through which they had just passed, shed many tears at the sight of this sacred relic. They gently lay the wounded man upon the litter, and convey him to the general’s tent, before which—for it is already the day after the battle—the evidences of victory are ostentatiously displayed. The sad train press through the thick crowd of officers, and set down their burden at the feet of General Diebitsch. Upon being informed of the circumstances, that hero exclaims with deep emotion: ‘The blood-besprinkled banner of that band of slaughtered heroes, honors our victory more than all the trophies won from our enemies.’”\*

The priest closed with these words: “The man who thus preserved his country’s flag, is our Alexander!” “Alexander!” cried the listeners with astonishment, and all eyes were instantly bent upon the youth, who was sitting so silent, unconcerned, and gloomy, whose cheek reddened not at the recollection, and whose eye sparkled not at the repetition of his glorious deeds. The active boy, Wanuschka, sprang from his seat, and seizing Alexander’s hand, exclaimed: “Did you do that?” “I did,” replied the youth; “but think not that I was prompted by a brave and heroic spirit; it was only a desire to rid myself of the burthen of life.” “Lie not,” exclaimed the priest with noble warmth, “for liars shall not see the presence of God. Was thy bosom in that hour animated by no holier feeling? Was it but a sinful emotion that impelled you to that

\* The frightful slaughter of the battalion of Murom and the rescue of the banner, are historical.



glorious deed? Thought you not of your people, of your father-land?" For a moment Alexander remained silent, as if scanning his own feelings and motives; and then, with hesitation and apparent reluctance, replied: "Yes, my father, I thought of my father-land!" All hastened to clasp the hands of the youth, Rosa among the rest; but, not venturing to approach the cold and singular being too familiarly, she took only the hand of the boy which had been hallowed by its contact with that of Alexander, and softly murmured: "I shall never again hear the name of Murom without a shudder." "Timid girl," said Waschinka with a smile, although she was herself pale with fright, "how wouldst thou tremble if thou shouldst hear the tradition respecting the nightingale!"

"I hardly think so," answered Rosa; "this is truth, that is fiction."

The aged Martha turned to the priest: "Speak, good father, believest thou in the incomprehensible and wonderful of our traditions?"

The priest answered: "Do we not all address our prayers to an incomprehensible God? Do not wonders happen every day before our eyes? That the seed germinates, the flowers blow, the spring returns, are all wonders of Almighty power. It were a mistaken egotism in us worms of the dust to expect to penetrate all mysteries with that understanding which is itself a feeble emanation from God. The tale which has just been alluded to, merely enforces the first commandment, and furnishes an instance of persevering obedience for our example." All eyes now rested upon the good man with a wishful expression which he could not mistake, and he therefore began:—

"I will relate to you the tradition as I received it in my childhood, and your own understandings must decide for each of you what is true, what untrue. It may possibly be true, as many affirm, that that bird, whose song over our heads has just ceased, often sings until its tones are interrupted by death; but have you ever heard of an unhappy woman, who sung in the most awful moments of her life, sung while the blood of her betrothed was flowing, sung until her heart broke, and she, like the nightingale, closed her song with her life?"

*(To be concluded in our next number.)*

## THE CRIPPLE-BOY.

BY L. L. NOBLE.

UPON an Indian rush-mat, spread  
Where burr-oak boughs a coolness shed,  
Alone he sat—a cripple-child—  
With eye so large, so dark and wild :  
And fingers, thin and pale to see,  
Lock'd upon his trembling knee.  
To walnut groves and grape-vine bowers  
The children had been gone for hours :  
And he his mother had besought  
Beneath the oaks to have him brought :  
—His wonted seat when blackbirds sung  
The wavy, rustling tops among—  
They hush'd his pain—they cheer'd his loneliness,  
Those gales and murmurs from the wilderness.

Upon a prairie wide and wild,  
Look'd off that dark-eyed cripple-child.  
The hour was breezy, the hour was bright :  
It was a lovely and lively sight :—  
An eagle, sailing to and fro  
Around a lofty cloud so white ;  
And on the billowy grass below,  
Floating swift their shadows light :  
And mingled noises, sweet and clear—  
Noises out of the ringing wood,  
With varied cadence sooth'd his ear,  
And made to thrill his loitering blood :  
“ O happy world !—Beauty and blessing slept  
On every thing but him”—he felt—and wept.

Humming a lightsome tune of yore,  
Beside the open cottage door,  
The tears upon his sickly cheek  
His mother saw, and thus did speak ;  
“ What makes my Henry so to weep ?  
The children laugh in the woodlands deep.  
Shaking nuts and the grapes so blue ;  
And I am singing here for you ;  
How merrily, too, the tree-tops go  
Dearest, now, why grieve you so ?”

"Mother, I wish that I could be  
 A sailor on the wavy sea."  
 A sailor on the deep wide sea, my son !  
 What ails the boy ! What have the breezes done !

"I do !—I wish that I could be  
 A sailor on the rolling sea :  
 In the shadow of the sails  
 Then I could ride and rock all day ;  
 Going whither blow the gales,  
 As I have heard a sailor say :  
 I would, I guess, come back again  
 To see my sisters now and then ;  
 And the curling flame so bright,  
 When the prairie burns at night :  
 And tell the wonders I had seen  
 Away upon the ocean green—"  
 "Hush ! hush ! talk not about the stormy sea ;  
 Better it were a hunter hale to be."

Between a tear and sob he smil'd,  
 And thus spake on the cripple-child :  
 "I would I were a hunter hale,  
 To chase the broad-horn'd buck and doe,  
 Lightly bounding down the dale ;  
 But that can never be, I know :  
 Behind the house the wood-lands lie :  
 A prairie smooth and wide before ;  
 And I have seen their lovely green  
 A thousand times or more ;  
 Yet, in the woods I never strayed,  
 Or on the prairie-border played :  
 O, mother dear, that I could only be  
 A sailor boy upon the rocking sea !"

Then stream'd afresh the silent tears,  
 Fast trickling down his cheek ;  
 And wept the tender woman too,  
 But more she could not speak :  
 The boy's, she knew, was a bitter lot  
 —A lot of hopeless wo—  
 Yet ne'er, at heart, its bitterness,  
 Till then, had grieved her so.  
 Nature had whisper'd in his soul  
 The bliss to him denied :  
 And now to win him health and joy  
 She would, that morn, have died.  
 Again she sat beside the cottage door :  
 But not again took up the tune of yore.

Over the prairie, to and fro,  
 The deer were trooping in the snow,  
 When, from his rush-mat, on the floor,  
 The youth look'd out of the log-house door.  
 "Mother," said he, "how long and when,  
 Will banks and groves be green again?  
 —The deer lie down in a grassy bed,  
 And under my oak the carpet spread?"  
 She answer'd not—but eyed the child:  
 And still his look was bright and wild,  
 But his pale cheek was thin as death;  
 And fast and faintly came his breath:  
 Soon the red doe would find a grassy shade,  
 But ne'er for him again the mat be laid.

## GREEK POETS;

## NO. II.

## SIMMIUS THEBÆUS.

'Ἡρῆμ' ἐπὶ τῷ βωμῷ Σοφοκλῆος, ἥρῃα κισσὶ  
 Ἐρπύβοις, χλοερῶδες ἐκπροχέων πλοκάμους,  
 Καὶ πετάλων πάντῃ θάλλοι ῥόδου, ἥ τε φιλοερῶς  
 Ἀμπέλους, ὕγρὰ περίξ κλήματα χυναμένη,  
 Εἶνεκεν εὐμαθίης πινυτόφρονος, ἢ ὁ μελιχρὸς  
 Ἑσκησεν, Μουσῶν ἐμμίγα καὶ Χαρίτων.

## TRANSLATION.

Sweet Ivy, 'round this tomb thy tendrils twine,  
 Where sleepeth Sophocles, the bard divine;  
 And, mingled with the vine and budding rose,  
 O'erhanging, shade the place of his repose.  
 Just emblems of the all-surpassing art,  
 Wherewith he moulded and improved the heart,  
 And of the never-fading fame he won—  
 The Muses' and the Graces' tuneful son.

## [Another Translation of the same.]

Twine, Evergreen! thy tendrils softy twine  
 Around the tomb, where Sophocles doth sleep:  
 Thy dark boughs mingling with the dewy vine,  
 And with the blushing rose;—o'erhading, creep.

True symbols of his sweetly moral strain,  
 And of the never-fading fame he won,  
 Wherewith he shall for endless ages reign—  
 The Muses' and the Graces' tuneful son.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF HIGH STREET,

(EDINBURGH.)

Few localities speak to us so eloquently of the olden time as the High-street of Edinburgh ; few so deeply impress us with the venerable spirit of antiquity. We have contemplated many a noble ruin, and mused over many an interesting relic of the past ; but too often our enjoyment has been but the pleasant abstraction of the moment—the intrusion of the matter-of-fact present repelling the vision of the past ; for modern taste and fashionable innovation had effected their changes, leaving scarcely a remnant of antiquity whereby to hang a tale. We can seldom now-a-days welcome a noble old cathedral without extending our greeting to its shining modern companion of a steeple, nor make advances to an antiquated castle without previous obeisance to its new-fashioned walls. But with the High-street it is otherwise ; it remains as of old, the same exclusive society of antique gables, peak-roofed and timber-treed mansions ; bowed, perhaps, a little with age, but still retaining vigorously its hale, hearty constitution of stone, and forbidding all intrusion of shining brick, with its smart, dapper exterior and formal look. The Edinburgh fashionables, with rare good taste, have sought elsewhere to gratify their new-fangled notions, leaving the High-street to flourish on in its fresh old age, garrulous with tales of the olden time. In it we have nought to remind us of the nineteenth century, nothing to recall to us the practical present day ; all reminds us of the past ; those dark, antiquated mansions, which lift their lofty summits steeple high, darkening the thoroughfare, seem to reflect their ancient spirit upon those who live and flourish in their shade. The gay and fashionable, the changing creatures of the present, have flitted away ; and the common people, who cling to old notions and old habits of feeling and of dress, are left sole possessors, to remain equal remnants of the past with the antiquated street itself ; they reciprocally guard off all change, and the company of modern men or modern mansions is heartily eschewed. It is this exclusive oldness which throws such a charm upon the High-street and its people ; in such society we have no difficulty in abstracting ourselves from the world as it now is ; in fact, we live in the olden time.

Knots of antique folks, as they were wont in former days, collect here and there. There, a group cheapening hollands and linens at the open draper's stall in the Lawn-market; there, one gathering about the Highland soldier in his kilt and tartans, who tells of wars and foreign parts; and there another, discussing with the Leith fisherwoman the freshness of her "finnan haddies;" and again there comes down the street the blind old piper, in his ragged plaid, tuning his shrill bagpipe notes, and drawing in his train a crowded host of ragged urchins, rendering discord more discordant with their shouts and cries. At yonder corner, too, the old preacher collects a congregated mass of hearers, and tussles publicly for their benefit with the knotty points of election and free-will, and calls down upon all unbelievers the wrath of the gods above—his invocation often proving so far effective as to bring down upon himself and listeners a plentiful shower of *wishy-washy* from some lofty eighth *flat*, which proves a cooler of the preacher's hot-headed ardor, and an effective scatterer of his congregation. There, too, of old, at the very same corner, John Knox preached and denounced; and thus too, doubtless, the élèves of the upper shrines applied the sloppy *argumentum ad capitem*, and forced the reformer to yield the ground, no better reconciled to the application from above than was Bramble, despite of the accompanying expression of goodwill, *gardy-loo*, "Lord have mercy on you."

The High street is thronged with localities of deep and thrilling interest, associated, as they are, with the stirring facts of History and the equally impressive imaginings of Fancy. Recur to the time when a tumultuous band of fanatics and enthusiasts, led on by that arch-destroyer Knox, crowded the thoroughfare; now venting their anti-papistical *furor* upon the old church—the venerable St. Giles, violating the altar, tearing down and demolishing the sacred ornaments, and widely defacing monuments venerable from antiquity and the piety of their founders, and again rushing into the court-yard of Holyrood, denouncing the beauteous queen Mary as a "vile papist," invoking the vengeance of heaven upon her head, making the old palace re-echo with their infuriated shouts, and ever and anon with the demoniacal cry of "to the faggots with her;" and with the vivid description of Scott in our recollection, we picture the rush, the tumult of the Porteous mob gathering around the old Talbooth, with the flickering torches shedding an uneasy light upon its antiquated walls, and the fierce looks of the maddened rioters.

Many an individual object in this quaint old street is thus endowed with interest. There, at its eastern limit,

stands the old rock-bound castle, with its moss-covered battlements frowning darkly from its height upon a glorious expanse—yonder the Pentlands lift their heads—there calmly reposes the Frith, with its fleet of sail; there Arthur's seat and Salisbury Craig extend their uneven lengths along, while nearer, before and around it, the old and new town re-echo the busy hum of their motley population. In a small iron-grated room, perched on high in a lofty turret of the castle, the pedantic monarch, James the First was born; his mother having fled to the security of its walls for protection from the violence of her unruly subjects—the circumstances attendant upon his birth first impressing, no doubt, upon the doughty king an unconquerable horror of all that told of war, and disturbing his mind with fancies of gunpowder plots and treasons. Here, too, the regalia, the diadem that crowned the brow of Bruce, and the sceptre that was wielded in his iron grasp, are preserved with jealous watchfulness; here, too, Mons. Meg bellows on gala days. As we wend our way from the castle to proceed down the High-street, the steep and crooked Bow catches our eye, bending its jagged course, flanked on either side with antiquated lofty mansions, till it loses itself in the wide esplanade of the grass-market. Casting but a glance down the Bow, a short step on our course brings us to the Lawn-market; here the cunning artisan plies his trade, and the neat busy draper displays his tempting wares. Here, too, at the sign of the *golden nag*, old Saddle-tree sold curbs and bits, saddles and trappings and discoursed learnedly on the law—catching his legal inspiration from the old Parliament house just opposite, which re-echoes the confused bawlings of a host of advocates and attorneys, and which of old resounded with the no less Babel-like shouts of barbarian legislators, disturbing the quiet of its venerable moss-covered companion—the Talbooth church. The old Talbooth itself—the scene of the gentle Effie Dean's harsh suffering, and the Luckenbooths, around which the genius of Scott has thrown such an interest, have yielded to the *improving* spirit of the age, but remain for ever in the pages of the Northern Shakspeare.

Leaving the Lawn-market, the Talbooth church, the sites of the old Talbooth, the Luckenbooths, and the Parliament house, with their thousand associations, we pass down the old romantic street, the bells of St. Giles merrily chiming “for auld lang syne,” the shades of evening slowly gathering around, and the calm warm twilight shadowing dimly out the collected groups of artisans enjoying a respite from labor, soldiers free from garrison duty, sailors from Leith with their sweet-hearts, and burly tradesmen, mayhap bailties escaped from their shut-up shops. Such is the time to peruse these relics of the olden time, when the dim

twilight throws its mellow tint around, reflecting its calmness upon the inhabitants. It is then that all seems in proper keeping—the shadowy evening, the quiet grouping, and the lofty dim-looking mansions. But we find ourselves opposite a low-peaked domicile extending its oaken gable over the sidewalk, its odd-fashioned roof and quaintly carved door giving it an antiquated air. Here lived John Knox, and from that low window yonder, the enthusiast reformer addressed the congregated mass below, and here he yet lives—in plaister; for under that self-same window he stands out in bold relief in his pulpit, with his outstretched arms in the attitude of stern denunciation; his effigy is a dark-haired, dark-whiskered little object, leaning over a curiously carved octagonal pulpit, with his arms upraised and nose upturned in evident disgust at the pole which a zealous Catholic barber, who lives below, has surmounted with a cross and stuck in his very face.

Leaving our little reformer, we pass down the Canongate. Stopping here and there to gaze at some lofty tenement, the device over the entrance to which tells of some great inhabitant in days of yore, a coronet betokening some noble temporal lord, a St. John's Cross, some mighty knight templar, and the quaint latin inscription, carved in stone, conveying some moral or religious apothegm betokening at least the outward piety of those who tarried within. The name of that portion of the High-street, called the Canongate, the old cross, with its pedestal worn away by the devout kisses of the suppliant—the insignia of the religious orders carved upon the houses, all indicate that there, in former time, the spiritual lords, templars, and priests, were wont to swell in pride and wanton in magnificent luxury. The greatest of the lords temporal were alone deemed fit company for them, and vied with these religious grandees in displays of magnificence in the Canongate, the court end of the High-street. There yet flourishes, in fresh old age, the mansion of the regent Murray, with its court-yard, old-fashioned gardens, and the terrace where he met with his untimely fate while enjoying the twilight in the company of some high-born beauties. Just opposite the old Canongate the Talbooth, with its iron-bound gates and grated windows, frowns significantly upon the passer-by. The old palace of Holyrood now bursts upon our view, and terminates our contemplation among the monuments of antiquity, which, like "leaves in Vallambrosa," are scattered profusely through the High-street. Holyrood, where Scotland's kings in her independence held their court, bears in every stone some interesting association. Here Queen Mary strove to soften the harshness of her exile from sunny France and its light-hearted "gay companie," by listening to the sweet music of the gentle sym-



pathizing Rizzio ; here lies, in beautiful ruins, Holyrood chapel ; here the altar where the ill-fated Darnley plighted his troth ; here the royal tomb, where moulders the dust of Scotland's kings ; and here the private confessional of Queen Mary, where she unburthened her heart of sorrow, not of sin.

T.

## LINES,

*Written on hearing of the Death of Louisa Missouri Miller.*

"Thou art fled  
Like some frail exhalation, which the dawn  
Robes in its golden beams,—ah ! thou hast fled,  
The good, the gentle, and the beautiful,  
The child of grace and genius."

SHELLEY.

Oh, unpolluted one ! though born in shame,  
And doomed to a companionship with guilt,  
The tears have sprung unbidden to my eyes  
While hearing thy sad fate. It seems, alas !  
But yesterday I saw thee in thy bloom,  
Felt the slight pressure of thy greeting hand,  
And gazed into thy young and beaming face.  
Thy heart was full of hope. Success had crown'd  
Thy early efforts in that mighty art  
In which a Siddons triumph'd—and the thought,  
That with fame's laurel-wreath upon thy brow,  
Thou might'st retrieve thy most ungracious lot,  
Aroused a high ambition—not too high  
For thy excelling genius to requite.  
I listened to the music of thy voice,  
I drank the lustre of thy earnest eyes,  
I saw thee young and beautiful, and deemed  
Thy bright anticipations might prove true.  
Alas, for their fulfilment ! Cold and still  
Lies the young, innocent heart that gave them birth !  
Dimmed are the eyes which kindled at those hopes  
With a divine expressiveness, as if  
The immortal soul were struggling for escape  
Through the translucent portals. Hush'd that voice

(Filt vehicle for youth's enchanting dreams !)  
 Whose melody, so tender and so strange,  
 Fell like Æolian numbers on the ear.  
 And that fine-moulded form—how true to grace  
 Its delicate expansion !—never more  
 Shall we behold it in its living beauty.  
 Thy hopes, thy fears, thy wrongs, thy loveliness,  
 Are buried all within thy early grave !

Cruel thy fate, oh lovely one ! and steeped  
 In bitterest agony thy life's brief span !  
 Compelled to hate where thou wouldst love and honor,  
 To shrink abhorring from those tender ties  
 Which nature and religion bade thee cherish ;  
 Baited by vice—clinging in desperation  
 To virtue's shrine, whence Infamy would drag thee ;  
 Traduced, insulted, driven forth an outcast,  
 Thou still wast strong in honor, and believed  
 The world would hold thee guiltless—but the shaft—  
 The lethal shaft\* was forging. Thou wast doomed.  
 Slander had coined a tale of foulest stamp.  
 In luckless hour it reached thee—such a tale  
 Of unimagined horror, as affrighted  
 Thy sensitive spirit and made life a frenzy !  
 And to the earth thou fell'st—thy heart was broken !

Enfranchised one ! guilt's poisonous atmosphere  
 Was round thee from thy hapless infancy ;  
 And yet, like some fair flower, that blooms serene  
 Amid corruption, innocent of taint,  
 Preserving its fair hues and fragrant odors,  
 Though springing from pollution ; so did'st thou  
 Retain the purity which Nature gave thee.  
 So did thy gentle spirit unfold its sweets,  
 Till from the fragile stalk, the opening bud  
 Was rent by the fierce blast, and borne, we trust,  
 To a purer clime, a more congenial soil !

\* " Hæret lateri lethalis arundo."

## ON THE EDUCATION OF THE EYE,

### AND THE INTRODUCTION OF LINEAR DRAWING INTO COMMON SCHOOLS.

ADDRESSED TO THE AMERICAN LYCEUM, BY WM. C. WOODBRIDGE.

#### PART I. ON THE IMPORTANCE OF EDUCATING THE EYE.

THE point seems at length universally conceded in our country, by those who have reflected on the subject, that the cultivation of the ear is an important part of education, if not essential to its completeness ; that music is a means of innocent amusement and moral improvement, to which the poor are entitled as well as the rich.

The cultivation of the eye is not less important in any respect ; and is far more essential in the daily occupations of life. Its partial education is a matter of necessity, for simple vision presents us only with forms, colors, and shades, without giving us any conception of distance. The child is compelled to learn by practice that he cannot touch every object he sees ; and the landscape doubtless appears to him at first, as it did to Caspar Hauser, a mere mixture of different colors and shades upon the window.

As a necessary consequence, the accuracy of the eye-measure\* (*"coup d'œil,"*) depends in a great degree upon the accidental circumstances of early life. The child of the city may have learned to estimate distances only by looking down or across the street, or by comparing houses and windows and doors ; and, when placed amidst the varying objects of the country, may have no accurate conception of distance, but suppose that it cannot be far to the setting sun. The country child, from the habit of measuring with his steps the greater distances of objects which he sees at the commencement of his walk, has far more distinct conceptions of the subject ; and, if he passes his life in the country, will calculate the distance of

\* We have no translation for the expressive term "*coup d'œil*," but rather than adopt a word which can never be accommodated to the orthography of our language, I have ventured to imitate the independence of the Germans, in the composition of a new term nearly equivalent.

the objects in view, with an accuracy which surprises a citizen, and which he can only imitate when he has ridden over the ground by the watch. The person whose occupation leads him continually to estimate distances, and to prove his accuracy by traversing them, necessarily acquires the greatest skill; and the coachman, the waggoner, and the sailor, are often obliged to smile at the conjectures of the unpractised, and still oftener to excite their astonishment by proving by experiment that the uneducated eye is a very unfaithful guide on such subjects. This truth, indeed, the weary limbs and disappointed hopes of a pedestrian or traveller often illustrate in a manner which makes him feel the value of a skill which he does not possess.

It is equally true that only the practised educated eye is capable of estimating form and magnitude with correctness. Both are intimately connected with distance, and it is impossible to decide accurately either on the size or shape of an object without some correct idea of its distance and position. But in relation to objects close at hand—who has not seen and envied the accurate eye of the draughtsman, the painter, the architect, the carpenter, and even the tailor?

The application of this species of skill is more universal than that which relates to sounds. There is scarcely an art or trade which can be practised, scarcely a business in life which can be carried on, without the capacity of observing accurately and remembering correctly the size and shape of objects. The carpenter, the mason, the smith of every kind are successful and valued in proportion to the justice of the eye-measure with which they collect and shape and connect the materials with which they work. The tailor, the shoemaker, and the milliner, who does not possess the skill, imprison or disfigure those they attempt to clothe or adorn; waste their materials and disappoint themselves. The dealer in such articles will often succeed or fail in proportion to his skill in estimating the magnitude and form of the articles he procures. Indeed, who has not often lost his time or his money, or disappointed himself or his friends, in making or purchasing something whose size and shape were utterly unsuited to the purpose for which it was designed?

The eye-measure is equally important to the cultivation of habits of order, so far as it relates to place; and when the habit is established in one particular, it becomes too useful and too agreeable to be neglected in other respects. The arrangement of the kitchen and the parlor, the wardrobe and the library, the shop and the warehouse, and the office—the ship and the fortress, and the public building, will be more or less orderly and agreeable in proportion to the justness of the eye-

measure of those who direct it. The very adjustment of the dress depends much upon it; and a glance at the person or the chamber of an individual, is often sufficient to show his capacity in this respect. How many do we see in whom the slovenly mode of covering themselves, and the utter irregularity and disorder of all that belongs to them, without the slightest consciousness on their part of any deficiency, furnishes decisive evidence that they have not the power, even to perceive that all is not right! There are, indeed, some to be found, in whom this negligence arises from pure indolence or absorption in other objects, and who perceive with pain the disagreeable aspect of things around them. But these cases are but exceptions; and the faculty in question, though not extinct, has been rendered torpid and inactive by the influence of other propensities.

To the mother of a family, who is called to practise so many of the occupations we have mentioned, and whose primary duty it is to be the presiding spirit in all the arrangements of the household and the person, the eye-measure is peculiarly important. You will be able to discover to what an extent she possesses it, not merely in the aspect of her house and the distribution of her furniture—in the appearance of her closets and store-rooms, and wardrobes and work-baskets—but in the very arrangement of her table and her dress; and among the frugal, industrious mothers of New England, in the form and set of the dress of her children, which she so seldom leaves to the direction of others. Every article of dress, which she shapes or makes for herself or any of her family, will serve as a proof of the correctness of her eye. Not unfrequently the straightness of the curves and the crookedness of the straight lines, and the want of correspondence, and consequent irregularity of portions that are united, and the want of adaptedness of the whole apparel to the shape or size of the individual for whom it was intended, show how much time and effort was lost for want of this faculty. If you inquire into the quantity or the remains of the materials employed, you will find a corresponding loss and waste, which would be spared entirely if they were an eye accustomed to estimate correctly the shape and size of the articles to be made.

When we go beyond the mere demands of necessity and common trades, and attempt to make any thing which involves invention or taste, the necessity of an accurate conception, of a nice and prompt judgment of magnitude and form, are indispensable to success. Without this, the mechanist would produce machines so cumbersome or so shapeless, as to be useless, or even ridiculous; and the artisan who aims to ornament and

to please the eye, will only excite laughter or disgust. Without this, we are equally incapable of judging and of enjoying the beauties of form and prospects, whether in the works of God or of man; and like the child, who is most attracted by that which is gorgeous and dazzling, we shall only appreciate the beauties of fine colors or the most striking forms. All that beautiful variety of shape and size, which the Creator has given to the animal and vegetable tribes, to the figure of the flower and to the very indentations of the leaf, is lost upon us, or absorbed in some vague ideas to which they are all reduced by our limited observations on this subject.

When the mechanic or the artist is called to imitate models, it is obviously of the highest importance to possess an accurate eye-measure. Without it he can do nothing with a free hand, but must always have his models and his scale of inches before him; and even then will be liable to gross mistakes. He can alter neither the form nor size of his work without risking the entire loss of his proportions, and thus rendering the product of his labor imperfect or deformed. Nay, he will be liable (like the Chinese artist who made a coat for a tall man, as long as the model which was given him belonging to a short man, or the other who carefully imitated the rents and patches) to perform his work in a manner which will be as ridiculous as it is useless.

In regard to articles in common use, these difficulties do not, indeed, often occur; because the models are nearly uniform, and the apprentice learns to construct them piece by piece, and proceeds almost mechanically in his labor. But whenever science, or health, or convenience, or economy demands some variation, even in articles in common use, who that has tried it does not know how difficult it is to find an artist who has the skill in judging of shape and size, and proportion, which is requisite; and how often the least order for a departure from the exact form of the original is followed by entire disappointment and failure! On the other hand, the high value which is placed on the mechanic, of whatever kind, who possesses this skill and judgment of the eye, and the constant demands and high prices for his labor, show that the cultivation of which I speak really is of that practical utility which is the sole object of some who aim at reforming education, and contributes to that *money getting*, which so many treat as the chief end of man, under the cover of this same title of "utility." Short-sighted utilitarianism! which esteems nothing useful that does not multiply the material treasures and enjoyments, and comforts "which perish in the using;" a system that counts as useless even that which invigorates the frame, through which alone we can act

upon, or enjoy material things, and especially that which elevates the character and enjoyments of the soul, that will survive the very elements of which its earthly habitation is composed ; that will rise triumphant from the conflagration which will overwhelm all that science and art have been able to construct on earth, and all that industry and economy have been able to accumulate in the successive generations of men. And yet I am ashamed to see this same narrow spirit of material utility not merely in the ordinary money-getting transactions of our country, and in the streets and quarters—I might almost say temples dedicated to the worship of Mammon—not merely in the management of the village schools, and the academy or the college erected “to draw money to the town ;” but the patrons and guardians of some institutions for education, who profess a desire to reform, to educate the body, the mind, and the heart at once, and to prepare the indigent as the objects and the agents of benevolence. Would that some prophetic voice could banish these tables of money-changers from temples dedicated to the cause of Christian charity ! But I trust they are gradually disappearing, and hope this spot will not long be left upon the mantle of benevolence.

Let it not be said that the cultivation of taste, in this respect, leads necessarily to expense and luxury ; on the contrary, it is an important index of good taste to admire beauty which is connected with simplicity and intrinsic value, rather than with that glittering and showy character which demands more expense, and ministers merely to vanity. Every observing traveller has remarked how the educated, wealthy, and noble of European countries differ from the mere possessor of money suddenly acquired, without the refined education which usually accompanies hereditary wealth—how often he is led to mistake the richly-dressed servant for the master—and how often the artizan’s wife and daughter quite outshine the family of their employer, on all ordinary occasions where the etiquette of court or of fashion does not call for a display. In short, the splendor and luxury of the great, who combine *cultivated taste* with *wealth* and *rank*, is limited to the places and occasions in which it was at least permitted under the Jewish economy. It is found almost exclusively in the structure and ornaments of their temples and palaces, and public monuments, or in their dress at the festivals, and the ceremonies on which they meet for social or public purposes, and where it is considered a mark of respect due to others as well as to their own station, to appear in splendid costumes, and to furnish costly entertainments on the same principle that the wedding garment was required of old, and its omission was considered a gross expression of con-

tempt. But the desire of display, the love of ornament, is not less powerful in the uncultivated than in others; and without the restraints of good taste, it exhibits itself in a manner not less expensive than ridiculous. The dress and ornaments which others wear only on great occasions, are displayed every day. In place of the simple beauty which the former seek, there is no end to the multiplication of colors, and forms, and gew-gaws; and every thing is valued, not in proportion to its intrinsic worth, but its glitter and cost. As an illustration of the extreme of this want of taste and its result, we may point to the savage chief who hangs about his person every rag of finery, every piece of metal and glass, every object of curiosity, which he has been able to beg or plunder from the civilized visitor; and we may trace it through every grade of wealth and cultivation—from the cook in her silks and satins, to the queen in her embroidered robes and splendid jewels, which the custom of ages compels her to wear, often with an aching head and a weary frame.

The effect of cultivating the taste *where there is the same degree of wealth*, will, almost without exception, be to diminish the love for mere finery, and the amount of expensive luxury. Let me not be understood as vindicating this actual luxury of the wealthy and the great. It is the imperfection of an order of things, or, to use the language applied to former days—of a “dispensation merely introductory to that simplicity to which Christianity tends;” but if God saw fit to admit it, nay, to encourage it by the splendor and expense which he directed in the construction and advancing of his own temple—he is, at least, *bold*, who absolutely *denounces* and *proscribes* it without regard to those same prejudices, and habits and feelings—that same imperfection which led *infinite wisdom* to allow, and even to sanction it of old—nay, to permit what the spirit of Christianity utterly forbids, because of the hardness of their hearts—to withhold lessons on many points, because they were not able to bear them.

It should not be forgotten that the loudest disclaimers against luxury in ornament and dress, are often those who have not the means of rivalling their wealthy neighbors; and that many of this character, who have attained wealth, have employed it even more extravagantly than others. Some, certainly, have maintained their principles; and the sincerity of others, at the moment, is not to be questioned; but they furnish evidence that they do not allow, in judging others, for the propensity of human nature which existed in themselves, and only needed a favorable occasion for its development. Many a Hazael might be pointed out in reference to this subject, who



once said, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" and even Diogenes, who so far surpassed his modern disciples, could still trample on Plato's *pride* (as he termed *his carpet*) with more pride than Plato. There is, however, an argument drawn from the works of the great artist, which would spare us all discussion of this kind. If beauty is not an object to be admired, to be sought for, to be imitated—why has he surrounded us on every side with models of beauty in every conceivable variety of form, and magnitude, and shade? Why has he adorned the useful plants, and spread out a rich curtain, which seems only destined to adorn the world? Why has he furnished the wing of the insect, and the fading flower which merely announces the fruit, with tissues and colors, and a splendor of beauty which art cannot imitate and wealth cannot purchase? Why did he form the sapphire and the ruby, and the emerald and the chalcedony, the jasper and the onyx? Did divine wisdom discover the proper use, when he ordered them to be inserted in the ornamental breast-plate of the high priest? Why did he permit the holy men who wrote under His own inspiration, to attend so much to these objects, and excite the interest of others in their beauty by the numerous and glowing descriptions of them contained in the Scriptures? Why has he given us the taste to admire and enjoy—the interest to seek for and to imitate beauty? No other propensity or instinct of man can be named, which in its proper place, and time, and measure, is not given to be exercised, and does not produce useful results to the body, or the mind, or the world; and why presume this one so comparatively harmless and innocent to be given only to be extinguished by stoical artificial apathy?

The abuse of the objects and the arts that cultivate the taste which contributed to the downfall of Rome, which renders Italy the feeble slave of foreign masters, and which introduced idolatry into the Christian church, made the innocent occasion of these evils an object of abhorrence to the reformers. It seems to have been supposed that nothing but a famine would correct the evils of excess; and, in place of merely curbing the licentiousness into which man had been led in the exercise of a noble faculty, by giving it its appropriate education and direction, and employing it in the service of virtue and religion, the attempt was made to extinguish it entirely. It was even proposed to exclude sacred music from the church, as being part and parcel of the same corrupt principle. A singular anecdote is related of Zuingle on this subject, which will serve to show how far an excellent man may be led astray by abstract reasoning without reference to *feeling*. After he had so happily begun the reformation in Zurich, he entered the council-

chamber one day, and requesting leave to present a petition, he commenced *singing* it! When he could no longer proceed on account of the peals of laughter which convulsed the assembly, he turned to them and said, "If it is not decorous to *sing a petition* to you, how can it be to God?"

Such an effort in regard to this, as in regard to every other fundamental principle of human nature, was in vain. It only served to banish a valuable aid from the service of religion, and leave it exclusively for those who sought to give pleasure, or attract admiration, or allure to evil—it was only to resign one of the strong-holds of the human heart to the exclusive direction of the agents of the animal or corrupt propensities.

But even Zuingle afterwards changed his views, and united with Luther and other reformers, who regarded sacred music as a most important auxiliary to devotion, and employed it as a means of spreading the truth and exciting the spirit of the Gospel. It has ever since been considered in every branch of the Christian church, except a few sects of very limited extent, an essential part of public worship and private devotion; and it is deemed not only allowable, but laudable to *cultivate the taste* in reference to sounds to the *highest degree* possible, and to "make melody" unto God with the voice. For those who adopt these views, it is a singular inconsistency to object on *religious grounds* to the cultivation of taste in respect to the objects of sight; and the "Friends," who exclude the beauties of music as well as of forms and colors, from the enjoyment of the devoted Christian, are the only consistent persons on this subject.

So far, however, from being attended with evil results, the cultivation of the taste will produce positive benefit. We must avoid the extremes into which Herbert fell, in confounding the moral sense with taste—in attempting to make beauty the basis of virtue. The one is occupied with moral relations, the other with sensible objects. Still the æsthetic principle, when fully developed, is a material aid to the moral one. The connexion of these subjects is like many other facts in our nature, not easy to explain, but not the less certain. Men of refined taste do not fall into *gross vice*, at least, so easily as others. It is also a resource, an aid, in resisting the sudden violence of passion and the seductions of appetite, when the feelings are too strongly excited to be affected by other motives.

On this subject Fellenburg observes, "For those who despise exercises in the arts, I could only wish the incontestible truth were impressed upon their minds, that a well-formed taste, a delicate æsthetic judgment, although it can never supply the defect of religious feeling, affords, on many occasions in life,

more assistance to human weakness than the colder convictions of moral duty; and that, like every thing which is intended to adhere indelibly to the character, it should be cultivated in the most careful and thorough manner.

"In employing music and design to improve the taste, the study of both should be carefully regulated. Every thing of a voluptuous nature should be excluded with the utmost care. All excitement or excessive attachment to these subjects should be equally avoided, or immediately corrected. They must be regarded not as the *essentials*, but as the *accessories* to the character; not as the *end*, but the *means*. Paintings or music, which excite the feelings strongly, should be presented with caution; but even these are occasionally useful. They serve as so many experiments to show the pupil his own character and the emotions of which he is susceptible. The motive presented to the individual for the cultivation and exhibition of his taste, should be, on the one hand, the improvement of his own character, the provision of a new sense, for discovering and enjoying the objects which God has provided for its gratification; and, on the other hand, that love to our neighbor, which leads us to seek and *employ every means to promote his happiness.*"

I was struck by the correspondence of these views with a remark of the late venerable Dr. Dwight. "The great object of divine benevolence is the happiness of his creatures, and he who promotes the happiness of a little child for an hour, is a fellow-worker with God." By means of these acquisitions the man of cultivated taste may fill up the moments in which those around him are overcome with weariness or worn down with care; he may refresh their minds with imitations of the beauties of nature, or something which may serve as a substitute, when they are covered with the gloom of night, or buried in the temporary death of winter. He may soothe their hours of pain and distress, and lighten the daily trials of life, by scattering here and there a flower of beauty in moments when the mind is too feeble or too much oppressed to avail itself of higher consolations. He may often dissipate or lighten that cloud of gloom, which is at once the cause and the consequence of physical debility, and aid in preserving a friend from sinking into bodily exhaustion or mental despair. It is on this principle that a pupil should be taught to exhibit taste in his *dress*, his *habitation*, and every thing which surrounds him. He should feel himself bound as really to bestow the moments of pleasure which this affords to the eye, as the more important gifts which benevolence dictates. He should consider himself as really (though not as greatly) culpable, when he produces unnecessary and unpleasant sensations

by his negligence, as when he had produced greater and more serious pain.

I have thus endeavored to prove that the eye has equal claims to education with the ear, that those who cultivate the taste in reference to sounds, cannot consistently neglect to prepare it to estimate and enjoy the objects of sight. But I have also attempted to illustrate its superior practical value in life, and the higher claims which it necessarily has on the utilitarian spirit of our countrymen, and to show how important is the eye-measure, which results from a thorough education of this organ to the success of the mechanic in almost every branch of ordinary trades—how essential it is to the inventor or the imitator of new machines—how much it contributes to decency and order in the family and the person—how essential it is to the mother of the family, (often deemed the least in need of such cultivation,) in the various duties to which she is called. I have also alluded to the superiority, which a correct estimate of form and magnitude gives in the common transactions of life, and the inconvenience and loss we often experience from the want of it in making or purchasing articles utterly unfit for the place or the purpose for which they were procured. No man better than an editor can estimate the value of a good eye-measure in the most common and valuable art of civilized life; for he labors for years through endless variety of irregularities in the shape and size of the letters, and the crookedness of the lines, in which ideas are often transmitted only to bewilder the printer, and bring mortification on the author. In nothing is the happy effect of the culture of the eye more visible than in the regularity, and neatness, and legibility of the hand-writing; nothing is a more agreeable recommendation to a correspondent, while there are few things more fitted to excite displeasure or disrespect towards an unknown individual, than the awkward characters and crooked lines of a bad writer. But there is an economy of time and labor, too, which are of far more consequence; and it is to be hoped that since fashion has taken off the ridiculous interdict which forbade the wealthy and literary to write well lest they should be suspected of having been "in trade," there will be less encouragement to torment the eyes of readers, in order to prove one's genius or consequence.

## REVIEWS.

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*Gleanings in Europe*—Italy, by an American, in two volumes..  
Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

THERE is less egotism, less assumption, and less ill-nature in these than in the former volumes of the series, which we had occasion to notice in the latter part of last year. Mr. Cooper is very loth to omit any available opportunity for the indulgence of his spleen; and he should be commended, in the present instance, for venting it freely upon his own countrymen instead of the natives of Italy, whose present state of apathy is such, that we doubt whether they could be excited into any considerable degree of indignation, even by the sneers of so celebrated an American author. The delicious article in the London Quarterly Review on Mr. Cooper's English Gleanings proved most irrefragably, that, with all his republican dogmatism, and insolence, and low-breeding, his abuse of his brother Jonathan far exceeded that, gross as it was, with which he bespattered John Bull. The present volumes are equally conclusive on this point; and we shall presently demonstrate that his own country and his own countrymen are the particular objects of his scorn and contempt. On hearing this, the question naturally arises—If such be his emotions, why does he remain here? Why does he not return to his admired Italy? Why does he waste the fruits of his genius on money-getters and money-lenders? Why does he not write and publish his magnificent works in French, or Italian, or Spanish? We beg leave to suggest that he decamp forthwith, and take his publishers with him. The country would have a happy riddance of both; for the trash of the writer is put forth in a form quite as trashy, and both are equally disgusting to a person who likes to read good sense correctly and neatly printed. The typography of the work is as replete with errors as the statements which it contains are distorted and false. Were we in the habit of using forcible dictionary words to express our meaning, after the straight-forward and somewhat forcible manner of Blackwood's Magazine in its palmiest days, we should simply assert to the public,—

"Mr. James Fennimore Cooper is a blackguard and a slanderer." We object, however, to such epithets, and therefore shall not make use of them; not prohibiting our readers from doing so, however, should they perceive the appositeness of their application during the progress of our remarks.

Before proceeding to our partial analysis of the badly-printed books on our table, we shall fairly state that we are, and always have been, pre-eminently displeased with the author. This displeasure has been aggravated into most unmitigated dislike, since we have read and heard the calumnies on the memory of Sir Walter Scott, which he has vented since the appearance of Lockhart's *Life* and the well-known article in the *Quarterly*. We state—and with positive knowledge—that *Mr. Cooper has asseverated openly that Sir Walter Scott died a drunkard*. Every man, who respects the illustrious memory of the great literary benefactor of his race, should make common cause in compelling the defamer to eat his words—words slanderous, false, and malignant. We trust that the slander will reach the ears of Sir Walter's friends in England (and they are *all* the reading public), so that the utterer of it may be soundly whipt of justice whenever he bares himself to the lash by cobbling up his old journals into the shape of a book. We shall do our devoir in this way according to our feeble ability—although fully aware of the fact that the flagellation will not be effectual, since Mr. Cooper is supplied with a healing unguent in his own vanity, which seems to be more miraculously inexhaustible than the oil in the widow's cruise.

He writhed, however, most tortuously under the magnificent flogging of the *Quarterly*; and we most fervently trust the same hand and the same thongs are ready for a new and lustier infliction. There is great consolation in the fact, that if this most potent author does indeed feel all the indifference which he pretends, and does not so much as wince under his constant gallings, the public, on whom he and his publishers depend for the sale of his furbished-up epistolary wares, and for whom he constantly expresses the fullest contempt, enjoy such drum-head exhibitions with a most provoking relish. Facts are mules that are obstinate, even under such a masterly rider as Mr. Cooper; and he may tug in vain to force a bridle in their mouths, by help whereof he shall be able to rein them round. The facts are, that his talkings and writings, assisted by certain judicious criticisms and editorial remarks, have nearly or quite ruined his reputation in this country. Let his booksellers deny, if they dare, that they are now afraid to publish the new productions of an author, each one of which they used to consider as a little fortune in itself; they would now hesitate to pay five hundred dollars for a copyright for which they would sooner have ventured, five years ago, to pay five thousand. His "*Gleanings in Europe*" may all of them be found in quantities on back-shelves "in lots to suit" trunk-makers. We doubt very much if the new novel will find a free market. It may be good, excellent, like the author's best efforts of old; it may

be unincumbered by any of his faults—such as dullness, droningness, poverty of thought garbed in loose rags of expression ; it may be a deeply interesting story, enough to make the reputation of a parvenu author ; still we do not believe that it will sell. As much as Mr. Cooper despises the American spirit of gain, we doubt very much whether he will not look with considerable chagrin at the right-hand side of Messrs. Carey, Lea and Blanchard's ledger on the day of settlement. We feel sure that the copyright has not been purchased. Lady Charlotte Bury's American publishers are not such fools as "that comes to."

From what we have just said, it will be perceived, that, as thoroughly as we despise the character of our author as it looms through the mists of his overshadowing arrogance and absurd pretensions, displayed every where in his conversation and in most of his later writings, we do not deny to him the credit of remarkable talent in the collection and arrangement of interesting incidents in romantic forms. Other talents he has none above the ordinary level. We have heard his descriptions called graphic. To persons familiar with the scenes portrayed, they may be so ; but to a stranger they convey no distinct image and leave no ineffaceable impression. The reader, being by this time pretty well informed of the kind of estimation in which we hold James Fennimore Cooper, Esq., we will detain him no longer from the *Gleanings in Italy* ; but give him the result of our own siftings and thrashings out, of fifty bushels of chaff from two grains of wheat.

We commenced by saying, that there was "less egotism, less assumption, and less ill-nature in these than in former volumes." True ; but less though there be, there is sufficient to weigh down the merit of fifty such rifacimentos of old travelling reminiscences. In his first "letter" he sets out from Milan on the 15th of October—in what year of grace is not mentioned—and arrives at Bologna. Of the former place we gather the important intelligence that "military patrols march the streets at night," and that there were "many people with *goitres* in the streets ;" and of the latter, that its "pictures gave great satisfaction ;" but are "such *things*" as from their hackneyed character are not worth "entering into details about"—that "wax-work preparations are odious as spectacles"—and that it shows "noble remains of its former wealth, learning, and importance." We become seized of two more highly important deductions on the journey between these two cities. The one is, that "ten frogs are consumed in Italy for one in France ;" and the other, that the "battle of Lodi was no great shakes !" Now this is too bad. Since the Emperor Nap. has been dead and out of the way this many a long year, we should really suppose that equally great men ought to be ashamed to be plucking off the hard-earned leaves of laurel which the chisel of the sculptor has fastened in marble copy on his brow. Was the author of the *Bravo* so discontented with his own planet-wreath of immortality, that he must needs gouge out the small star of Napoleon's glory from the firmament of fame ? Ungenerous

man! Hereafter will the victories of the Little Corporal be regarded as no better than the Indian skirmishes, so glowingly described in "the Last of the Mohicans." You see—the Austrians were in full retreat when the French army came up to the bridge. The way they were "cutting stick" was curious. They had lugged off all their artillery, and had not a piece of ordinance which could be brought to bear; for if they had had even an old rusty eighteen-pounder, they would have blown every son of a gun of a beggarly Frenchman sky-high. Because why? "It would have been impossible to cross the bridge under the fire of batteries of *any force that were in the least well managed*;" and moreover, "the bridge is six or eight hundred (mark the accuracy!) feet in length," and the stream under it "a good deal disfigured by sand-banks." What can be more conclusive? How could an army of Frenchmen, led on by Nappy Bonaparte, cross a narrow bridge over a stream that had sand-banks, if any sort of a battery could have peppered away at them? The idea is preposterous. It follows clearly, that the Austrians were streaking it like yellow-legs, and that all Napoleon had to do was to quietly walk over the bridge in pursuit. Hence, like all the rest of Napoleon's battles, this of the Bridge of Lodi was only fought in the grandiloquent bulletins. What a summary way of using up a gentleman's reputation! We wonder if the legions of France crossed the Alps in the bulletins and made the Russians burn Moscow on paper.

Now for sneer, number one, at things in general in the United States of America. Speaking of the bas-reliefs which he saw on an old Gothic church in Parma, Mr. Cooper pleasantly remarks, "This is almost as bad as the bas-reliefs in the rotunda of the Capitol. But the nations have their Gothic ages, though it is to be hoped that our's is to precede and not to follow the Golden." Face-tious remark that! very charming! Next to abusing your mother, we can conceive of no more elegant recreation than that of vilifying your country. Our author indulges constantly in this vein, and if he cannot strike it naturally, goes marvellously out of his way to find it. For instance, "The Tuscans seem full of sentiment; and though the poor, as is the case all over the continent of Europe, are very poor, the class above them have as much satisfaction, I fancy, as *they who dream dollars and talk dollars from* "the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same."! Sneer, number two, that! ap-positely introduced. Now that we have soiled our fingers, let us go through the dirtiest part of our dirty work, and by passages selected at random, exhibit the utter contempt in which we are regarded by our illustrious fellow-citizen, the great American novelist. Speaking of a certain Count de V——, whom he "met in America just before leaving *home* (!)" he remarks, "This Gentleman went through the United States, tablets in hand, seeming to be dissatisfied with himself if he quitted one of our common-place towns with a hospital (printed *hispital*) unexplored, a mineral unregistered, a church unexamined. (Mark the "concatenation accordingly," a *hospital*, a *mineral* and a *church*!) It struck me at



the time that he was making a toil of a pleasure, ESPECIALLY IN A COUNTRY THAT HAS SO LITTLE WORTH EXAMINING !” Put that in your pipes and smoke it, ye virtuously indignant patriot-reviewers ; ye ravers at Mrs. Trollope, ye abusers of Basil Hall ! Did John Bull in America ever say that ? *Little in the country worth examining !* Mr. Paulding was wrong in making the travelling Englishman say that our thunder was “ very respectable thunder for a new country.” Our mountains are nothing, our lakes nothing ! (this Mr. Cooper afterwards as much as asserts) our glorious institutions are nothing ! our gigantic system of internal improvement nothing ! Hide your diminished head, M. De Tocqueville, for daring to *prove* the contrary !

New-York is our amiable traveller’s especial aversion. “ New-York which is four times as large as Florence and ten times as rich, does not possess a tithe—nay, not even a hundredth part, of its attractions.” Wonderful ! that an immense city, in a country two centuries old, should not be as full of works of art as a little one in regions that lay under the earliest dawn of civilization. “ By the powers !” said Pat, “ here is my little bit of a watch, not bigger than a potato, has beat that mighty big clock on St. Paul’s two hours and a quarter !”

On page 153, Vol. I. we are told that “ the harbor of New-York is barely pretty.” We will quote a page or two where this occurs, as reference is made not only to New-York, but to American scenery in general. He is speaking of the bay of Naples :

“ ‘ What dunce first thought of instituting a comparison between the bay of New-York and this ? ’ It is scarcely possible for two things composed of the same elements to be less alike, in the first place ; nor are their excellencies the same in a single essential point. The harbor of New-York is barely pretty ; there being, within my own knowledge, some fifty ports that equal, or surpass it, even, in beauty. These may not be in England, a country in which we seek every standard of excellence ; but the Mediterranean alone is full of them. No one would think of applying the term pretty, or even handsome, to the Bay of Naples ; it has glorious and sublime scenery, embellished by a bewitching softness. Neither the water nor the land is the same. In New-York the water is turbid and of a dullish green color, for in its purer moments, it is, at the best, of the greenish hue of the entire American coast ; while that of the Bay of Naples has the cerulean tint and limpidity of the ocean. At New-York, the land, low and tame, in its best months offers nothing but the verdure and foliage of spring and summer, while the coast of this gulf, or bay, are thrown into the peaks and faces of grand mountains, with the purple and rose-colored tints of a pure atmosphere and a low latitude. If New-York does possess a sort of back-ground of rocks, in the Palisades, which vary in height from three to five hundred feet, Naples has a natural wall, in the rear of the Campania Felice, among the Apennines, of almost as many thousands. This is speaking only of nature. As regards artificial accessories, to say nothing of recollections, the shores of this bay are teeming with them of every kind ; not Grecian monstrosities, and Gothic absurdities in wood, but palaces, villas, gardens, towers, castles, cities, villages, churches, convents, and hamlets, crowded in a way to leave no point fit for the eye unoccupied, no picturesque sight unimproved. On the subject of the scale on which these things are done, I will only say, that we tacked the *feduccia*, in beating up to the town, under the empty windows of a ruined palace, whose very base is laved by the water, and whose stones would more than build all the public works on the shores of our own harbor, united.

“ The public mind in America has got to be so sickly on such subjects, that men

shrink from telling the truth; and many of our people not only render themselves, but some render the nation, ridiculous, by the inflated follies to which they give utterance. I can safely say, I never have seen any twenty miles square of Lower Italy, if the marshes and campaigns be excepted, in which there is not more glorious scenery than I can recall in all those parts of America with which I am acquainted. Our lakes will scarcely bear any comparison with the finer lakes of Upper Italy; our mountains are insipid as compared with these, both as to hues and forms; and our seas and bays are not to be named with these. If it be patriotism to deem all our geese swans, I am no patriot, nor ever was; for, of all species of sentiments, it strikes me that your 'property patriotism' is the most equivocal. Be on your guard against the statements of certain low political adventurers, who are as notorious for abusing every thing American, while in Europe, as they are for extolling them, when in America."

That last is a sensible observation, though, as for mistaking geese for swans, Mr. Cooper is a living example of a constant mistake of the kind. There is it least *one* American goose that he mistakes for a swan.

We will go back a little, and accompany Mr. Cooper upon the visits which he condescended to make in Florence. The description of these forcibly reminds us of those with which we are regaled in "England by an American." There were two amateur theatres in Florence, "at the head of one of which is Lord B——, and at the head of the other Lord N——." At one of the theatrical exhibitions at one of these establishments,

"One of the players sang, with a good deal of humor, a comic song, that attempted to delineate national traits. There was a verse or two appropriated to the English, the French, the Germans, &c. &c. and the *finale* was an American. The delineations of all the first were common-place enough; the humor consisting chiefly in the mimicry, the ideas themselves having no particular merit. But the verse for the American seemed to be prepared with singular care, and was given with great unction. It represented a quasi Western man, who is made to boast that he is the lad to eat his father, whip his mother, and to achieve other similar notable exploits. I do not know that I am absolutely destitute of an appreciation of wit or humor, but certainly, it struck me this attempt was utterly without either. It was purely an exaggerated and coarse caricature, positively suited only to the tastes of a gallery in a sea-port town. The other verses had been laughed at, as silly drollery, perhaps; but this was received with—how shall I express it?—a *yell of delight* would not be a term too strong!

"No one is more ready to give proper credit to the just-mindedness and liberality of a portion of the English than myself: but the truth would not be told, were I to leave you under the impression that their tone prevails even among the better classes of their society, in relation to ourselves. You will remember that this song was not given to the pit or galleries of an ordinary theatre, but to a society in which there were none beneath the station of gentlemen, and that I should deem this caricature altogether beneath the intelligence and breeding of the company, were it not for the singular rapture with which it was greeted. It is a much more laughable commentary on this extraordinary scene, that, just as it was finished, the Count di—— leaned over and whispered to me that the dislike and 'jealousy' (I use his own words) of the English for the Americans seemed inappeasable! I observed that the side of the room that was chiefly occupied by the people of rank was mute, the nobles maintaining a cold and polished indifference; but in the other end of the *sala*, which was filled with half-pay officers and the *oi polloi* of the travellers, the *yell* was quite suited to the theme. One might have fancied it the murdered father shrieking under the knife of the parricidal son."

Now, in spite of this tremendous figure of speech, we are inclined to the opinion that "the yell of delight" was uttered in consequence of the superior humor of the imitation of the Western man to that of the European oddities. They had probably heard the latter a hundred times, and the American "take-off" alone had an air of novelty. Here is reason enough, without attributing the yell to an explosion of hatred towards the Yankees. Mr. Cooper is himself constantly exhibiting that extreme sensitiveness which he is so ready to ridicule in his countrymen abroad.

The second visit in Florence was to the Grand Duke. Omitting the tedious, introductory, narrative portion, we come to two or three pages, high seasoned with selfishness and absurdity. We regale our readers with an extract, and, without italicising, leave them to make due emphasis where it is needed :

"With one of his questions, which was personal to myself, I was both startled and amused. '*De quel pays êtes vous, vraiment ?*' he asked, laying particular emphasis on the last word. Had he not discovered too much knowledge of America previously, I might have suspected the old difficulty of color was a stumbling-block; but as this was out of the question, suspicion was drawn another way. I believe the simple solution of this unusual question to be as follows:—Not long before, I had taken an opportunity to expose the motives and policy, that had given rise to the systematic and enduring abuse of the English press on America. Any one might have accomplished this duty, for such it had actually become; but favored by circumstances, my own publication had made its way in Europe, where most American books would never have penetrated. As a matter of course, I had been blackguarded,—for the Anglo-Saxon race seems to take natural refuge in blackguarding when it can neither refute or disprove. By way of weakening my testimony, a report had been industriously circulated that I was a renegade Englishman, and an honest indignation for unmerited national calumny was ingeniously imputed to personal disaffection and personal discontent. As half-a-dozen of these rumors had fallen under my eyes in the public journals, I was at no loss to understand the drift of the grand duke's inquiry; and this the more especially, as he awaited the answer with evident curiosity. Determined to set him right on this subject, which if of no importance to the state of Tuscany, was of some importance to myself, I told him, with commendable particularity, I was a native of the small state of New Jersey, a territory lying between the two great states of Pennsylvania and New-York; though a citizen of the latter from infancy. He wished to know if New Jersey was an original state, and whether my father had not been an Englishman. On this hint, I added that my family had migrated to America in 1679, from England certainly, but I had every reason to believe that I was the first member of it, in the direct line, who had been out of the country since; and, moreover, that Pennsylvania, New-Jersey, and New-York were original states in the heart of America, and that more than a hundred men of my name and blood were at this moment among their citizens. I believe this satisfied the grand duke: for so general is the disgust created by the English system of calumniating, that I have often had occasion to observe that the inhabitants of other countries are usually pleased to find the islanders put in the wrong.

"It was not an easy matter to answer all the questions of this prince without misleading him, for etiquette prevented more than direct and brief replies. He was curious on the subject of luxury, and had many exaggerated notions concerning the magnificence of our nation. He seemed surprised when I told him we had no scenery to compare with that of the Mediterranean, and that nearly all of the American coast, in particular, was tame and uninteresting: 'But your lakes?' 'Are large, sir, without question; but so large as to resemble views of the ocean, and with coasts that are far from striking. We have many beautiful little lakes, it is true, but nothing to compare with those of Italy and Switzer-

land.' 'Your rivers?'—'Are large and beautiful.' 'And your mountains?'—'Are much inferior to those of Tuscany, even.'

"But I cannot recall all that passed in this long conversation, of whose outline, rather than of its details, I have endeavored to give you some idea. It terminated with the usual expressions of civility on the part of the grand duke, and the hope that Tuscany would prove an agreeable residence to us. Throughout the entire evening, I was under the impression that I had been treated with more than usual distinction, on account of my country; a source of distinction so very novel in Europe, that I deem it worthy of being recorded."

What an outbreak of hatred towards the English! "The Anglo-Saxon race takes refuge in blackguarding." Does it, James Fennimore? Therein you yourself differ; for "blackguarding" does not seem to be your "refuge," but a pretty constant, natural employment. You are also given to another propensity, quite as gentlemanly. Could you not vent your bile against your country, by falsifying about something else except her scenery? Our lakes cannot compare to those of Italy and Switzerland! Our mountains are inferior to those of Tuscany! You gave the Grand Duke a contemptible opinion of your country if he was simpleton enough to believe you—a very contemptible opinion; and there was only one stronger feeling with which you must have inspired him,—we mean, contempt for yourself!

Tired of the task of reading these books, we hasten to conclude our notice; and, before mentioning those portions which are worthy of commendation, we will wind up our author's sneers and scoffs at his own country, by giving a sapient number of reflections, which he arrays in the form of a parallel between Rome and New-York. He evidently thinks the latter place in the "best repair," but gives preference to the former. He would also prefer to live in Rome and to have been born there, and would "rather be a dog and bay the moon than such a Roman" as *New-York* is. Good! We give our consent in the name of the Gothamites. We can dispense with the personal presence of our "great novelist," and content ourselves with the sight of his statues in the market-places. Should he prefer, however, the glory of a forcible to that of a peaceable exit from our city, his political brethren, the Loco Focos, would be induced, no doubt, for a consideration, to furnish him with a charger in the shape of a rail, and a full parade-dress of tar and feathers.

"On my mind, the comparison between Rome, as she now is, and one of our own large towns, has irresistibly forced itself on all such occasions. New-York, for instance, and the Rome of to-day, are absolutely the moral opposites of each other; almost the physical opposites too. One is a town of recollections, and the other a town of hopes. With the people of one, the disposition is to ruminate on the past; with the people of the other, to speculate eagerly on the future. This sleeps over its ruins, while that boasts over its beginnings. The Roman glorifies himself on what his ancestors have been, the American on what his posterity will be.

"These are the more obvious points of difference—such as lie on the surface; but there are others that enter more intimately into the composition of the two people. The traditions of twenty centuries have left a sentiment on the mind of the Roman, which a colonial and provincial history of two has never awakened in the Manhattanese. The people who now live within the walls of Rome are a

fragment of the millions that once crowded her streets and Forums; whereas, they who bustle through the avenues of New-York would have to hunt among themselves to find the children of the burghers of the last generation. *Rome*, like *Troy*, was; but it does not seem that *New-York*, though accumulating annually her thousands, is ever to be.

"The learned, the polished, the cultivated of every people flock to Rome, and pay homage to her arts, past and present; while the inhabitant still regards them as the descendants of the barbarians. Money on one side, and necessity on the other, are gradually changing this contempt; but traces of the feeling are still easily discovered. An American, here, had occasion to prefer a request to this government lately, and the functionary addressed was told by a Roman that the applicant would be sustained by his countrymen. 'What is America but a country of ships?' was the haughty answer. What is a ship to a cameo?"

"We are deemed barbarians by many here who have less pretensions than the Romans to be proud. They who crowd our marts appear there only for gain, and they bring with them little besides their money, and the spirit of cupidity. A Roman, in his shop, will scarcely give himself the trouble to ascend a ladder to earn your *scudo*; but let it be known in Gath that one has arrived having gold, and he becomes the idol of the hour. Nothing saves his skin but the fact that so many others come equally well garnished.

"Rome is a city of palaces, monuments, and churches, that have already resisted centuries; New-York, one of architectural expedients, that die off in their generations, like men. The Roman is proud of his birth-place, proud of the past, satisfied with the present, proud of being able to trace his blood up to some consul perhaps. In New-York, so little is ancestry, deeds, or any thing but money esteemed, that nearly half of her inhabitants, so far from valuing themselves on family, or historical recollections, or glorious acts, scarcely know to what nation they properly belong. While the descendants of those who first dwelt on the Palatine cling to their histories and traditions with an affection as fresh as if the events were of yesterday, the earth probably does not contain a community in which the social relations, so far as they are connected with any thing beyond direct and obvious interests, set so loosely as on that of New-York.

"Which of these two people is the happiest, I said to myself, as my eye roamed over the tale-fraught view; 'they who dream away existence in these recollections, or they who are so eager for the present as to compress the past and the future into the day, and live only to boast, at night, that they are richer than when the sun rose on them in the morning?' The question is not easily answered; though I would a thousand times rather that my own lot had been cast in Rome, than in New-York, or in any other mere trading town that ever existed. As for the city of New-York, I would 'rather be a dog and bay the moon, than such a Roman.'

"The Roman despises the Yankee, and the Yankee despises the Roman;—one because the other is nothing but a man who thinks only of the interests of the day; and this, because that never seems to think of them at all. The people of the Eternal City are a fragment of the descendants of those who, on this precise spot, once ruled the world; of men surrounded by remains that prove the greatness of their forefathers; of those to whom lofty feelings have descended in traditions, and who, if they do not rise to the level of the past themselves, do not cease to hold it in remembrance: while the great emporium of the West is a congregation of adventurers, collected from the four quarters of the earth, that have shaken loose every tie of birth-place, every sentiment of nationality or of historical connexion; that know nothing of any traditions except those which speak of the Whittingtons of the hour, and care less for any greatness but that which is derived from the largeness of inventories. The first are often absurd, by confounding the positive with the ideal; while the last never rises far enough above the lowest of human propensities, to come within the influence of any feeling above that which marks a life passed in the constant struggle for inordinate and grasping gain.—'Dollar, dollar, dollar, dollar; lots, lots, lots, lots!'

"I repeat, that the earth does not contain two towns that, in their histories, habits, objects, avocations, origins, and general characters, are so completely the converse of each other, as Rome and New-York. If the people of these two places could be made, reciprocally, to pass a year within each other's limits, the com-

munion would be infinitely salutary to both; for while one party might partially awake from its dream of centuries, the other might discover that there is something valuable besides money."

The commendable parts of these volumes are the particular descriptions of the volcanic inundations of Pompeii and Herculaneum—the passage in which the process of unrolling and transcribing old manuscripts is narrated—and the truly-enlightened views, so inconsistent with the prejudiced character of the author's mind, which are presented of Roman Catholicism. These by no means redeem the work, but they make it worth looking into; and if our readers can, by expending their rage over this review, get into a moderate state of calmness, they may as well, if they can find nothing better to do of a hot afternoon, screw their courage up to a sticking-place, and attempt the perusal of these scanty gleanings of travel—long hoarded, but now tied up in bundles and tumbled out on the public by that most unjustly persecuted object of the malice of the Holy Alliance, James Fennimore Cooper, Esq., of Cooperstown, State of New-York, in the barbarous United States of America,—“a country where there is little worth examining” save and except the above-mentioned foe to despotism, “James Fennimore Cooper, Esq.; who may be seen by the curious in wild animals, of a pleasant morning at one of the Broadway book-stores, intently engaged in the perusal of his own works.

N. B. We most solemnly disclaim having had any interview with the Prince de Joinville previous to the preparation of this notice; his royal father communicated through him to us no instruction on the subject. We desire, therefore, once more to exonerate the French Government from all blame in this matter; it grieves us, however, to be unable to contradict the report that the Great Western brought to the Editors of the American Monthly Magazine secret despatches from Lord Palmerston, in which he communicates the express and earnest desire of her Illustrious Majesty, Victoria 1st, that we should proceed to counteract, by a well-directed article, the serious effects to be apprehended from Mr. James Fennimore Cooper's abuse of the English nation.

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*The Origin, Progress, and Prospects of Steam Navigation across the Atlantic.* With plates, 12mo. pp. 76. New-York: Wiley and Putnam.

Now that this great enterprise is fairly established in success—now that the theories of dogmatisers and doubters, including those of Dr. Lardner himself, have been triumphantly steamed into thin air, and the two hemispheres brought within fourteen days' paddling of each other, may give a friendly nod of recognition as ‘visiting acquaintance;’ it may not be out of place to preserve here a few leading facts in the history of this remarkable event.

Every body knows that the passage of the Atlantic by steam was achieved long before the voyage of the *Sirius*, viz. by the *Savannah*, in 1819. This seems to have been the first, and, until recent times, the only enterprise of the kind; although we have it on record that "twenty years before Fulton built his first boat, Fitch, of Philadelphia, boldly *predicted* the future navigation of the Atlantic by steam!" This, however, was merely prophecy; and he who thus saw the shadow of coming events, was of course called crazy. We have the impression that the steam frigate *Fulton* (which was blown up by gunpowder at Brooklyn some years since) once crossed to Europe, but we have no data of the fact.

The *Savannah* was a private enterprise of a New-York merchant, Daniel Dodd; built by Francis Ficket, and the engine by Stephen Vail, of Morristown, N. J. We are not informed of her dimensions, or much of her first voyage; but at any rate she made the coast of Ireland under the command of Capt. Moses Rogers, of Groton, Conn., and an amusing story is told of her being taken for a vessel on fire—of the wonder excited by seeing her come up against wind and tide under bare poles—of her receiving relief and sundry shots; with an unceremonious visit from a sloop of war repelled by threats of the 'hot-water engine:' and how the strange craft got up to Liverpool amidst the cheers of thousands of people, and was visited by all ranks and orders during her stay of twenty-five days. It was whispered, indeed, that the design of the adventurous Yankee was to take Napoleon from St. Helena, and get the reward offered by Jerome; but this does not clearly appear. After astonishing the natives of England, he pushed off for Copenhagen and Stockholm; had a visit from King Bernadotte and his grantees, gave them a dinner on board, took in Lord Lyndock as passenger, and was off again to call on the Czar at St. Petersburg. There he had more visits and presents of plate and snuff-boxes from the great folks; turned about to Copenhagen and Norway, and thence returned to Savannah, where he arrived safely in twenty-five days. The *Savannah* made a second voyage, going round to Constantinople, and there the Captain got more presents from the Grand Seignor.\* During these voyages she used Liverpool coal, and only worked her engines when unable to go four miles an hour with sails. The experiment seems to have been perfectly successful, and the *Rip Van Winkle* slumbers which succeeded, are now unaccountable. Nothing seems to have been done, projected, or predicted on the subject for the next ten years at least. And who deserves most credit for reviving and perfecting the scheme to practical success, it is difficult to say. Perhaps the honor should be divided. If we follow dates in order, we find by the pamphlet before us that Ithiel Town, of this city, (well known as an architect, and the possessor of the most curious and valuable library in the United States) made known in 1830, and published in 1832, the details of a plan for navigating the

\* She was afterwards wrecked on Long Island.

Atlantic by steam ships of large tonnage ; and this plan is an exact description of what was subsequently accomplished. So visionary, however, was the scheme deemed even then, that Mr. Town dared not endorse the article with his name ; and the subject remained in statu quo two years longer. We next find that in 1834 Capt. Nathan Cobb, of New-York, decided upon actually attempting the experiment, and he applied for legislative patronage without success ; but nevertheless he contracted for machinery invented on a fuel-saving principle by Phineas Bennett of Ithaca, and built the boat to receive it. The machinery, instead of being ready in Nov. 1836 as promised, was not completed until the Rubicon had been passed and the Sirius arrived in our harbor. This is the sum of what has been done on this side ; and whether these doings gave any hint to our elder brethren in England, we cannot say ; it is at least probable. Petty jealousy about the honor of being first, though very natural, is scarcely worth indulging ; yet we must indulge a little patriotic vanity and satisfaction in the consoling fact that the plan for the company which sent the first steamer to our shores from Europe, was set on foot and carried into effect by an American, viz., JUNIUS SMITH, a native of Plymouth, Conn. This was in 1835. His letter to his friends in this city, in which he relates his difficulties in getting the subject fairly before the British public, is given in the pamphlet. 'London,' he says 'is the worst place in the world to bring out a new thing—the best when it is done. £100,000 is but a drop to the great monied interest of London. The difficulty is to induce these drops to flow in a new channel. Do this, and they come in a flood.' Mr. Smith did do this, and the result was the formation of 'the British and American Steam Navigation Company,—capital £1,000,000 in 10,000 shares of £100 each.' The keel of the Victoria, now the 'British Queen,' of 1900 tons, was immediately laid ; and until her completion, the Dublin steamer Sirius was chartered as a pioneer. The Bristol enterprise was meanwhile under weigh, and the Great Western, planned and owned entirely in that venerable and rather sleepy old port, was ready for the 'exploring expedition' a few days after her rival. Our readers all know the result—the arrival of the Sirius in nineteen and the Western in fifteen days—the festivities, and toasts and speeches, and the newspaper accounts thereof. "The generous and enthusiastic welcome," says the London Athenæum, "with which the officers of the Sirius and Great Western were received at New-York does honor to the American people ; every possible testimony of respect and hearty good-will were shown to them ; not a whisper of regret was heard that the enterprise had been accomplished by British skill ; they were welcomed as brothers by men who saw only in the event the revolution which had been at once effected in the commercial, and, we may say, in the social relations of the two countries—an event which will form an epoch in the history of civilization itself—which tends to unite in the bonds of enduring fellowship the greatest nations of the earth, allied by language, by



literature, by interest, and by blood ; and offers to both a guarantee a thousand times more binding than all the treaties that ever were penned for the preservation of that honorable peace which now gladdens and enriches them."

As evidence that confidence was at once established in the steamers, it need only be said that the *Sirius* returned with fifty and the *Western* with about eighty passengers ; and the Marine Insurance companies decided to take risks in them at the same rate as in the first class of packets.

The return voyages were about the same as the outward, though it was evident that they could be made in ordinary circumstances in twelve or thirteen days. Thus the experiment triumphed. The good people of Bristol, pleased with the cordial reception of their ship in our port, held a meeting, and agreed to build another to be called 'The City of New-York!' Besides the Bristol company and 'the British and the American' (which owns the 'British Queen,' and is preparing for one or two more still larger,) a company has been formed at Liverpool, where should naturally have been the first move in the business. But Liverpool, 'the most American city of the old world,' was, like New-York, pretty well contented with the 'Liners,' and did not wake up in season to earn the new laurels. It appears, however, that she did have 'the Columbus' steam ship at her docks in March last, nearly ready for the Atlantic voyage ; what delayed it, we do not know. This steamer differs from all others in having literally no boiler. She has steam generators, in which water in small quantities is made to drop, &c. [See page 59.] She carries fifty days' fuel at the same immersion as an ordinary steamer of the same size can carry twelve ; and if she proves equal to what is promised, the improvement in the moving power will be very important. Still more so will be the advantages of Capt. Cobb's boat, 'The Despatch,' the success of a recent trial of which in our harbor even exceeded expectation. She made thirty-six miles in three hours, burning only one and a half cords of wood ; whereas six cords would be the usual quantity in other boats. Capt. Cobb deserves all praise for his unassisted and persevering enterprise ; and though Mr. Bennett's delay in completing the engine prevented him from being first, we hope he will not give up yet. If three-fourths of the expense and storage room of fuel can be saved, with the same speed, the Despatch may yet bear away the palm. The space required for coal and for the heavy machinery is the greatest drawback on the *profit* of the English steamers. One thing, however, is certain ; viz. that in building, we must consider strength and safety, rather than mistaken economy, if we would compete with our wealthier brethren over sea. We are apt to do these things too much on the go-ahead money-making principle. Let there be a reform. We shall look shortly for *substantial* steamers of two thousand tons belonging to the New-York and Liverpool Navigation Company.

We expect greater things yet. What has been done, is only

"the beginning of the end." In this century of inventions, we are ready to believe almost any thing, except that the South Sea Exploring Expedition will ever start. Even Dr. Lardner, in the same treatise in which he showed, by plain facts and figures, that "the project of navigating the Atlantic by steam was the veriest humbug that ever was devised"—even the learned Doctor also says on another page :—  
 "Philosophy already directs her finger at sources of inexhaustible power in the phenomena of electricity and magnetism, and many causes combine to justify the expectation *that we are on the eve of mechanical discoveries still greater than any which have yet appeared*; that the steam-engine itself, with the gigantic powers conferred on it by the immortal Watt, will dwindle into insignificance in comparison with the hidden powers of nature still to be revealed; and that the day will come when that machine, which is now extending the blessings of civilization to the remotest points of the globe, *will cease to exist except in the page of history!*"

And with this remarkable case of *clairvoyance*, we leave the subject for the present, to get ready for a trip in the *Sirius*;—the Great Western having departed from our shores a second time with ninety-one passengers.

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*The Scenic Annual. Edited by Thomas Campbell, Esq.*  
 London: George Virtue.

We mention this beautiful book, because it is edited by our best favorite, Thomas Campbell. He has pieces enough in it to excuse the prefixion of his name as editor, and that was quite enough for the publisher's purposes. He promises, however, to do better next year. We hope he will, and that he will do something more worthy of his fame. His verses are all correct and graceful, and the following little bijou smacks of the spirit of his olden lays :—

#### LINES TO BEN LOMOND.

If there's a genius haunts thy peak,  
 What tales—white-headed Ben—  
 Could he of ancient ages speak,  
 That mock th' historian's pen.

Thy long duration makes our lives  
 Seem but so many hours—  
 And likens to the bee's frail hives  
 Our most stupendous towers.

Temples and towers thou'st seen begun—  
 New creeds—new conquerors away—  
 And, like their shadows in the sun,  
 Thou'st seen them pass away.

Thy steadfast summit, heaven-allied,  
 (Unlike life's little span)  
 Looks down a Mentor on the pride  
 Of perishable man!

*Retrospect of Western Travel.* By HARRIET MARTINEAU.  
2 vols. Harper and Brothers, New-York. 1838. •

It is a common saying in household economy, that the remains of a feast are sweeter than the feast itself. This we think strikingly true of the late literary banquet prepared for the public by Miss Martineau. Her grand 'set out,' (Society in America) was, to our taste at least, with all the parade of science in its cookery, no very creditable affair; while the scraps which she has here gathered together for a second day's picnic party, turn out to be the daintiest morsels, furnishing an entertainment for her readers, less pretending, indeed, but far more agreeable, than the original feast. But, on still higher ground is the present work a much better one than her former. It is not disfigured by the same errors. It is not stuffed, as that was, with the dogmas of false philosophy—with opinions which, if carried out, would go far to over-set the existing constitution of society—to overturn property—dethrone religion, and loosen the foundation of morals; opinions that would sow discord in every household—'bella, horrida bella,' by teaching 'woman' that she is not enjoying her rights—and that, however patient she may be under their loss, still that a 'Millennium' is approaching, in which she will again exercise those social and political privileges of which, according to Miss Martineau, in some dark age, when might made right, the female sex was unjustly deprived.

Now, these are blots on the good sense and right feeling of our authoress, from which the present volumes are comparatively free. We have in them more of incident and less of speculation—more of what she sees and less of what she thinks—more of the present of which she knows something, and less of the future of which she knows nothing. She is here content to tell us what she saw with her eyes and heard with her ears; which last organ, by the by, seems to have made up in acuteness what is wanted in sensibility, unless, indeed, we suppose (as many now begin to do) that her deafness, like that of the cynic in Fielding's picture, was but one of her 'preparations' for travel, to enable her (in the language of little Red Riding Hood) 'to hear the better with.'

Be this as it may, it is truly wonderful how much she actually did hear, and how widely she did see, and how well she has remembered, and how graphically she has told, all that befel her in her days of 'Western Travel.' The secret of this descriptive power, which certainly belongs to Miss Martineau in no ordinary degree, we take to have arisen from that trait in her character which made her personally both attractive and interesting; we mean the genuine simplicity and warm-heartedness of the 'woman,' which always shone forth when she forgot that she was a politician and an economist. She displayed on such occasions a child-like softness of character, which, when united, as it was in her, to quick sensibilities, constitute, as we think, talent in the female mind. These,

as they constitute the glory of woman in her domestic sphere, so are they also the secret of her greatest power when she comes to play the 'author.' What others see, she feels; and the mind, thus coming in actual contact, as it were, with external things, by this peculiar 'outness' of sensibility, receives from them their very form and pressure; and, where habit emboldens to give free utterance, tends to make the female pen the most acute and picturesque for all that strikes upon the outward sense.

This talent, or rather 'tact,' is strongly marked in Miss Martineau. For illustrations of it we would refer to her graphic sketches of our leading men—a glance reveals character—an epithet betrays the man. A single feature is often alone given; but then it is that which gives the likeness. Webster with 'his cavernous eyes'—Van Buren's 'cool and courteous tones'—Calhoun's 'stern and inflexible brow'—Butler's 'quick black eye and thin tremulous lips;' these are all touches of an artist, and bring before us the 'inward' as well as the 'outward' man. That they should be thus felicitously painted in the hasty sketches of a foreigner, a woman, and a deaf hearer, is certainly not a little surprising, and argues talent of no common order.

But the work is not faultless. Occasionally in this, as habitually in her former, Miss Martineau stands forth in her less pleasing character of a female reformer,—the least agreeable certainly, and, we might add, the least respectable, in which a woman can present herself before the public; since, when once the female imagination has overleaped existing barriers, it seems to know no bounds in its flight. It is like some secondary planet broke loose from its central home, and wanders wild through space, till accident determine it to some settled eccentric movement. Such has ever been the fate of woman when she undertakes to preach a crusade against the evils of society; and such a fate we fear for Miss Martineau, unless warned in time, which we earnestly wish our voice could do.

We cannot conclude without entering our protest against one of these mad speculations in her present volumes. In her notice of the University of Virginia, she takes occasion to eulogize Jefferson's principle of utterly divorcing religion from education. How a philanthropist can desire it, or a thinking mind advocate it, or a religious one (which, with all her errors, we sincerely believe Miss Martineau to be) can tolerate it, is more than we can imagine. Her eulogium upon Priestly and his opinions is pretty much in the same taste, and leads to similar conclusions. It is the same argument under another name, if indeed that can be called 'argument' which is against *reason*, against *scripture*, and against *experience*. But we have done; and we close with the hope that, as reviewers, it may be our fortune to meet Miss Martineau as a tourist *often*, as an economist *occasionally*, but as a political and religious reformer *never* again.

*Memoirs of Sir William Knighton, Bart. G. C. H. Keeper of the Privy Purse during the reign of his Majesty King George the IVth. Including his Correspondence with many distinguished personages.* By LADY KNIGHTON. Philad.: Carey, Lea & Blanchard. 1838. 8vo. pp. 415.

WHOEVER takes up this work with the intention to read it, will very soon begin to suspect that it is a dull book; when he has perused the fourth part, he will adjudge it to be dull beyond the possibility of doubt; and if he peruse it to the middle, which will probably be the *ne plus ultra* of his progress, he will call it a very dull book indeed. This is to be understood with the exception only of such persons, if any there be in this hemisphere, who for some unimaginable reason feel a special interest in the ordinary details of Sir William Knighton's unromantic life, or find a pleasure in reading common-place letters upon unimportant subjects, written by royal dukes and kings.

The subject of these *Memoirs*, as his amiable widow is pleased to call her compilation, was born in Devonshire in 1776; he entered the medical profession as apprentice to an apothecary at Tavistock—settled in due time at that place as a general practitioner—but, not satisfied with his success, removed to London, where he took up his residence as a practitioner of midwifery. Being admonished by the college of physicians for practising without a diploma, he went to Edinburgh, and attended lectures for two seasons; after which he returned to London, legally qualified. In 1809, or 1810, or 1811—for the date is thus variously given in different parts of the volume—he accompanied Lord Wellesley as his medical attendant on a mission to Spain; and after his return was recommended by that nobleman to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV, as one of his physicians. It seems, too, by a statement in the "Medical Gazette,"—although the fact is nowhere mentioned by Lady Knighton herself, nor alluded to in any of the letters or journals that fill up the volume—that having come accidentally into possession of some private papers belonging to the prince, he carried them forthwith to Carlton-House, and delivered them to their proper owner. This act of honesty appears to have struck the prince as quite extraordinary, and to have entirely won his royal heart. He immediately took Dr. Knighton into favor, and in rapid succession made him a baronet, auditor of the duchy of Cornwall, keeper of the privy purse, and private secretary. What seems most unaccountable in his life is, that though he had been settled in London only three or four years before he went to Spain, and had returned to his profession not more than six or seven before his appointment to the employments that induced him to relinquish it, he is said to have been in very lucrative practice, and "acquiring independence for his family."

It is generally supposed to be a work of much time and patient labor to get into *lucrative* business in any of the professions where they are so over-crowded with competitors as at London.

The book is made up, in great measure, of very meagre memoranda, written by himself, of his various journeys on the continent. What may have been the purpose of those missions, we are not informed; but he seems to have been chiefly engaged as a confidential messenger or negotiator in the private business of his royal master, to whom he was doubtless faithfully attached, and by whom he was most highly esteemed and trusted.

His royal friend, whether as Prince, or Regent, or King, seems to have been a most constant and affectionate correspondent; and indeed his letters seem scarcely consistent with the character of the heartless libertine such as we are used to hear him described. "It is utterly impossible for me to tell you how uncomfortable and how miserable I always feel when I have you not immediately at my elbow." Such is the strain in which the king's letters are written, with the most affectionate and endearing expressions throughout.

There are also letters from the Dukes of Clarence, (William IV.) Cumberland, and Cambridge; all remarkable for the respectful tone observed towards Sir William, and the strong declarations of affection for the king.

The warmth of the king's partiality seems to have been but coldly returned by the private secretary. He was present at the death-bed of the king, and in the midst of the excitement of feeling that his death could not fail to produce, he writes to lady Knighton:—"The poor dear king breathed his last at a quarter past three this morning, &c. Thus ended the life of George IV., one of the cleverest and most accomplished men in Europe—full of benevolence. There will be many to deplore his loss." Certainly this is very cool for an eulogium of his best and most affectionate friend!

"We left the Hague at two o'clock in the afternoon by the diligence, and passed through Leyden on our way to Haerlem, where we slept for the night." Such is the general style of the memoranda made by him of his journeys, and here carefully preserved *ad nauseam*. The letters to his family are merely prosing and dull—those to his friends sensible, but in no way striking or worth preservation. The most valuable pages are those which contain letters from Walter Scott, Southey, Lawrence, and Canning. These were intended for the king's perusal, and are on subjects of business, having no general or permanent interest. Sir William died in 1836, a professing and sincere Christian.

*Anthon's Cæsar.* New-York: Harper & Brothers.

Good school-books are one of the greatest desiderata in this country, and without them we may be a generally, but we never shall become a *highly*, or even a *well* educated people. Much more is requisite to constitute a truly good school-book than most men imagine; and it is really wonderful how seldom we meet with elementary works, even of the most humble nature, at all fitted for the imperfect and growing intellects to which they ought to be adapted. In nine cases out of ten they lack entirely the lucid simplicity which is absolutely necessary to render them useful, and even intelligible; in very many instances, owing to the incapacity of the teacher to treat his subject, or to a confused and awkward manner of teaching, the explanation is more difficult of comprehension than the thing explained.

Teachers, if wise and learned, are very apt to be more eager to display their own abilities than to promote their pupils' real education; if, as is oftener the case, they be half-taught themselves, there is a constant and distressing struggle to correct deficiencies, and in either case there is little hope for the learner. To be truly useful, a school-book should contain the greatest possible amount of information, couched in the smallest compass and in the most simple and intelligible words; amplification should be avoided to the utmost, and those points only dwelt upon which seem best calculated to make an impression on young minds. Nor is this all; that which is dry and tedious should be, while rendered logically clear, kept as much in the back-ground as possible; while that which is picturesque, touching, or graphic, should be thrust forward, to become, as it were, scenery points and angles in the growing edifice, by aid of which we may calculate and conceive the extent and grandeur of those portions veiled in shadows. In all these points Professor Anthon's school-books—if it be not a sin to call those school-books which clever men might study to advantage—are surpassingly excellent and able; while exercising the most painfully critical research, he has not disdained the *lucidus ordo*; he has remembered that he was writing for the education of the young unpractised mind, not for the cultivation of the ripe and ornate intellect; and hence, while his *English* notes, whether critical or explanatory, are as copious and comprehensive as the most abstruse commentary, they are at the same time so simple and so luminous as to be within the scope of the earliest and feeblest reason.

The Greek paraphrase is well inserted, and is one of those portions of this school-book which renders it valuable to all scholars of what age or calibre soever; and which, in addition to the perfect text, and various information contained in the indexes, &c., must render it an addition to every classical library, without which none can be called perfect. There are, besides all that we have enume-

rated, a set of plans and sketches very well executed, and certainly useful in two different manners; first, as entertaining the mind of the pupil; and secondly, as tending greatly to facilitate the understanding of the passages with which they are collated. We take no shame to ourselves in owning that we never understood as well the form and the construction of Cæsar's celebrated bridge across the Rhine as we have done since reading it with reference to the cut in this correct and beautiful edition. We have only to say in conclusion, that every school ought at once to adopt this series of works, which may, in truth, be looked upon as introducing a new era into the education of our country, and as reflecting much honor on the talent of the learned Professor, by whom they were prepared.

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*The Athenian Captive. A Tragedy in five acts. By THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, author of "Ion," &c. New-York : J. & F. G. Langley.*

WE had hoped that the next tragedy of Sergeant Talfourd's would have been founded on some modern story. We wished to see what his poetry would be, unaided by those beautiful classical associations which his fine taste and learning enable him to gather and weave around his subject. In this we have been disappointed, but not with the plot which he has chosen, with the characters which he has created, or with the language which he has flung in graceful folds about the statues of his thought. His characters are, indeed, more like statues animated into action, than like moving and sentient beings. They have a stateliness and simple grandeur, which do not seem to comport with the emotions and passions with which human nature is endued, in all ages and all countries. And yet we are not disappointed. If the imagination can create an order of beings for a world of its own, different from that of the actors on the real stage of life, let it create them. To be sure, Mr. Talfourd's men and women seem to be cast in the same mould, and the stone every where bears the traces of the same chisel; we need not the sculptor's name upon shield or pedestal to tell us by whose hand these forms were wrought into such attitudes of grace and beauty.

Mr. Talfourd's powers are over-estimated by some, and by some depreciated. We believe that his great reputation as a lawyer, his prominent situation as a member of Parliament, and his intimacy with the directing minds of England—whether connected with the government, the press, or the stage—were the levers by which his fame was first raised, and are the columns by which it is now in part supported. We do not mean to say, that without these supports he would never have attained his present elevation, for we believe that



he has genius equal to the production of works which might eternize his name; but we do mean, that, unaided by such collateral advantages, no single work, though superior to "Ion," could have lifted him to that height upon which he now stands before the world.

The "Athenian Captive" is more dramatic and less poetic than "Ion." It has no passages that dwell on the ear or grave themselves on the heart. There are some fine bursts of feeling, which seem to send bugle-tones along the air, but the winding music dies away and leaves no echo. In "Ion" there are many lofty sentiments, nobly uttered—many beautiful thoughts thrown into elegant forms of expression. Take this—

"The coarsest reed that trembles in the marsh,  
If Heaven select it for its instrument,  
May yield celestial music to the breeze  
As clearly as the pipe whose virgin gold  
Befits the lip of Phœbus!"

This passage lived in our memory from the moment that we saw it without an effort. Thrilling as are many lines in the Athenian Captive, we cannot recall any except the first, and these only from hearing them often repeated. They promise, however, greater wealth than we find in the recesses of the tragedy. The Augur speaks as he watches the flight of birds—

"Wheel through the ambient air, ye sacred birds,  
In circles still contracting, that aspire  
To share the radiance of yon dazzling beams,  
And 'midst them float from mortal gaze; ye speak  
In no uncertain language to the sons  
Of Corinth, that the shames they bear from Athens  
Shall speedily be lost in glories won  
From insolent battalions, that have borne  
Their triumphs to our gates."

This opening is so similar to that of "Ion," that the author appears to repeat himself. His style is as marked and peculiar as that of Moore. We should recognize a line of his poetry, if repeated in the broken jargon of a French dancing-master.

Mr. Talfourd says, in his preface, that this Drama was written during his "little vacation at Christmas," for the purpose of assisting the efforts of Mr. Macready to restore the legitimate drama, and to reimburse him for the losses which he had sustained in the management of Covent Garden Theatre. This is what was intended, though it is expressed differently. His object was certainly a laudable one, although it seems to have failed in its end. The tragedy may be successful, when represented (for it has not yet been played to our knowledge, though it is so stated in the title-page,) but we doubt it for one reason—and that reason is its want of novelty. The British as well as the American public were quite satiated with "Ion;" they made some sacrifice of pleasure to what

was considered the correct taste of admiring a classical drama. They will not be so willing to do so in a second instance.

Dramatic effect seems to have been constantly before the eyes of the author, and so it was before Joanna Baillie's; yet how seldom are the tragedies of that wonderful woman acted! And yet, in conception of plot and management of incident, she is far beyond Talfourd. As a poet, how inferior is Sheridan Knowles to both; and yet how immeasurably superior as a dramatist! After Shakspeare, there is nothing superior to parts of Miss Baillie. Southey, in the paradoxical manner in which great men have the bad taste to utter their opinions, says that Miss Baillie's "Basil" surpasses Romeo and Juliet. Hazlitt sneers at that, and well he might; yet Hazlitt, with all his contempt of the moderns, thought nobly of Miss Baillie. In our own view, she is far above any other female poet that English literature ever boasted; but we must return to "the Athenian Captive."

The story is not particularly interesting, and we will not tell it. The cheapness of such an American reprint puts it in every body's hand; and the most the reader demands is, to see how nearly his own taste accords with that of the editor of his Magazine. The opinions we have expressed would be ratified by quotations; but we have space only for one, which strikes us as the most beautiful. Yet, beautiful as it is, it melts away from the memory like the delicate tracery on a frozen pane. Referring to his own Athens, Thoas, the captive, says—

"I call the gods,  
Who bend attentive from their azure thrones,  
To witness to the truth of that which throbs  
Within me now. 'Tis not a city crown'd  
With olive and enrich'd with peerless fanes  
Ye would dishonor, but an opening world  
Diviner than the soul of man hath yet  
Been gifted to imagine—truths serene,  
Made visible in beauty, that shall glow  
In everlasting freshness; unapproach'd  
By mortal passion; pure amidst the blood  
And dust of conquests; never waxing old;  
But on the stream of time, from age to age  
Casting bright images of heavenly youth  
To make the world less mournful."

## PROCEEDINGS OF THE AMERICAN LYCEUM,

AT THEIR 8TH ANNUAL MEETING, (*Abridged.*)

THE Eighth Annual meeting of the American Lyceum was convened in the Free Church, at Hartford, Conn., May 15, 1838, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Rev. T. H. Gallaudet, of Hartford, was called to the chair, and prayer made by the Rev. Mr. Putnam, of Middleborough, Mass.; after which the meeting was duly organized, by the appointment of General Nath'l Terry, President, and Prof. Charles Davies, Secretary. Prof. Davies subsequently declining, Theodore Dwight, Jr., of New-York, was chosen in his stead.

The credentials of the delegates from Lyceums, and other literary institutions having been examined, the reports of those delegates were called for, in the order of the various States of the Union to which they belonged.—The reports were chiefly verbal; but a resolution was passed, early in the session, requesting the delegates to leave them, in writing, with the Secretary.

A letter was read from Lewis G. Pray, Chairman of the Primary School Committee of Boston, on the Primary Schools of that city, which was referred to the Executive Committee for publication.

Reports were made either at this time, or during the progress of the meeting, by the following individuals, from the societies respectively named;—most of them, though not all, being delegates. By Prof. John Johnston from the Cuvierian Society of Middletown, Conn.; by Mr. Emert A. Parker; from the New Britain Lyceum; by a delegate from the Peithologian Society of the Wesleyan University; by Dr. Terry, from the Hartford Society of Natural History; by Mr. Knox, from another Society in Middletown, and also from the Young Men's Lyceum of Middletown; by a delegate from the Social Club of Norwich; by Mr. Ives and Mr. Thomas, from the Young Mechanic's Institute of New Haven; by Mr. Remington, of the Suffield Lyceum; by Mr. Kelsey, from the Hartford Young Men's Lyceum; by Mr. Dwight, from the Hempstead Lyceum, New-York, the Brooklyn Lyceum, and the Brooklyn Lyceum of Natural History; by Mr. Friend, of the Gloucester Institute, at Gloucester, Mass.; by Mr. Lemuel H. Parsons, of the Northern Lyceum, of the city and county of Philadelphia, the State Lyceum of Pennsylvania, and the Lyceum of Bucks County in that State; by Dr. Pennington, of the Young Men's Society, and the Mechanics' Institute and Lyceum of Newark; by a delegate from the Middletown Friendly Association; by a delegate of the Franklin Lyceum; and by Erastus Smith, Esq., from the State Lyceum of Conn., which had been formed during the present session of the American Lyceum.

Rev. Mr. Burgess, by request, made a verbal report, concerning the public schools of Hartford.

During the afternoon of the first day of the session, the Annual Report of the American Lyceum was read.

This was followed by a discussion on the embellishment and improvement of our towns and villages, with advantage to the cause of intelligence and morality.

An Essay was also read, during the afternoon, by Dr. Alcott, on Religious Instruction in Common Schools.

At eight o'clock in the evening, Prof. Cunningham delivered a lecture 'On those Principles of the Prussian system of Education, which are applicable to the condition of the United States.'

The Secretary, being compelled to be absent after the first day of the session, his place was supplied by Prof. Johnston, of the Wesleyan University.

During the second day of the session, a lecture was given by Mr. F. A. Packard of Philadelphia, 'On the importance of uniting moral and religious instruction with the cultivation of the intellect.'

The following resolution was then offered by Mr. Gallaudet, and unanimously adopted.

'*Resolved*, That the American Lyceum regards with deep interest the proposition of the American Sunday School Union, to publish a selection of their books of an entertaining and instructive character, such as biographies, histories, travels, &c., as a school library; and that we consider the offering of this library to families, manufacturing villages, neighborhoods and schools for introduction among them, after examination by proper persons, as happily tending to advance the interests of literature, religion, and social happiness, among all classes of our citizens, (it being understood from statements made before the Lyceum, that the books comprising this library are free from sectarian peculiarities,) and that we regard the proposal for thus circulating this library as directly instrumental in preparing the way for other and still higher efforts of a kindred character.'

The following resolution was unanimously adopted:

'*Resolved*, That the use of the Bible in our popular systems of education, as a text-book of moral and religious instruction, is regarded by the Lyceum as indispensable.'

Mr. Hamersley, of Hartford, read an Essay upon the subject of an international copy-right law.

'*Resolved*, That the American Lyceum recommends an association of the teachers of public and private schools to be formed in every town or school society throughout the country, and that they hold regular periodical meetings for mutual instruction relative to their duties in the government, education, and elevation of the character and condition of their respective schools.'

A paper was read by Dr. Alcott, sent from Switzerland, by Rev. Wm. C. Woodbridge, containing an account of two remarkable Sicilian Arithmeticians; after which an account was given by Mr.

Graham of a singular instance of premature intellectual developement, in a lad eight years of age, which he had seen lately in Massachusetts.

At six o'clock this afternoon, the President and other officers, together with the members of the Lyceum, in pursuance of an invitation from Henry Hudson, Esq., Mayor of the city, took tea at his house, and subsequently visited his garden.

In the evening an Essay was read by Mr. Gallaudet, sent by Rev. Wm. C. Woodbridge of Switzerland, 'On the Education of the Eye;' in which the introduction of Linear Drawing into Common Schools was particularly insisted on.

Dr. Alcott, Chairman of the Committee upon the embellishment and improvement of towns and villages, read a Report, which was accepted and approved, unanimously.

Mr. Brace of Hartford, Chairman of the Committee of nomination, reported a list of officers of the Lyceum for the ensuing year, which was accepted, and the officers were afterwards duly appointed. They are as follows:

*President*, Wm. A. Duer, New-York.

*Vice-Presidents*. G. W. Ridgely, Penn.; Edward Everett, Mass.; Peter W. Radcliff New-York; John Griscom, Penn.; Nathaniel Terry, Conn.; and Theodore Frelinghuysen, New Jersey.

*Recording Secretary*, Robert G. Rankin, New-York.

*Treasurer*, A. P. Halsey, New-York.

*Corresponding Secretaries*. Theodore Dwight, Jr. New-York; F. A. Packard Philadelphia; J. L. Comstock, Hartford; John P. Brace, do.; Wm. A. Clayton, Athens, Geo.; J. M. Sturtevant, Illinois; Wm. C. Woodbridge, Switzerland; Alva Woods, Alabama; James M. Garnett, Virginia; Charles Goddard, Zanesville, Ohio; James M. Alexander, N. J.; and Prof. A. W. Smith, Conn.

*Additional Members of the Executive Committee*.—Dr. J. S. Rogers, N. Y.; James M. Donaldson, do.; G. P. Disosway, do.; A. P. Halsey, Brooklyn; Thomas H. Gallaudet, Hartford; and Lemuel H. Parsons, and J. Holbrook, Pennsylvania.

The next annual meeting of the American Lyceum is to be held at Newark, New-Jersey.

## EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT.

This eighth Annual Meeting of the American Lyceum assembles in this city, in obedience to a resolution unanimously adopted the last year by the society, at their last anniversary, which was held at Philadelphia. That occasion was the first on which a meeting had been held out of the place of its institution, the city of New-York.

The delegates from the Pennsylvania Lyceums, in 1836, proposed such an alteration of the constitution as would allow the annual meetings to be held in different places; and such was the interest excited in Philadelphia the last year, as to induce the society cheer-

fully to comply with a motion proceeding from the delegation of the Natural History Society of this city, to appoint the eighth Annual Meeting in Connecticut.

The American Lyceum was founded in May, 1831, by a convention proposed by the New-York State Lyceum, and attended by representatives from a number of kindred associations and friends of knowledge from several other States, as well as several intelligent foreigners; and it is an interesting fact, that several of the members and spectators imbibed a spirit from participating in the deliberations, which has proved highly important to the interests of knowledge. The same remark may be made in relation to the subsequent meetings of the Lyceum, and indeed of its operations generally.

At the period when the society was founded, there was peculiar need of association among the friends of popular education in the United States. There were many, perhaps, who had begun to feel the importance of active measures for its improvement: but they were isolated, generally engrossed in pressing occupations, unaccustomed to confer or to sympathize on the subject.

The conventions of teachers and others, now happily so common; the multiplied lectures, publications, legislative committees on education, common school systems, with their provisions for teachers' seminars, superintendents of common schools, &c., were then almost or entirely unheard of. The state of common education in foreign countries was also very little known or thought of. The Annals of Education, which has done so much to bring about the great and happy change which the country now witnesses, had then accomplished but a portion of the task which had been undertaken by its patriotic and devoted editor, who was one of the first to appreciate and promote this plan for a general association in its favor. Although still detained in Switzerland by ill health, communications will be made from him to-day, which testify that his interest in the Lyceum has not declined during his residence in another continent.

The Association which we now constitute, is founded on the most liberal basis. Its object, as defined by the constitution, is the promotion of education, particularly in Lyceums and common schools; and the provisions of that instrument are so few and simple, as purposely to leave its members unembarrassed in its pursuit.

All literary associations are annually invited to send their delegates; and the friends of intellectual and moral improvement are cordially welcomed. No pecuniary or other impediment is thrown in the way of any sincere advocate of the common cause. The society have acted on the presumption that the enlistment of every true friend of knowledge was desirable and important; and that those who had zeal and disinterestedness enough to perform journeys to attend the meetings, or employed their minds to render them interesting and instructive, ought not to be burthened by the imposition of any other tribute. Those who were deficient in zeal like this, have not been forward with pecuniary donations; hence no

provision has ever been made for the supply of a treasury. All the indispensable expenses have been borne by the voluntary contributions of a few officers and members.

Individuals who are our most efficient co-operators in their own immediate spheres, generally find it inconvenient to attend a distant call; and hence it has been the annual experience of the society, that many of its most ardent and active friends are absent from its periodical meetings. We learn by our correspondence this season, that a change of time for the present meeting has prevented us from meeting here a band of delegates from several of the Pennsylvania Lyceums, male and female; as well as a number of friends from other parts of the country, whose presence would have been useful and encouraging.

One of the most direct and visible effects of the annual meetings has been, the introduction to each other of individuals of similar views and feelings. Thus mutual acquaintance, intercourse, and encouragement are commenced. The friends of popular improvement commonly part with more distinct plans, warmer feelings, enlarged expectations, and higher hopes. When, therefore, plans for the promotion of knowledge are afterwards proposed, the probability of their success is greater.

In short, the American Lyceum, in this and other ways, acts on the same principles as a local society. It trains to habits of intercourse and co-operation those whose mutual good understanding, sympathy, and combined action are of great importance to the public good. Who that has witnessed the influences of a well-directed local society for the promotion of knowledge, of whatever kind or comparative importance, can have failed to perceive its happy tendency to excite to observation and study, to the development of intellectual energies sometimes unknown to the possessors, and to the improvement of society, in some form or other, in a greater or less degree?

In spite of the many obstacles which the American Lyceum has encountered, it has produced some such good effects as it has aimed at. The correspondence, both foreign and domestic, which has been carried on at particular periods with much activity, has encouraged distant friends to attempt or to persevere in enterprises too great for solitary individuals acting without the consciousness that an approving eye was watching their labors. It is not too much to say, that such influences have been thus exerted on the minds of travellers in foreign continents, and by distinguished exiles from some of the southern republics of America after their return to their homes.

In repeated instances the publications of the society have incited and taught persons in distant and retired situations to call into operation the social principle for intellectual and moral improvement; while some of our members have experienced signal success in plans they have devised for public good. The Brooklyn Lyceum, one of the most flourishing and promising institutions of the kind,

considering its age and circumstances, owes its foundation to this source. The United States Naval Lyceum, whose prospects in some respects are most brilliant, was probably first suggested by that example so near home. Long may these institutions, both so favorable to the cultivation of knowledge and taste, and such bulwarks against the encroachments of the frivolous and dangerous amusements of the adjoining capital, long may they flourish in the harmony which has thus far so happily subsisted between them! Few cities have so seasonably and decidedly raised such powerful entrenchments against the moral evils which threaten society, especially the youth, in our towns and cities.

The Stuyvesant Institute, which has erected the largest edifice in New-York devoted to any popular association, owes its foundation and plan to the enlightened views, the persevering and indomitable zeal of the most youthful member of our Executive Committee. Had he not imbibed a more than ordinary amount of resolution, had his mind not been fortified by a clearer perception of the value of his object than solitary individuals commonly attain, he would hardly have repeated his exertions to obtain an audience to listen to his plans, after he had found his three first attempts did not draw to the appointed place a single individual.

In order that just impressions may be made by assemblies like the present, it is necessary that a frank and decided tone should be given to the avowal of important principles.

There can be no doubt, in the mind of any person who has given the subject a thorough investigation, that one of the first and most indispensable points to be settled in a plan of common education for our country, is that of frequent, or rather daily instruction in the Holy Scriptures. It is several years since the friends of our literary institutions became so alarmed at the extensive disuse of the Scriptures as a book of instruction for our youth, as to write and speak in earnest for the introduction of a more Christian plan of education. The demand was first made for our colleges: but it has since been found, on examination, that even the New Testament has been to a great extent banished from our common schools. The proposition to have its use restored has been at first opposed by some; but reflection and experiment have removed objections; and the impression has now become wide and strong, that, without the Scriptures as a basis, it is impossible to have a system of common education proper, or even at all safe, for our country.

Suffice it to say, that nothing is needed, except a general appreciation of the New Testament as a book for schools, and a little exertion on the part of the friends of the Scriptures, by furnishing our children with that book, at once to supply some of the crying deficiencies in the means of elementary instruction, to improve discipline, to implant those principles of moral rectitude, and to train minds to the practice of active and independent thought, and the passions to that habitual submission to duty towards God and man which are indispensable to a Christian country and a true republic. There may be those



who wish to try an experiment at education without the Scriptures ; but it can be done only in opposition to the experience of our ancestors, as well as to the great principle which was so powerfully and disinterestedly urged upon the French government by the philosopher Cousin, after his investigation of the system of education in Prussia, and by them adopted as the corner-stone of their system of national education.

A manly defence of some of the grounds on which the immediate and universal use of the Scriptures in schools should be urged, has been recently made in the legislature of New-York ; and surely a society which advocates popular education, holding a meeting in the ancient capital of Connecticut, would be inexcusable if it should fail to re-echo the cry with decision and approbation : for the law of Connecticut colony, by which town schools were established, expressly states that the primary object of their foundation was, to secure the general reading of the Word of God.\*

The reports from local Lyceums have always been listened to with great interest, and those which have been accumulated by the society will ever form a valuable part of its documents. Many of these it has not been found possible to publish ; but they can never lose their value, as they present a variety of plans, devised for various circumstances, but for the promotion of similar useful objects, with their results, frequently accompanied by suggestions founded on experience, and of course worthy of attention.

And here it may be proper to remark, that reports from members are of double value when committed to writing, as they may then be recorded, published, and circulated.

\* The following is the law of the colony of Connecticut referred to. It is in the first edition of the Statutes, printed in 1672 :—

" It being one chief project of Satan to keep men from the knowledge of the Scriptures, as in former times keeping them in an unknown tongue, so in these latter times by persuading them from the use of tongues, so that at least the true sense and meaning of the original might be clouded with false glosses of saint-seeming deceivers ; and that learning might not be buried in the graves of our forefathers in church and colony, the Lord assisting our endeavours :

" It is therefore ordered by this Court and the authority thereof, that every township within this jurisdiction, after the Lord hath increased them to the number of fifty householders, shall then forthwith appoint one within their town to teach all such children as shall resort to him, to write and read, whose wages shall be paid either by the parents or masters of such children, or by the inhabitants in general, by way of supply, as the major part of those who order the prudentials of the town shall appoint : Provided that those who send their children be not oppressed, by paying much more than they can have them taught for in other towns.

" And it is further ordered, That in every county town there shall be set up and kept, a grammar school for the use of the county, the master being able to instruct youths so far as they may be fitted for the college."

The " college " referred to is " the college at Cambridge." Provision had been made by law for the maintenance of scholars at this institution as early as 1644, not indeed from the public treasury, but by contributions under the direction of the government.

Additional provisions relating to schools, providing for their support and regulation, appear on the records occasionally, between the revision in 1672 and 1696, the Scotch era.

The seven past annual meetings have occupied three days each, generally including evening sessions or lectures. They have been attended by gentlemen from most of the states of the Union, many of them distinguished and able advocates of education. Numbers of these, and of others of the same character who have not appeared in person, have furnished labored and able essays on appropriate subjects, chiefly assigned by the Executive Committee; many of which, after being read, have been published, and gratuitously circulated by hundreds in separate pamphlets, or have enriched the pages of respectable magazines. Most of those which have been printed, may be found, either in part or in whole, in past volumes of the Annals of Education, and several in the American Monthly Magazine. A number of others, well worthy of a general perusal, remain in the hands of the Executive Committee, in consequence of the want of funds necessary for their publication.

But it is desirable that it should be borne in mind, that one of the first objects which the Lyceum has in view, in all its plans and measures, is the incitement of good men to active labors. So far as this may be attained by the present meeting, so far will it be regarded as successful; and if it fail in any degree to attain this end, so far it may perhaps be considered as held in vain.

There are many associations in this state such as are embraced in the broad definition of Lyceum, viz. library companies, reading, debating, literary, and scientific societies. Some of these will be recognized by persons present as the source of much benefit. But there is room, and there are opportunities here for a much wider diffusion of the spirit of association for public improvement.

Those who are acquainted with the various obstacles to such plans as ours, which abound in other countries, even in the most enlightened of Europe, must unite in admiring the facilities which are offered in a state of things such as exists in Connecticut, where general intelligence, equality, and regular habits so far prevail, as to present a tempting field for the display of the true energy of a system of general co-operation for the advancement of knowledge and virtue.

**THEODORE DWIGHT, JUN.,**

1st corresponding Secretary of the  
American Lyceum.

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